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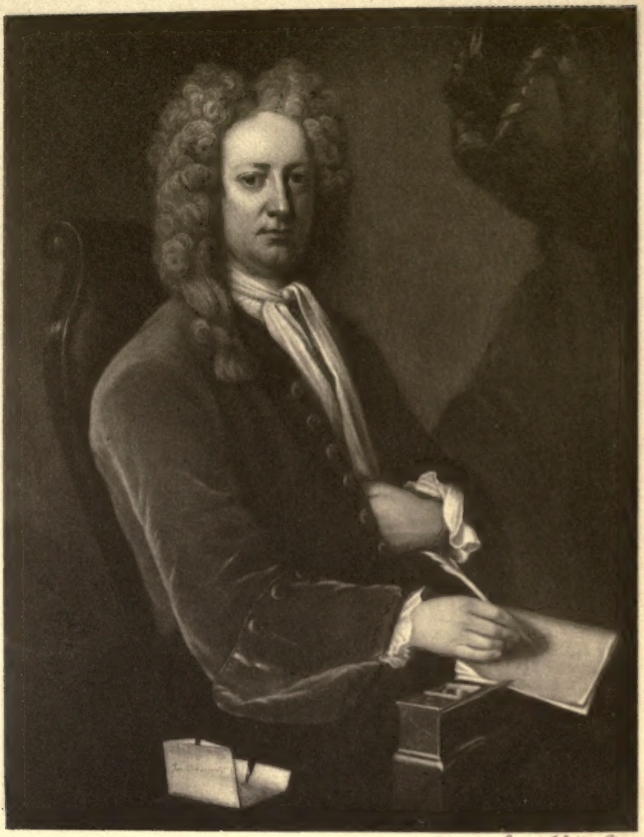
THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON

VOL. I.

POEMS AND PLAYS



Emery Walker Ph. sc.

Joseph Addison
From the painting by M. Dahl
in the National Portrait Gallery

THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF JOSEPH ADDISON

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VOL. I.

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NOTE

SHORTLY before Addison died he arranged that his friend Thomas Tickell should publish his works, and in 1721 a collected edition appeared in four quarto volumes, with a letter of dedication from Addison to Craggs. This letter shows that Tickell's edition may be regarded as the final authority for everything contained in it, but a few works usually attributed to Addison were omitted, presumably in accordance with Addison's instructions. The plan of the present edition has been to reprint in the first two volumes Tickell's text of everything which he includes (except the Essays), and to collate all the earlier editions of each work so far as they could be found. Other works which appear to be genuine have been reprinted from the original editions, and collated with the important reissues. Works which appear to be spurious or very doubtful are printed in an appendix to the third volume.

To each work there has been prefixed a note in two parts: the first states which text has been reprinted and which editions have been collated, the second deals very briefly with its bibliography. A detailed introduction and commentary and a general bibliography will be found in the third volume, which also contains Addison's Correspondence.

The publishers are indebted to Bodley's Librarian for permission to reprint Addison's autograph MS. of the *Letter from Italy*.

A. C. G.

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gain you many friends, if possible, as sincere as your self. When you have found such, they cannot wish you more true happiness than I, who am, with the greatest Zeal,

DEAR SIR,

Your most Entirely Affectionate Friend,

and Faithful Obedient Servant,

J. ADDISON.

June 4, 1719.

THE
PREFACE.

JOSEPH ADDISON, the son of *Lancelot Addison*, D.D. and of *Jane* the daughter of *Nathaniel Gulston*, D.D. and sister of Dr. *William Gulston* Bishop of *Bristol*, was born at *Milston* near *Ambrosebury*, in the county of *Wilts*, in the year 1671. His father, who was of the county of *Westmorland*, and educated at *Queen*'s College in *Oxford*, passed many years in his travels through *Europe* and *Africa*, where he joined, to the uncommon and excellent talents of nature, a great knowledge of letters and things; of which several books published by him are ample testimonies. He was Rector of *Milston* above-mentioned, when Mr. *Addison* his eldest son was born: and afterwards became Arch-deacon of *Coventry*, and Dean of *Litchfield*.

Mr. *Addison* received his first education at the *Chartreux*, from whence he was removed very early to *Queen*'s College in *Oxford*. He had been there about two years, when the accidental sight of a paper of his verses, in the hands of Dr. *Lancaster* then Dean of that house, occasioned his being elected into *Magdalen* college. He employed his first years in the study of the old *Greek* and *Roman* writers; whose language and manner he caught at that time of life, as strongly as other young people gain a *French* accent, or a genteel air. An early acquaintance with the Classics is what may be called the good-breeding of Poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness which never forsakes a mind, that contracted it in youth, but is seldom or never hit by those, who would learn it too late. He first distinguished himself by his *Latin* compositions, published in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, and was admired as one of the best authors

since the *Augustan* age, in the two Universities, and the greatest part of *Europe*, before he was talked of as a Poet in Town. There is not perhaps any harder task than to tame the natural wildness of wit, and to civilize the fancy. The generality of our old *English* Poets abound in forced conceits, and affected phrases; and even those, who are said to come the nearest to exactness, are but too often fond of unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection. If Mr. *Addison*'s example and precepts be the occasion, that there now begins to be a great demand for correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient models, and familiarised to propriety of thought, and chastity of stile. Our country owes it to him, that the famous Monsieur *Boileau* first conceived an opinion of the *English* genius for Poetry, by perusing the present he made him of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*. It has been currently reported, that this famous *French* Poet, among the civilities he shewed Mr. *Addison* on that occasion, affirmed, that he would not have written against *Perrault*, had he before seen such excellent pieces by a modern hand. Such a saying would have been impertinent and unworthy *Boileau*, whose dispute with *Perrault* turned chiefly upon some passages in the ancients, which he rescued from the mis-interpretations of his adversary. The true and natural compliment made by him, was, that those books had given him a very new Idea of the *English* politeness, and that he did not question but there were excellent compositions in the native language of a country, that possessed the *Roman* genius in so eminent a degree.

The first *English* performance made public by him, is a short copy of verses to Mr. *Dryden*, with a view particularly to his translations. This was soon followed by a version of the fourth *Georgic* of *Virgil*, of which Mr. *Dryden* makes very honourable mention, in the postscript to his own translation of all *Virgil*'s works: wherein I have often wondered that he did not, at the same time, acknowledge his obligation to Mr. *Addison*, for giving him *The Essay upon the Georgics*, prefixed to Mr. *Dryden*'s translation. Lest the honour of so exquisite a piece of criticism should hereafter be transferred to a wrong author, I have taken care to insert it in this collection of his works.

Of some other copies of verses, printed in the *Miscellanies*, while he was young, the largest is *An Account of the greatest English Poets*; in the close of which he insinuates a design he then had of going into holy orders, to which he was strongly importuned by his father. His remarkable seriousness and modesty, which might have been urged as powerful reasons for his choosing that life, proved the chief obstacles to it. These qualities, by which the priesthood is so much adorned, represented the duties of it as too weighty for him; and rendered him still the more worthy of that honour, which they made him decline. It is happy that this very circumstance has since turned so much to the advantage of virtue and religion, in the cause of which he has bestowed his labours the more successfully, as they were his voluntary, not his necessary employment. The world became insensibly reconciled to wisdom and goodness, when they saw them recommended by him with at least as much spirit and elegance, as they had been ridiculed for half a century.

He was in his twenty eighth year, when his inclination to see *France* and *Italy* was encouraged by the great Lord-Chancellor *Somers*, one of that kind of patriots, who think it no waste of the public treasure to purchase politeness to their country. The Poem upon one of King *William*'s campaigns, addrest to His Lordship, was received with great humanity, and occasioned a message from him to the author to desire his acquaintance. He soon after obtained, by his interest, a yearly pension of three hundred pounds from the Crown, to support him in his travels. If the uncommonness of a favour, and the distinction of the person who confers it, enhaunce its value: nothing could be more honourable to a young man of learning, than such a bounty from so eminent a patron.

How well Mr. *Addison* answered the expectations of my Lord *Somers*, cannot appear better, than from the book of *Travels* he dedicated to his Lordship at his return. It is not hard to conceive, why that performance was at first but indifferently relished by the bulk of readers; who expected an account, in a common way, of the customs and policies of the several governments in *Italy*, reflexions upon the genius of the people, a map of their provinces, or a

measure of their buildings. How were they disappointed, when, instead of such particulars, they were presented only with a journal of poetical travels, with remarks on the present picture of the country, compared with the landskips drawn by classic authors, and others the like unconcerning parts of knowledge! One may easily imagine a reader of plain sense, but without a fine taste, turning over these parts of the volume, which make more than half of it, and wondering, how an author, who seems to have so solid an understanding, when he treats of more weighty subjects in the other pages, should dwell upon such trifles, and give up so much room to matters of mere amusement. There are indeed but few men so fond of the ancients, as to be transported with every little accident, which introduces to their intimate acquaintance. Persons of that cast may here have the satisfaction of seeing annotations upon an old *Roman* Poem, gathered from the hills and vallies where it was written. The *Tyber* and the *Po* serve to explain the verses, that were made upon their banks; and the *Alpes* and *Appennines* are made commentators on those authors, to whom they were subjects so many centuries ago. Next to personal conversation with the writers themselves, this is the surest way of coming at their sense: a compendious and engaging kind of criticism, which convinces at first sight, and shews the vanity of conjectures, made by antiquaries at a distance. If the knowledge of polite literature has its use, there is certainly a merit in illustrating the perfect models of it, and the learned world will think some years of a man's life not mis-spent in so elegant an employment. I shall conclude what I had to say on this performance, by observing, that the fame of it increased from year to year, and the demand for copies was so urgent, that their price rose to four or five times the original value, before it came out in a second edition.

The *Letter from Italy* to my Lord *Halifax* may be considered as the text upon which the book of *Travels* is a large comment, and has been esteemed by those, who have a relish for antiquity, as the most exquisite of his poetical performances. A translation of it by Signor *Salvini*, professor of the *Greek* tongue at *Florence*, is inserted in this edition, not only on the account of its merit, but because

it is the language of the country which is the subject of this Poem.

The materials for the *Dialogues upon Medals*, now first printed from a manuscript of the Author, were collected in the native country of those Coins. The book it self was begun to be cast into form at *Vienna*, as appears from a letter to Mr. *Stepney*, then minister at that court, dated in *November* 1702.

Some time before the date of this letter, Mr. *Addison* had designed to return to *England*, when he received advice from his friends, that he was pitched upon to attend the army under Prince *Eugene*, who had just begun the war in *Italy*, as Secretary from His Majesty. But an account of the death of King *William*, which he met with at *Geneva*, put an end to that thought; and as his hopes of advancement in his own country were fallen with the credit of his friends, who were out of power at the beginning of Her late Majesty's reign, he had leisure to make the tour of *Germany* in his way home.

He remained for some time, after his return to *England*, without any public employment, which he did not obtain 'till the year 1704, when the Duke of *Marlborough* arrived at the highest pitch of glory, by delivering all *Europe* from slavery, and furnished Mr. *Addison* with a subject worthy of that genius which appears in his Poem called *The Campaign*. The Lord-Treasurer *Godolphin*, who was a fine judge of Poetry, had a sight of this work, when it was only carried on as far as the applauded simile of the *Angel*; and approved the Poem, by bestowing on the Author, in a few days after, the place of Commissioner of Appeals, vacant by the removal of the famous Mr. *Locke* to the council of Trade.

His next advancement was to the place of Under-secretary, which he held under Sir *Charles Hedges*, and the present Earl of *Sunderland*. The Opera of *Rosamond* was written, while he possessed that employment. What doubts soever have been raised about the merit of the musick, which, as the *Italian* taste at that time begun wholly to prevail, was thought sufficiently inexcusable, because it was the composition of an *English*-man; the Poetry of this piece has given as much pleasure in the

closet, as others have afforded from the stage, with all the assistance of voices and instruments.

The Comedy called *the Tender Husband* appeared much about the same time, to which Mr. *Addison* wrote the Prologue. Sir *Richard Steele* surprized him with a very handsome dedication of this play, and has since acquainted the public, that he owed some of the most taking scenes of it to Mr. *Addison*.

His next step in his fortune, was to the post of Secretary under the late Marquess of *Wharton*, who was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland* in the year 1709. As I have proposed to touch but very lightly on those parts of his life, which do not regard him as an Author, I shall not enlarge upon the great reputation he acquired by his turn to business, and his unblemished integrity, in this and other employments. It must not be omitted here, that the salary of Keeper of the Records in *Ireland* was considerably raised, and that post bestowed upon him, at this time, as a mark of the Queen's favour. He was in that kingdom, when he first discovered Sir *Richard Steele* to be Author of *the Tatler*, by an observation upon *Virgil*, which had been by him communicated to his friend. The assistance, he occasionally gave him afterwards in the course of the paper, did not a little contribute to advance its reputation; and, upon the change of the ministry, he found leisure to engage more constantly in that work, which however was dropt at last, as it had been taken up, without his participation.

In the last paper, which closed those celebrated performances, and in the preface to the last volume, Sir *Richard Steele* has given to Mr. *Addison* the honour of the most applauded pieces in that collection. But as that acknowledgement was delivered only in general terms, without directing the public to the several papers: Mr. *Addison*, who was content with the praise arising from his own works, and too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others, afterwards thought fit to distinguish his writings in the *Spectators* and *Guardians*, by such marks, as might remove the least possibility of mistake in the most undiscerning readers. It was necessary that his share in the *Tatlers* should be adjusted in a complete

collection of his works ; for which reason Sir *Richard Steele*, in compliance with the request of his deceased friend, delivered to him by the editor, was pleased to mark with his own hand those *Tatlers*, which are inserted in this edition, and even to point out several, in the writing of which they both were concerned.

The plan of the *Spectator*, as far as it regards the feigned person of the Author, and of the several characters that compose his club, was projected in concert with Sir *Richard Steele*. And, because many passages in the course of the work would otherwise be obscure, I have taken leave to insert one single paper, written by Sir *Richard Steele*, wherein those characters are drawn, which may serve as a *Dramatis Personæ*, or as so many pictures for an ornament and explication of the whole. As for the distinct papers, they were never or seldom shown to each other by their respective authors ; who fully answered the promise they had made, and far out-went the expectation they had raised, of pursuing their labour in the same spirit and strength, with which it was begun. It would have been impossible for Mr. *Addison*, who made little or no use of letters sent in by the numerous correspondents of the *Spectator*, to have executed his large share of this task, in so exquisite a manner; if he had not ingrafted into it many pieces, that had lain by him in little hints and minutes, which he from time to time collected, and ranged in order, and moulded into the form in which they now appear. Such are the essays upon *Wit*, the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, the *Critique upon Milton*, and some others, which I thought to have connected in a continued Series in this edition ; though they were at first published with the interruption of writings on different subjects. But as such a scheme would have obliged me to cut off several graceful introductions and circumstances, peculiarly adapted to the time and occasion of printing them, I durst not pursue that attempt.

The Tragedy of *Cato* appeared in public in the Year 1713, when the greatest part of the last Act was added by the Author to the foregoing, which he had kept by him for many years. He took up a design of writing a play upon this subject, when he was very young at the University, and even attempted something in it there, though not a

line as it now stands. The work was performed by him in his travels, and retouched in *England*, without any formed resolution of bringing it upon the stage, 'till his friends of the first quality and distinction prevailed with him to put the last finishing to it, at a time when they thought the doctrine of Liberty very seasonable. It is in every body's memory, with what applause it was received by the public; that the first run of it lasted for a month; and then stopped, only because one of the performers became incapable of acting a principal part. The Author received a message, that the Queen would be pleased to have it dedicated to her: but as he had designed that compliment elsewhere, he found himself obliged by his duty on the one side, and his honour on the other, to send it into the world without any dedication. The fame of this Tragedy soon spread through *Europe*, and it has not only been translated, but acted in most of the languages of Christendom. The translation of it into *Italian*, by Signor *Salvini*, is very well known; but I have not been able to learn, whether that of Signor *Valetta*, a young *Neapolitan* nobleman, has ever been made public.

If he had found time for the writing of another tragedy, the Death of *Socrates* would have been the story. And, however unpromising that subject may appear, it would be presumptuous to censure his choice, who was so famous for raising the noblest plants from the most barren soil. It serves to shew, that he thought the whole labour of such a performance unworthy to be thrown away upon those intrigues and adventures, to which the *Romantic* taste has confined modern Tragedy; and, after the example of his predecessors in *Greece*, would have employed the Drama *to wear out of our minds every thing that is mean, or little; to cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature; to soften insolence, to sooth affliction, and to subdue our minds to the dispensations of Providence.**

Upon the death of the late Queen, the Lords Justices, in whom the administration was lodged, appointed him their Secretary. Soon after His Majesty's arrival in *Great Britain*, the Earl of *Sunderland* being constituted Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*, Mr. *Addison* became a second

* *Spectator*. No. 39.

time Secretary for the affairs of that kingdom; and was made one of the Lords-Commissioners of Trade, a little after his Lordship resigned the post of Lord-Lieutenant.

The paper, called the *Freeholder*, was undertaken at the time, when the rebellion broke out in *Scotland*.

The only works he left behind him for the public, are the *Dialogues upon Medals*, and the Treatise upon the *Christian Religion*. Some account has been already given of the former, to which nothing is now to be added, except that a great part of the *Latin* quotations were rendered into *English*, in a very hasty manner, by the Editor, and one of his friends, who had the good-nature to assist him, during his avocations of business. It was thought better to add these translations, such as they are, than to let the work come out unintelligible to those who do not possess the learned languages.

The scheme for the Treatise upon the *Christian Religion* was formed by the Author, about the end of the late Queen's reign; at which time he carefully perused the ancient writings, which furnish the materials for it. His continual employment in business prevented him from executing it, 'till he resigned his office of Secretary of State; and his death put a period to it, when he had imperfectly performed only one half of the design; he having proposed, as appears from the introduction, to add the *Jewish* to the Heathen testimonies, for the truth of the Christian history. He was more assiduous, than his health would well allow, in the pursuit of this work; and had long determined to dedicate his Poetry also, for the future, wholly to religious subjects.

Soon after he was, from being one of the Lords-Commissioners of Trade, advanced to the post of Secretary of State, he found his health impaired by the return of that asthmatic indisposition, which continued often to afflict him during his exercise of that employment, and at last obliged him to beg His Majesty's leave to resign. His freedom from the anxiety of business so far re-established his health, that his friends began to hope he might last for many years; but (whether it were from a life too sedentary, or from his natural constitution, in which was one circumstance very remarkable, that, from his cradle,

he never had a regular pulse) a long and painful relapse into an asthma and dropsie deprived the world of this great man, on the 17th of *June* 1719. He left behind him only one Daughter, by the Countess of *Warwick*, to whom he was married in the year 1716.

Not many days before his death, he gave me directions to collect his writings, and at the same time committed to my care the Letter addrest to Mr. *Craggs* (his successor as Secretary of State) wherein he bequeaths them to him, as a token of friendship. Such a testimony, from the first man of our age, in such a point of time, will be perhaps as great and lasting an honour to that gentleman, as any even he could acquire to himself; and yet is no more than was due from an affection, that justly increased towards him, through the intimacy of several years. I cannot, without the utmost tenderness, reflect on the kind concern, with which Mr. *Addison* left Me as a sort of incumbrance upon this valuable legacy. Nor must I deny my-self the honour to acknowledge, that the goodness of that great man to me, like many other of his amiable qualities, seemed not so much to be renewed as continued in his successor; who made me an example, that nothing could be indifferent to him, which came recommended by Mr. *Addison*.

Could any circumstance be more severe to me, while I was executing these last commands of the Author, than to see the person, to whom his works were presented, cut off in the flower of his age, and carried from the high office wherein he had succeeded Mr. *Addison*, to be laid next him in the same grave! I might dwell upon such thoughts, as naturally rise from these minute resemblances in the fortune of two persons, whose names probably will be seldom mentioned asunder, while either our language or story subsist, were I not afraid of making this preface too tedious; especially since I shall want all the patience of the reader, for having enlarged it with the following verses.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

EARL of *WARWICK*, &c.

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison *unpaid;*
Blame not her silence, Warwick, *but bemoan,*
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse, that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for-ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By mid-night lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rowes of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robe'd prelate pay'd;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend,
Oh gone for-ever, take this long adieu;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu!

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine,
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,
My griefs be doubled, from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy Iles alone
(Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mold below:
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held;
In arms who triumph'd; or in arts excell'd;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
And saints, who taught, and led, the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?
A winged Virtue, *through th' ethereal sky,*
From world to world unweary'd does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
How Michael *battel'd, and the Dragon fell?*
Or, mixt with milder Cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or do'st thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from Ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trode before,
'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.

If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato *there;*
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of Just and Good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's *noble race,*
Why, once so lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the gloomes beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more,
No more the summer in thy gloomes allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the muse's art I found:
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing,
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn.
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs *in death to* Addison *succeeds)*
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs, *th' expiring Sage convey'd,*
Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.

Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewel.
Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

THO. TICKELL.

POEMS

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in *Examen Poeticum* . . . 1693.

To Mr. Dryden was first published in *Examen Poeticum, being the third part of Miscellany Poems* . . . 1693, in which it occupied pp. 247–9. It was not reprinted (except in the 1716 reissue of the *Miscellany Poems*, where the text of 1693 was given without alteration) until Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

To Mr. DRYDEN.

How long, great Poet, shall thy sacred Lays
Provoke our Wonder, and transcend our Praise?
Can neither injuries of Time, or Age,
Damp thy Poetick Heat, and quench thy Rage?
Not so thy *Ovid* in his Exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his Breast, and check'd his rising Thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The *Roman* Genius in its last Decays.
Prevailing Warmth has still thy mind possest,
And second Youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the *Romans* known,
And *England* boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd *Virgil*'s Majesty,
And *Horace* wonders at himself in Thee.
Thou teachest *Persius* to inform our isle
In smoother Numbers, and a clearer Stile;
And *Juvenal*, instructed in thy page,
Edges his Satyr, and improves his Rage.
Thy Copy casts a fairer Light on all,
And still out-shines the bright Original.
Now *Ovid* boasts th' Advantage of thy Song,
And tells his Story in the *British* tongue;
Thy charming Verse, and fair Translations, show
How thy own Laurel first began to grow;
How wild *Lycaon* chang'd by angry Gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the Woods.

Title: 1693] TO Mr. *DRYDEN* | BY | Mr. *JO. ADDISON.*

O mayst thou still the noble Task prolong,
Nor Age, nor Sickness interrupt thy song:
Then may we wondering read, how Human Limbs
Have water'd Kingdoms, and dissolv'd in Streams;
Of those rich Fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into Gold:
How some in Feathers, or a ragged Hide,
Have liv'd a Second life, and different Natures try'd.
Then will thy *Ovid*, thus transform'd, reveal
A Nobler Change than he himself can tell.

Mag. Coll. *Oxon*,
June 2. 1693.

The Author's age 22.

27. Task] Tale, 1693.
The Author's age 22] not in 1693: added in 1721.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in *The Annual Miscellany: for the year 1694, being the fourth part of Miscellany Poems . . .* 1694.

A translation of . . . Virgil's Fourth Georgick was first published in *The Annual Miscellany: for the year 1694, being the fourth part of Miscellany Poems . . .* 1694, in which it occupied pp. 58–86. It was not reprinted (except in the 1716 reissue of the *Miscellany Poems*, where the text of 1694 was given without material alteration) until Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

A Translation of all VIRGIL's *Fourth Georgick, except the Story of* ARISTÆUS.

ETHERIAL sweets shall next my Muse engage,
And this, *Mæcenas*, claims your patronage.
Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars relate.
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not so the Poet's praise,
If great *Apollo* and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, to make the work divine.

First, for your Bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
To trample under foot the springing flowers;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass:
Nor must the Lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor Wood-pecks, nor the Swallow harbour near.
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
And shallow rills run trickling through the grass;
Let branching Olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or Palms shoot up, and shade the streams below;

Title: 1694] as printed, with following addition: By Mr. *JO. ADDISON*, of *MAGDALEN* Colledge *OXON*.

12. them] 'em, 1694.

That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt 'em from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones;
That if rough storms, or sudden blasts of wind
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flowry banks with Lavender,
With store of Sav'ry scent the fragrant air,
Let running Betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the Violet's dewy bed.

Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive;
For colds congele and freeze the liquors up,
And, melted down with heat, the waxen buildings drop.
The Bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs,
To smear the chinks, and plaister up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops,
Like pitch, or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd;
But let no baleful eugh-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire;
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound.
Things thus prepar'd——

39. Violet's] Vi'lets, 1694.

When th' under-world is seiz'd with cold and night,
And summer here descends in streams of light,
The Bees thro' woods and forests take their flight.
They rifle ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim
The chrystal brook, and sip the running stream;
And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.
But when on high you see the Bees repair,
Born on the winds thro' distant tracts of air,
And view the winged cloud all blackning from afar;
While shady coverts, and fresh streams they chuse,
Milfoil and common Honey-suckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice.
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state,
The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
Run thro' the hive, and call 'em to their arms;
All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings,
And fit their claws, and point their angry stings:
In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight:
At last, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echo's with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hail-stones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings controul,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul:

79. once] e're, 1694.

Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
'Till shameful flight secures the routed foe.
This hot dispute and all this mighty fray
A little dust flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are different; one of better note
All speckt with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease, and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails:
The people's looks are different as their king's,
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsom and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.
The first are best——
From their o'erflowing combs, you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets, that mingling in the glass
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse.
But when they sport abroad, and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd comb;
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd,
Clip their king's wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flow'ry banks entice 'em to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells;
Where carv'd *Priapus* has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scare-crow god.
Wild Tyme and Pine-trees from their barren hill
Transplant, and nurse 'em in the neighbouring soil,
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water 'em, and urge their shady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd shew what art the Gardner's toils require,
Why rosy *Pæstum* blushes twice a year;
What streams the verdant Succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a chearful green does Parsley grace,
And writhes the bellying Cucumber along the twisted grass;
Nor wou'd I pass the soft Acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor Myrtle-trees that love the shore;
Nor Daffadils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow bloom.

For once I saw in the *Tarentine* vale,
Where slow *Galesus* drencht the washy soil,
An old *Corician* yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor wou'd the Vine her purple harvest yield;
But sav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and Poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping Lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Blest with these riches he cou'd empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties wou'd afford,
And his own garden furnish out his board:
The spring did first his opening roses blow,
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough.
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then wou'd prune the tender'st of his trees,
Chide the late spring, and lingring western breeze:
His Bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here Lindons and the sappy Pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flow'rs his smiling orchard drest,

162. opening] op'ning, 1694.
169. squeezing] squeezings, 1694.

As many blossoms as the spring cou'd show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns ennobled now to bear a plumb,
And spreading plane-trees, where supinely laid
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade.
But these for want of room I must omit,
And leave for future Poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which *Jove* himself did on the Bees confer;
Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave, th' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurst kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air,
These only make their young the publick care;
In well-dispos'd societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive;
Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode:
Each provident of cold in summer flies
Thro' fields, and woods, to seek for new supplies,
And in the common stock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
Temper *Narcissus'* clammy tears with gum,
For the first ground-work of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabrick on its glewy base.
Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice;
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious Nectar ev'ry flowing cell.

178, 9] inset in 1694.
187. well-dispos'd] no hyphen in 1694.

By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heav'ns, and search the clouded skies
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tempests rise.
By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive.
The work is warmly ply'd through all the cells,
And strong with Tyme the new-made honey smells.

So in their caves the brawny *Cyclops* sweat,
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they beat,
And all th' unshapen thunder-bolt compleat;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall;
Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball.
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing mass;
Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
And *Ætna* shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.

Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busie swarms their different labours share.
Desire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows spoils.
On Lavender, and Saffron buds they feed,
On bending Osiers, and the balmy Reed,
From purple Violets and the Teile they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.

All work together, all together rest,
The morning still renews their labours past;
Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew;

220. hissing] hizzing, 1694.
224. different] diff'rent, 1694.
238. rip'ning] ripening, 1694.

Again when evening warns 'em to their home,
With weary wings, and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsie hum.
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds or storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journeys, with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring;
And least their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast,
They carry stones to poise 'em in their flight,
As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the Bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most;
That none will *Hymen*'s softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender Bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they chuse out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state;
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journeys, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lye
Grov'ling beneath their flowry load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a Fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying state,
Tho' seven short springs conclude their vital date,

239. evening] Ev'ning, 1694.
248. neighbouring] neighb'ring, 1694.
259. flowers] Flow'rs, 1694.
269. generous] gen'rous, 1694.
271. seven] sev'n, 1694.

Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race the childrens children reign.

No prostrate vassal of the East can more
With slavish fear his haughty prince adore;
His life unites 'em all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And croud about his courts, and buzz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from such instances as these have taught
"The Bees extract is heav'nly; for they thought
"The universe alive; and that a soul,
"Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
"To all the vast unbounded frame was giv'n,
"And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all the deep of heav'n;
"That this first kindled life in man and beast,
"Life that again flows into this at last.
"That no compounded animal could die,
"But when dissolv'd, the spirit mounted high,
"Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky.

When-e'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid labours of the Bees,
Spurt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathsom cloud of smoak amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
Once when the lovely *Pleiades* arise,
And add fresh lustre to the summer skies;
And once when hast'ning from the watry sign
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.

283. embattled] Embattl'd, 1694.
292. again] agen, 1694.
295. settled] settl'd, 1694.

The Bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound.
Their venom'd sting produces aking pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.

When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity, and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning Tyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away;
For often Lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or Drones that riot on another's toils:
Oft broods of Moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious Wasp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or else the Spider at their entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their funeral rites are form'd, and ev'ry Bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums, the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo thro' the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur thro' the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.
Mix juice of Galls, and Wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;

327. funeral] Fun'ral, 1694.

To these dry'd Roses, Tyme and Centry join,
And Raisins ripen'd on the *Psythian* vine.

Besides there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,
Its name *Amellus*, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shews it self in leaves:
The flow'r it self is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;
The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below:
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altars' posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp, in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where *Mella*'s stream in watry mazes flows.
Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive;
To raise new people, and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare,
That spread th' *Arcadian* shepherd's name so far.
How Bees from blood of slaughter'd Bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where th' *Egyptians* yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where *Persia* borders, and the rolling *Nile*
Drives swiftly down the swarthy *Indians* soil,
'Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens *Egypt* with a fruitful slime:
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.

First then a close contracted space of ground,
With streighten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce:
Hither they lead a Bull that's young and fierce,

370. seven] sev'n, 1694.
375. found] bound, 1694.

When two-years growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrours of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death;
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain,
Loud heavy mows fall thick on ev'ry side,
'Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide,
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, Tyme, and Casia, strow'd around.
All this is done when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas;
Before the chattering Swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in spring's embroidery are drest.
Mean while the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: And now are seen
A wond'rous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls,
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the Bee at length appears;
From every side the fruitful carcass pours
Its swarming brood, as thick as summer-show'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the *Parthian* bows,
When twanging strings first shoot 'em on the foes.

Thus have I sung the nature of the Bee;
While *Cæsar*, tow'ring to divinity,
The frighted *Indians* with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a God;
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my *Tityrus* beneath his shade.

392. chattering] Chatt'ring, 1694.
407–8.] Two rows of three stars each, separate these 2 lines: 1694.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in *The Annual Miscellany: for the year 1694, being the fourth part of Miscellany Poems . . .* 1694.

A Song for St. Cecilia's Day was first published in *The Annual Miscellany: for the year 1694, being the fourth part of Miscellany Poems . . .* 1694, in which it occupied pp. 134–8. It was not reprinted (except in the 1716 reissue of the *Miscellany Poems*, where the text of 1694 was given without alteration) until Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

A Song. *For St.* Cecilia's *Day at* Oxford.

I

CECILIA, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the Blest,
In choirs of warbling Seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious Saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of Harmony;
Attend, harmonious Saint, and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue,
Be thou the Muse and Subject of our song.

II

Let all *Cecilia*'s praise proclaim,
Employ the Echo in her name.
Hark how the Flutes and Trumpets raise
At bright *Cecilia*'s name, their lays;
The Organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring Trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the Base.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of ev'ry skilful tongue,
The sound of ev'ry trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

Title: 1694] as above, but adds: By Mr. *Jo. Addison*.

III

For ever consecrate the day,
To Musick and *Cecilia*;
Musick, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below.
Musick can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When *Orpheus* strikes the trembling Lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The list'ning savages advance,
The Wolf and Lamb around him trip,
The Bears in awkard measures leap,
And Tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And *Rhodope* was left without a shade.

IV

Musick religious heats inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well-pleas'd and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.
When time it self shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Musick shall then exert its pow'r,
And sound survive the ruines of the world:
Then Saints and Angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day,
To Musick and *Cecilia.*
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the Blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

64. Nor mournful] No mournful, 1694.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in *The Annual Miscellany: for the year 1694, being the fourth part of Miscellany Poems* . . . 1694, and with the text in Garth's *Ovid's Metamorphoses* . . . 1717.

The Story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus was first published in *The Annual Miscellany: for the year 1694, being the fourth part of Miscellany Poems* . . . 1694, in which it occupies pp. 139–47. It was not reprinted in the 1716 reissue of the *Miscellany Poems*. In 1717 it was reprinted (with some alterations) in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* . . . *Translated by the most Eminent Hands* . . . 1717, edited by Sir Samuel Garth. The text in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721) is almost identical with that printed in 1717.

The Story of SALMACIS *and* HERMAPHRODITUS.

From the Fourth Book of OVID's *Metamorphoses.*

How *Salmacis*, with weak enfeebling streams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

The *Naïads* nurst an infant heretofore,
That *Cytherea* once to *Hermes* bore:
From both th' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright Parents through the Infant's face.
When fifteen years, in *Ida*'s cool retreat,
The Boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil:
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the *Lycian* fields he crost,
And fields that border on the *Lycian* coast;
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight.
The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moisture all around,
The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.

Title: 1694] The STORY of | *SALMACIS*: | From the Fourth Book of | *Ovid's Metamorphoses.* | By Mr. *JO. ADDISON.*
1717.] *The Story of* SALMACIS *and* HERMAPHRODITUS. | *By Mr.* ADDISON.
5. *Naïads*] *Naids*, 1694, *Naïds*, 1717.

A Nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chace,
Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race;
Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
The only stranger to *Diana*'s train:
Her Sisters often, as 'tis said, wou'd cry
"Fie *Salmacis*, what always idle! fie,
"Or take thy Quiver, or thy Arrows seize,
"And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease.
Nor Quiver she nor Arrows e'er wou'd seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
But oft would bathe her in the chrystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
And drest her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;
And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the Boy, and long'd for what she view'd.

Fain wou'd she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.
"Bright youth, she cries, whom all thy features prove
"A God, and, if a God, the God of love;
"But if a Mortal, blest thy Nurse's breast,
"Blest are thy Parents, and thy Sisters blest:
"But oh how blest! how more than blest thy Bride,
"Ally'd in bliss, if any yet ally'd.
"If so, let mine the Stoln enjoyments be;
"If not, behold a willing Bride in me.

The Boy knew nought of love, and toucht with shame,
He strove, and blusht, but still the blush became:
In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
The sunny side of Fruit such blushes shows,
And such the Moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.

36. view'd] views, 1717.
39. flowers] Flow'rs, 1694.

The Nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
A cold salute at least, a Sister's kiss:
And now prepares to take the lovely Boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, "Or leave me to my self alone,
"You rude uncivil Nymph, or I'll be gone.
"Fair stranger then, says she, it shall be so;
And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him still in sight, her self unseen.
The Boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore,
Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his foot, and shivers, as he dips.
The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast;
His godlike features, and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were expos'd to view.
His naked limbs the Nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undrest upon the banks he stood,
And clapt his sides, and leapt into the flood:
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
As Lilies shut within a chrystal case,
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
"He's mine, he's all my own, the *Naid* cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the Boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clipt, and kist the strugling Boy.
So when the wrigling Snake is snatcht on high
In Eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,

69.] space in 1694 before 70, which is set back: 70 is set back in 1717.
76. heavenly] Heav'nly, 1694.

Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The restless Boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs intwin'd,
"And why, coy youth, she cries, why thus unkind!
"Oh may the Gods thus keep us ever Join'd!
"Oh may we never, never Part again!
So pray'd the Nymph, nor did she pray in vain:
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast;
'Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in One:
Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind:
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.

The Boy, thus lost in Woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd.
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You Parent-Gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
Hear your *Hermaphrodite*, and grant my prayer;
Oh grant, that whomsoe'er these streams contain,
If Man he enter'd, he may rise again
Supple, unsinew'd, and but Half a Man!

The heavenly Parents answer'd, from on high,
Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

110.] Last in a common Face their Faces joyn, 1694.
111. combin'd] combine, 1694.
112.] They grow the same, and wear a common Rind, 1694.
116. stream] Streams, 1694. 119. heavenly] Heav'nly, 1717.
120. prayer] Pray'r, 1694, 1717.
124. heavenly] Heav'nly, 1694, 1717.
126–7. And gave a secret Tincture to the Flood,
To weaken it, and make his Wishes good, 1694.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in *The Annual Miscellany: for the year 1694, being the fourth part of Miscellany Poems . . .* 1694.

An Account of the Greatest English Poets was first published in *The Annual Miscellany: for the year 1694, being the fourth part of Miscellany Poems . . .* 1694, in which it occupies pp. 317–27. It was not reprinted (except in the 1716 reissue of the *Miscellany Poems*, where the text of 1694 was given without material alteration) until Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

An Account *of the Greatest* English Poets.

To Mr. *H. S. April* 3, 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry, *you will needs request*
A short account of all the Muse-possest,
That, down from Chaucer's *days to* Dryden's *times,*
Have spent their noble rage in British *rhimes;*
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And show their verses worth, tho' not my own.

Long had our dull fore-fathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine;
'Till *Chaucer* first, a merry Bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhime, and prose.
But age has rusted what the Poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old *Spenser* next, warm'd with poetick rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where-e'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd
Thro' pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.

Title: 1694] as above, but adds: By Mr. *Joseph Addison.*
2. Muse-possest,] Muse possest, 1694.
5. writ] wrote, 1694.
18. ancient] Antick, 1694.

But now the mystick tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsom grow,
While the dull moral lyes too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfries, battels, fields and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landschape fades away.

Great *Cowley* then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'er-flows the heav'ns with one continu'd light;
That not a single star can shew his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great Poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess,
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd *Pindar* to thy lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
Well-pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.

Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful Prelate in thy praise:
Blest man! who now shalt be for ever known,
In *Sprat*'s successful labours and thy own.

But *Milton* next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestick numbers walks;

36. glittering] glitt'ring, 1694.
41. common blaze] Common-Blaze, 1694.
46. can] cou'd, 1694.

No vulgar heroe can his Muse ingage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see, he upward springs, and tow'ring high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heav'ns eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
What-e'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critick's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with arch-angel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sounds of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the Seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of *Paradise*;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness.
Oh had the Poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To vernish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserv'd applause!
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, tho' serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now my Muse a softer strain reherse,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly *Waller* next commands thy lays:
Muse tune thy verse, with art, to *Waller*'s praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire;
So long shall *Waller*'s strains our passion move,
And *Sacharissa*'s beauties kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious Bard, and flatt'ring song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.

81. vernish] varnish, 1694.
91. desire] Desires, 1694.

Thy verse can show ev'n *Cromwell*'s innocence,
And complement the storms that bore him hence.
Oh had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great *Nassau* on the *British* throne!
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had *Boin*'s wide current reek'd in blood!
Or if *Maria*'s charms thou wou'dst rehearse,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And *Gloriana* wou'd have seem'd more fair.

Nor must *Roscommon* pass neglected by,
That makes ev'n Rules a noble poetry:
Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show
The best of criticks, and of poets too.
Nor, *Denham*, must we e'er forget thy strains,
While *Cooper's Hill* commands the neighb'ring plains.

But see where artful *Dryden* next appears
Grown old in rhime, but charming ev'n in years.
Great *Dryden* next, whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in Comick sounds or Tragick airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If Satire or heroick strains she writes,
Her Heroe pleases, and her Satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our *English* Poetry,
That long has flourish'd, shou'd decay with thee;
Did not the Muses other hope appear,
Harmonious *Congreve*, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And *Dryden*'s Muse shall in his Friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhiming, and wou'd fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:

The noble *Montague* remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To *Dorset* he directs his artful Muse,
In numbers such as *Dorset*'s self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How *Nassau*'s godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the Heroe in full glory shines.
We see his army set in just array,
And *Boin*'s dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor *Simois* choak'd with men, and arms, and blood;
Nor rapid *Xanthus*' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the Poet's highest themes,
Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams.
But now, to *Nassau*'s secret councils rais'd,
He aids the Heroe, whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length; and now, dear Friend, *receive*
The last poor present that my Muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise 'em with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear Friend and Muse, farewell.

138. How] Now, 1694.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the first edn. (1695), and the text in the 1716 reissue of the *Miscellany Poems* (Part IV.).

A Poem to His Majesty was first printed in 1695 as an independent publication. It was reprinted in the 1716 reissue of the *Miscellany Poems* (Part IV.), though it had not appeared in the earlier issues of that collection. The text followed was that of 1695. The following is the original title-page:

A | POEM | TO HIS | MAJESTY, | Presented to the | LORD KEEPER. | By Mr. ADDISON, of *Mag.* Coll. *Oxon.* | LONDON: | . . . MDCXCV.

A

POEM

TO HIS

*MAJESTY.

Presented to the Lord Keeper.

* *King* William. *Printed in the year* 1695. *The Author's age* 24.

New title page: for title of 1695, see p. 36.

To the Right Honourable

SIR *JOHN SOMERS*,

Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

IF yet your thoughts are loose from State Affairs
Nor feel the burden of a Kingdom's Cares,
If yet your Time and Actions are your own,
Receive the present of a Muse Unknown:
A Muse that in advent'rous numbers sings
The rout of Armies, and the fall of Kings,
Britain *Advanc'd, and* Europe's *Peace Restor'd,*
By SOMERS' *Counsels, and by* NASSAU's *Sword.*

To You, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to Raise the Subject of my song;
To You the Hero *of my verse reveals*
His great Designs, to You in Council tells
His Inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of Towns Unstorm'd, and Battels yet to come.
And well cou'd You, in Your Immortal strains,
Describe his Conduct, and Reward his Pains:
But since the State has all your Cares engrost,
And Poetry in Higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
Pardon her Faults, and Countenance her Flights.

Title: *SOMERS*] Sommers, 1695, and so throughout the poem.

On You, my Lord, with anxious Fear I wait,
And from Your Judgment must expect my Fate,
Who, free from Vulgar passions, are above
Degrading Envy, or Misguided Love;
If You, well-pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of Fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what You Write, is what You Praise.

TO THE
K I N G.

When now the business of the Field is o'er,
The Trumpets sleep, and Cannons cease to roar,
When ev'ry dismal Echo is decay'd,
And all the Thunder of the Battel laid;
Attend, Auspicious *Prince*, and let the Muse
In humble accents Milder thoughts infuse.
Others, in bold Prophetick numbers skill'd,
Set thee in Arms, and led thee to the field,
My Muse expecting on the *British* strand
Waits thy Return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the Foe,
When *Europe* was concern'd in ev'ry Blow;
But durst not in Heroick strains rejoice;
The Trumpets, Drums, and Cannons drown'd her Voice:
She saw the *Boyn* run thick with Human gore,
And floating Corps lye beating on the shore:
She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
To trace her *Hero* through the dusty plain,
When through the thick Embattel'd lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smoke.
O that some Muse, renown'd for Lofty verse,
In daring numbers wou'd thy Toils rehearse!
Draw thee Belov'd in peace, and Fear'd in wars,
Inur'd to Noon-day sweats, and Mid-night cares!
But still the God-like Man, by some hard Fate,
Receives the Glory of his toils too late;
Too late the Verse the mighty Act succeeds,
One Age the Hero, one the Poet breeds.
A Thousand years in full succession ran,
E'er *Virgil* rais'd his voice, and sung the Man

Who, driv'n by stress of fate, such dangers bore
On stormy Seas, and a disastrous Shore,
Before he settled in the Promis'd Earth,
And gave the Empire of the World its birth.
Troy long had found the *Grecians* bold and fierce,
E'er *Homer* muster'd up their Troops in Verse;
Long had *Achilles* quell'd the *Trojans'* Lust,
And laid the Labour of the Gods in dust,
Before the Tow'ring Muse began her flight,
And drew the Hero raging in the Fight,
Engag'd in tented fields, and rolling floods,
Or slaught'ring Mortals, or a Match for Gods.
And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
Some Mighty Bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in *WILLIAM*'s God-like Acts engage,
And with his Battels, warm a Future age.
Hibernian fields shall here thy Conquests show,
And *Boyn* be Sung, when it has ceas'd to Flow;
Here *Gallick* labours shall advance thy fame,
And here *Seneffe* shall wear Another name.
Our late Posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy Battels, and with Pleasure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The Guiltless Bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.
The Race of *NASSAUS* was by heav'n design'd
To curb the proud Oppressors of mankind,
To bind the Tyrants of the Earth with laws,
And fight in ev'ry Injur'd nation's cause,
The World's great Patriots; they for Justice call,
And as they favour, Kingdoms rise or fall.
Our *British* Youth, unus'd to rough Alarms,
Careless of Fame, and negligent of Arms,
Had long forgot to Meditate the foe,
And heard unwarm'd the Martial Trumpet blow;
But now, inspir'd by Thee, with fresh delight,
Their Swords they brandish, and require the Fight,
Renew their Ancient Conquests on the Main,
And act their Fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd, when they hear how *Agincourt* was strow'd
With *Gallic* corps, and *Cressi* swam in blood,

With eager warmth they fight, Ambitious all
Who first shall storm the Breach, or mount the Wall.
In vain the thronging Enemy by force
Would clear the Ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for *WILLIAM* leads the way,
Where Fires rage most, and loudest Engines play.
Namure's late Terrours and Destruction show,
What *WILLIAM*, warm'd with just Revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand Turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded Spires, and glitter'd in the sky,
An undistinguish'd heap of Dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoaking on the ground.
His Toils for no Ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild Ambition moves, but *Europe*'s Fears,
The Cries of Orphans, and the Widow's Tears;
Opprest Religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd Justice sets him in his Arms;
His Conquests Freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the Labours of his sword.
Thus when the forming Muse wou'd copy forth
A perfect Pattern of Heroick worth,
She sets a Man Triumphant in the field,
O'er Giants cloven down, and Monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smeer'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst Angry Gods conspire to make him Great.
Thy Navy Rides on Seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the Haughty *East*;
Algiers and *Tunis* from their sultry shore
With horrour hear the *British* engines roar,
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers wou'd they run,
And wish themselves still Nearer to the Sun.
The *Gallick* Ships are in their Ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of Sea and Wind,
Nor dare again the *British* Strength engage;
Still they remember that Destructive rage

78. warm'd] warm, 1716.

Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in Smoke and Fire;
The Waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And Planks, and Arms, and Men, promiscuous flow'd.
Spain's numerous Fleet that perisht on our coast,
Cou'd scarce a longer Line of battel boast,
The Winds cou'd hardly drive 'em to their Fate,
And all the Ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where-e'er the Waves in restless errors rowle,
The Sea lies open now to either Pole:
Now may we safely use the *Northern* gales,
And in the *Polar Circle* spread our sails;
Or deep in *Southern* climes, Secure from wars,
New Lands explore, and sail by Other stars;
Fetch Uncontroll'd each labour of the Sun,
And make the product of the World our own.
At length, Proud Prince, Ambitious *Lewis*, cease
To plague mankind, and trouble *Europe*'s peace;
Think on the Structures which thy Pride has rase'd,
On Towns unpeopled, and on Fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corps, and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain, and purple flood,
Thy Arms have made, and cease an impious War,
Nor waste the Lives entrusted to thy Care.
Or if no Milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great Avenger of mankind,
See mighty *NASSAU* through the Battel ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side:
Fain wou'd the pious Prince refuse th' Alarm,
Fain wou'd he check the Fury of his Arm;
But when thy Cruelties his thoughts engage,
The Hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then Countries stoln, and Captives unrestor'd,
Give Strength to every blow, and edge his Sword.
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!

140. every] ev'ry, 1695.

Ask *Villeroy*, for *Villeroy* beheld
The Town surrender'd, and the Treaty seal'd;
With what amazing strength the Forts were won,
Whilst the whole Pow'r of *France* stood looking on.
But stop not here: behold where *Berkley* stands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;
Around thy coast his bursting Bombs he pours
On flaming Cittadels, and falling Tow'rs;
With hizzing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round 'em where they break;
The Skies with long ascending Flames are bright,
And all the Sea reflects a quivering light.
Thus *Ætna*, when in fierce Eruptions broke,
Fills Heav'n with Ashes, and the Earth with Smoke;
Here Crags of broken Rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten Stones and scatter'd Cinders fly:
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the *Asiatick* shore with Dust.
Now does the Sailor from the neighbouring Main
Look after *Gallick* Towns and Forts in vain;
No more his wonted Marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd Ruine lie;
Whilst, pointing to the Naked coast, he shows
His wond'ring Mates where Towns and Steeples rose,
Where crowded Citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once *St. Maloes* stood.
Here *Russel*'s Actions should my Muse require;
And wou'd my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless Bravery rehearse,
And draw his Cannons thund'ring in my verse:
High on the deck shou'd the great Leader stand,
Wrath in his Look, and Lightning in his Hand;
Like *Homer*'s *Hector* when he flung his Fire
Amidst a thousand Ships, and made all *Greece* retire.
But who can run the *British* Triumphs o'er,
And count the Flames disperst on ev'ry Shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd Victory,
And draw the Reader on from Sea to Sea?

Else who cou'd *Ormond*'s God-like Acts refuse,
Ormond the theme of ev'ry *Oxford* Muse?
Fain wou'd I here his mighty Worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chase of fame,
Through all the Noise and Hurry of the Fight,
Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.
Oh, did our *British* Peers thus court Renown,
And grace the Coats their great Fore-fathers won!
Our arms wou'd then triumphantly advance,
Nor *Henry* be the Last that conquer'd *France*.
What might not *England* hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their Blood:
When such, detain'd at home, support our State
In *WILLIAM*'s stead, and bear a Kingdom's weight,
The Schemes of *Gallick* Policy o'er-throw,
And blast the Counsels of the common Foe;
Direct our Armies, and distribute Right,
And render our *MARIA*'s Loss more light.
But stop, my Muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear,
MARIA's name still wounds each *British* Ear:
Each *British* Heart *MARIA* still does wound,
And Tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
MARIA still our rising Mirth destroys,
Darkens our Triumphs, and forbids our Joys.
But see, at length, the *British* Ships appear!
Our *NASSAU* comes! and as his Fleet draws near,
The rising Masts advance, the Sails grow white,
And all his Pompous Navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty Prince, desir'd of *Britain*, come!
May Heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that Look,
Which such Confusion and Amazement strook
Through *Gallick* hosts: But, oh! let Us descry
Mirth in thy Brow, and Pleasure in thy Eye;
Let nothing Dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a-while forget the Trumpet's sound;
Well-pleas'd, thy People's Loyalty approve,
Accept their Duty, and enjoy their Love.

196. Counsels] Councils, 1695.
216. a-while] a while, 1695.

For as when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the Tumult of the fight,
Whole heaps of Death encompass'd you around,
And Steeds o'er-turn'd lay foaming on the ground:
So Crown'd with Laurels now, where-e'er you go,
Around you blooming Joys, and peaceful Blessings flow.

Text: two different texts are printed, on opposite pages. The left-hand pages (50, 52, 54, 56, 58 and 60, with the headline TO HALIFAX) contain the text which is found in a MS., in Addison's handwriting, preserved in the Bodleian Library (MS. Rawl. Poet. 17): to make comparison easier, references to the lines of the printed version are given in the *right-hand* margin. At the end of this volume (pp. 491–5) will be found a list of alterations, etc., which appear in the MS.

The right-hand pages (51, 53, 55, 57, 59 and 61, with the headline LETTER FROM ITALY) are reprinted from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the texts in *Poetical Miscellanies: the fifth part . . .* 1704, in Hills's reprint of 1709 (included in *A Collection of the Best English Poetry*, issued by T. Warner in 1717), and in the second edn. of Addison's *Remarks on Italy* (1718). The title-page opposite is that which is found in the *Poetical Miscellanies* of 1704.

A discussion of the texts and editions of *A Letter from Italy* will be found in the Introduction to this edition (Volume III.).

A

LETTER

FROM

ITALY,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord *HALLIFAX.*

By Mr. *JOSEPH ADDISON,*

MDCCI.

LONDON,

Printed in the Year 1703.

[Bodleian MS. Rawl. Poet. 17.]

To the Right Honourable the Lord Halifax.

WHILE Brittains thoughts on Rising Wars are bent,
And anxious Monarchs dread the darke Event,
Her prudent Bards provide themselves betimes
With stores of Flights, and Magazines of Rhimes,
Prepar'd already in Exalted Verse
The yet unpurchas'd trophies to reherse.
Namur or Dunkirke one attacks in forme,
Describes the Batt'rys, and prepares the Storm,
Remorsless in his Ire, the French he Galls
At once with Similes and Cannon balls,
Till to the tenth dull page the Siege extends,
Where the town parlys, and the poeme Ends.
Others on Naval fights consume their Rage,
And in the Shock of mingling Fleets engage,
Describing Death in all its ghastliest forms
Of flouds, and fires, and Hurricanes, and Storms:
Pleas'd with the Noisie Rhimes, and vainly proud,
They blame the Ling'ring War, and Thirst for Bloud;
Nor yet fore-see, by the frail Muse beguil'd,
The paper, which with so much pains theyve spoild,
The Hidden Lumber of a Shop shall lie,
Or fill'd with Bombast and Tobacco die.
From the loud Scene of Business far Retir'd,
With milder Themes and fainter raptures fir'd,
To you, my Lord, my Gratefull Muse conveys
Soft gentle sounds, and Unambitious Lays,

A LETTER from *ITALY*,

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord HALIFAX.

In the Year MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
VIRG. Geor. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from *Britannia*'s publick posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhime.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetick fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on Classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her Harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the *Nar*, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth *Clitumnus* to his source,

Title, 1704 and 1709] as above, but without In the Year MDCCI.
16. heavenly] Heav'nly, 1704, 1709, 1718.

That, big with Lanskips, paint the happy place
Where all the best of the Melodious Race,
By more than mortal Inspirations warm'd,
From Age to Age the Listning world have charm'd.
On evry side I turn my ravisht Eyes (9)
Gay Gilded Scenes and shining Prospects rise,
Poetick fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on Classic ground:
For here the Muse so oft her Harpe has strung,
That not a Mountain rears his head Unsung,
Renown'd in Verse each shady Thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in Heavnly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the Hills and woods (17)
For Rising springs and celebrated flouds!
To view the Nar, Impetuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watry store
Through the long Windings of a fruitfull shore,
And hoary Albulas Infected Tide
O're the warm Bed of smoaking Sulphur glide:
Sometimes, misguided by the Tunefull throng, (31)
I look for streams Immortalis'd in Song,
That lost in silence and Oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their Currents Drie)
Yet run for-ever by the Muses skill,
And in the smooth Description murmure still.
Sometimes to Gentle Tiber I retire, (37)
And the famed River's empty shores admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty Urns, and an Unfruitfull sourse,
Yet, sung so often in poetick Lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys:
So high the Deathless Muse exalts her Theme!
Such was the Boin, a poor Inglorious stream,
That through Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And Unobservd in wild Meanders play'd,
Till by Your Lines and Nassau's sword renown'd
Its Rising Billows through the world resound,
Where-ere the Hero's Godlike Acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an Immortal Verse.

To see the *Mincio* draw his watry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary *Albula*'s infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoaking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The towering *Alps* of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lye,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for-ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle *Tiber* I retire,
And the fam'd river's Empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetick lays,
With scorn the *Danube* and the *Nile* surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the *Boin*, a poor inglorious stream,
That in *Hibernian* vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild *Meanders* play'd;
'Till by Your lines and *Nassau*'s sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where-e'er the Heroe's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh cou'd the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,

26. flowery] flow'ry, 1704, 1709, 1718.
28. towering] Tow'ring, 1704, 1709, 1718.
35. for-ever] for ever, 1704, 1718.
40. thrifty] thirsty, 1709.

Oh cou'd the Muse my ravisht soul inspire! (51)
With warmth like Yours, and raise an Equal fire,
Unnumberd Beautys in my Verse shoud shine,
And Virgils Italie shoud yield to mine!

See how the Golden Groves around me smile, (55)
That shun the coast of Brittains stormy Isle,
Or, when transplanted, and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold Clime, and starve in Northern Air;
Here, kindly warmth the mounting Iuice ferments
To nobler tastes and more Exalted Scents:
Evn the rough rocks with tender myrtle Bloom,
And trodden Weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me some God to Bajas gentle Seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's Green Retreats!
Where Western Gales Eternally reside,
And all the Seasons lavish all their pride,
Blossomes and fruits and flours together rise,
And the whole Year in Gay confusion lies.
How dos the mighty Scene my soul amaze (69)
When on proud Rome's Immortal seats I Gaze,
Where piles of Ruine scatter'd all around,
Magnificently strow the pompous ground!
An Amphitheater's transcendant height
Here fills my Eye with terrour and delight,
That on its public Shows exhausted Rome,
And held Un-crouded Nations in its womb:
Here, pillars, rough with Battles, pierce the skies;
And here, the proud Triumphal Arches rise,
Where the Old Roman's deathless Acts displayd
Their base Degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole Rivers here forsake the fields below,
And, wond'ring at their course, through Airy channels flow.
Still to new Scenes my wand'ring Muse retires, (83)
And the dumb statues breathing form admires;
Th' ambitious sculptour all his force has shown,
And softned into Flesh the rugged stone.

Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shou'd shine,
And *Virgil*'s *Italy* shou'd yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of *Britain*'s stormy Isle,
Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender Myrtle bloom,
And trodden Weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some God, to *Baia*'s gentle seats,
Or cover me in *Umbria*'s green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When *Rome*'s exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruine lye.
An amphitheater's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its publick shows Unpeopled *Rome*,
And held Uncrowded nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies:
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old *Romans* deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.

53. Unnumber'd] Unnumbred, 1704; Unnumb'red, 1709.
56. coast] Coasts, 1709.
63. *Baia*'s] *Baja*'s, 1704, 1709, 1718; God] Gods, 1709.
80. degenerate] degen'rate, 1709. 81. the] their, 1709.
85. its] his, 1709. 86. soften'd] softed, 1709.

In solemn silence, a Majestic Band,
Heroes, and Gods, and Roman Consuls stand;
Stern Tyrants, whom their Cruelties renoun,
And Emperours in Parian marble Frown,
While the bright Dames, to whom they humbly sue'd,
Still show the charms that their proud Hearts subdued.
Fain wou'd I Raphel's godlike Art reherse,
And draw th' Immortal labours in my Verse,
Where from the mingled force of shade and Light
A New Creation rises to my Sight;
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with Life the blended Colours glow!
From theme to theme with secret pleasure toss't
Amidst the soft Varietie I'm lost;
Here, Gentle Airs my ravisht soul confound
With circ'ling notes and Labyrinths of sound;
Here, Domes and Temples rise in distant views,
And Op'ning palaces invite my Muse.
How is the Happy Land above the rest
Adorn'd with pleasures, and with plenty Bless't!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her Sunny Shores,
With all the gifts that Heav'n and Earth impart,
The smiles of Nature, and the charms of Art,
While proud Oppression in her vallys reigns,
And Tyrannie devours her fruitfull plains?
The poor Inhabitant beholds in vain
The Red'ning Orange and the swelling Grain,
Joyless he sees the ripening Oils and wines,
And in the Myrtle's fragrant shade Repines,
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden Vineyard dies for thirst.
Oh Liberty, thou Goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of Bliss, and fruitfull in Delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton Train;
Eas'd of her Load Subjection grows more Light,
And Poverty looks Cheerfull in thy sight;

In solemn silence, a majestick band,
Heroes, and Gods, and *Roman* Consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in *Parian* marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain wou'd I *Raphael*'s godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravisht soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning Orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing Oils and Wines,
And in the Myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh Liberty, thou Goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!

97. heav'nly] Heavenly, 1709. 105 and 109. heav'n] Heaven, 1709.
108. Her blooming] In blooming, 1709.
110. the charms] her charms, 1709.
119. heavenly] Heav'nly, 1704, 1709, 1718.

Thou makest the Gloomy face of Nature Gay,
Giv'st Beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day.
Thee Goddess, Thee, Brittannia's Isle adores:
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of Death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On Forreign mountains may the Sun refine
The Grape's soft juice and Mellow it to Wine,
With Citron Groves adorn the distant soil,
And the fat Olive swell with flouds of Oil;
We Envy not the warmer clime that lies
In Ten Degrees of more Indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our Heavn repine,
Tho' the cold Plejads in our Zenith shine.
Tis Liberty that crowns Brittannia's Isle,
And makes her barren Rocks, and her bleak mountains smile.
Others with tow'ring Piles may please the sight,
And in their proud Aspiring Domes delight,
A nicer Touch to the stretch'd Canvas give,
And the well-polish't marble teach to Live,
Brittannia's thoughts on nobler Ends are bent,
To guard the Freedome of the Continent,
To raise the Weak, to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in Balance each Contending State,
To threaten bold presumptuous Kings with Wars:
These are her high Concerns, and These her Gen'rous Cares.
The Dane and Suede, rous'd up by dire Alarms,
Bless the wise Conduct of her pious Arms,
Soon as her Fleets appear their terrours cease,
And all the Northern World lies Husht in Peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret Dread
Her Thunder aim'd at his Aspiring head,
And fain her Godlike Sons wou'd disunite
By inbred Quarrels and Domestic Spite,
But strives in Vain to Conquer or Divide
Whom Nassaw's arms defend and Councils guide.
Fir'd with the Name, which I so oft have found
The diff'rent Climes and diff'rent Tongues reosund,

Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day.

Thee, Goddess, thee, *Britannia*'s Isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the Sun refine
The Grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With Citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat Olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen *Pleiads* shine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns *Britannia*'s Isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis *Britain*'s care to watch o'er *Europe*'s fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.
The *Dane* and *Swede*, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious *Gaul* beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,

137. heaven] Heav'n, 1704, 1709, 1718.
141. towering] Towring, 1704; Tow'ring, 1709, 1718.

I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to Launch into a Bolder strain:
But spent already with a Rhime so long (163)
I dare not tempt a more Advent'rous song;
My Humble Verse requires a softer Theme,
A painted Meadow, or a purling Stream,
Unfit for Heroes, whom Majestic Lays,
And Lines like Virgils or like Yours shou'd praise.

From Italy
Febr. 19. 1702.

And fain her godlike sons wou'd disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestick spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom *Nassau*'s arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my strugling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for Heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like *Virgil*'s, or like yours, shou'd praise.

158. counsels] Councils, 1704.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with those parts issued in *Poetical Miscellanies: the fifth part* . . . 1704, and Garth's *Ovid's Metamorphoses* . . . 1717.

The translations of Books II. and III. of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* are here reprinted in the order in which they were issued in Garth's *Ovid's Metamorphoses* (1717), and Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721). The following parts had already been printed in *Poetical Miscellanies: the fifth part* . . . 1704, but they were not reprinted in the 1716 reissue of the *Miscellanies*:

The story of Phaeton (with Addison's notes): [from Book II.].

Europa's Rape (with Addison's notes): [from Book II.].

Book III. of the *Metamorphoses* (with Addison's notes).

The following new translations, completing Book II., were added in 1717:

Phaeton's Sisters transform'd.

The Transformation of Cycnus.

The Story of Calisto.

The Story of Coronis, and Birth of Æsculapius.

Ocyrrhoe transform'd.

The Transformation of Battus.

The Story of Aglauros.

The collation shows that Addison made large alterations in reprinting the work of 1704 in 1717. Tickell's text of 1721 is substantially that of 1717.

The notes printed in the *Poetical Miscellanies* (1704) were not reprinted in 1717, but they were reprinted in 1721.

OVID's
METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

The Story of PHAETON.

THE Sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the cov'ring wrought:
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of *Vulcan*) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea th'inferiour earth embrac'd,
And Gods and Goddesses the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and *Proteus* (the deceiving God)
With *Doris* here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Tho' various features did the Sisters grace,
A Sister's likeness was in every face.

Title: 1704] THE | STORY | OF | PHAETON, | Beginning the Second BOOK of | *OVID's METAMORPHOSES.* | Translated by Mr. *JOSEPH ADDISON.*

1. columns] Pillars, 1704.
3. folding gates diffus'd] Folding-doors disperst, 1704.
5. ivory] Iv'ry, 1704, 1717.
6. The matter] The Metals, 1704; sculptor's] Workman's, 1704.
7–10.] For here the Figure of the Heav'ns was plac'd,
Here circling Seas the rounded Earth embrac'd,
And Gods and Goddesses the Waters grac'd. 1704.
13. carv'd] form'd, 1704. 14. figur'd] painted, 1704.
17–18.] Their Looks were all alike, tho' not the same
For Looks alike the Sisterhood became. 1704.
18. every] ev'ry, 1717.

On earth a different landskip courts the eyes,
Men, Towns, and Beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And Nymphs, and Streams, and Woods, and rural Deities.
O'er all, the Heav'n's refulgent Image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.

Here *Phaeton*, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
'Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious God:
He saw at distance, or the dazling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aking sight.

The God sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, stand.
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary Winter shivers in the reer.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd in one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the place;

19. different] diff'rent, 1704, 1717.
20. distant] various, 1704.
23. gate] Door, 1704.
24. still gaining on] advancing up, 1704.
26. 'Till] And, 1704.
27. He saw at distance] Saw at a distance, 1704.
32–7.] On ev'ry side the Days, and Months, and Year,
And Hours, and Ages on his Coasts appear.
Here blooming Spring with flow'ry Wreaths is bound,
Here Summer stands in Wheaten Garlands crown'd,
Here Autumn from the trodden Vintage sweats,
And hoary Winter in the Reer retreats. 1704.
39. which looks on all] which all things sees, 1704.

And cries aloud, "What wants my Son? for know
"My Son thou art, and I must call thee so.

"Light of the world, the trembling youth replies,
"Illustrious Parent! since you don't despise
"The Parent's name, some certain token give,
"That I may *Clymenè*'s proud boast believe,
"Nor longer under false reproaches grieve.

The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
And bid the youth advance: "My Son, said he,
"Come to thy Father's arms! for *Clymenè*
"Has told thee true; a Parent's name I own,
"And deem thee worthy to be call'd my Son.
"As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
"Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
"By *Styx* I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
"And roul impervious to my piercing sight.

The youth transported, asks without delay,
To guide the Sun's bright chariot for a day.

The God repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook;
"My son, says he, some other proof require,
"Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
"I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
"Or, what I can't deny, would fain disswade.

42–3.] And cries aloud, What wants my *Phaeton*?
For well I know thee, and must call thee Son. 1704.
45. Since] if, 1704.
46–50.] A Parent's Name from me, some Token grant
That may gain Credit to my high Descent.
Nor let me always live in doubt. This said,
He flung the blaze of Glories from his Head, 1704.
51. said] says, 1704. 53. thee true] the Truth, 1704.
54.] Nor will thy Parent blush to call thee Son. 1704.
55–8.] And as a Proof, whate're Request you make
I freely grant; a solemn Oath I take
By *Styx*, by Hell's inviolable Lake. 1704.
63. proof] Gift, 1704. 66. would] I'de, 1704.

"Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
"Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
"Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
"Beyond the province of mortality:
"There is not one of all the Gods that dares
"(However skill'd in other great affairs)
"To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
"Not *Jove* himself, the ruler of the sky,
"That hurles the three-fork'd thunder from above,
"Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as *Jove*?
"The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain:
"And when the middle firmament they gain,
"If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
"And see the earth and ocean hang below,
"Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
"And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
"A mighty downfal steeps the ev'ning stage,
"And steddy reins must curb the horses' rage.
"*Tethys* her self has fear'd to see me driv'n
"Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
"Besides, consider what impetuous force
"Turns stars and planets in a different course:
"I steer against their motions; nor am I
"Born back by all the current of the sky.
"But how could You resist the orbs that roul
"In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
"But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
"And stately domes, and cities fill'd with Gods;
"While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
"Where forms of starry Monsters stock the skies:
"For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
"The *Bull* with stooping horns stands opposite;
"Next him the bright *Hæmonian Bow* is strung;
"And next, the *Lion*'s grinning visage hung:

72. However skill'd] Tho' Conversant, 1704.
77–8.] With Pain the Steeds climb up the first Ascent,
And when they gain the middle Firmament, 1704.
79. heavens] Heav'ns, 1704, 1717.
88. different] diff'rent, 1704, 1717.
92.] In rapid Whirls, and the revolving Pole? 1704.
95. progress] Journey, 1704.

"The *Scorpion*'s claws here clasp a wide extent,
"And here the *Crab*'s in lesser clasps are bent.
"Nor would you find it easie to compose
"The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
"The scorching fire, that in their entrails glows.
"Ev'n I their head-strong fury scarce restrain,
"When they grow warm and restiff to the rein.
"Let not my Son a fatal gift require,
"But, O! in time, recall your rash desire;
"You ask a gift that may your Parent tell,
"Let these my Fears your parentage reveal;
"And learn a Father from a Father's care:
"Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
"Could you but look, you'd read the Father there.
"Chuse out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
"For open to your wish all nature lies,
"Only decline this one unequal task,
"For 'tis a Mischief, not a Gift you ask;
"You ask a real Mischief, *Phaeton*:
"Nay hang not thus about my neck, my Son:
"I grant your wish, and *Styx* has heard my voice,
"Chuse what you will, but make a wiser choice.

Thus did the God th' unwary youth advise;
But he still longs to travel through the skies.
When the fond Father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the *Vulcanian* chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.

105. entrails] Bosom, 1704.
106.] Ev'n I hold in their struggling Mouths with Pain, 1704.
109.] But, while you may, correct your first Desire; 1704.
112. a Father] your Father, 1704.
114. Could] Wou'd, 1704.
115–6.] In short, behold the Earth, the Sea and Heav'n,
Chuse what you will from all, it shall be giv'n; 1704.
117. decline] forbear, 1704.
121.] I grant your Wishes, *Styx* confirms my Voice, 1704.
125–6.] When *Phœbus* (for Delays in vain were cast)
To the *Vulcanian* chariot leads at last. 1704.

The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
The seat with parti-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys;
When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
The stars were fled; for *Lucifer* had chase'd
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the Father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble *Hours* without delay
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble *Hours* obey:
From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his Son, the God of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sov'raign virtue to repel the heat;
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,

"Take this at least, this last advice, my Son:
"Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
"The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
"Your art must be to moderate their haste.
"Drive 'em not on Directly through the skies,
"But where the *Zodiac*'s winding circle lies,
"Along the midmost *Zone*; but sally forth
"Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.
"The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
"But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
"That no new fires or heaven or earth infest;
"Keep the mid way, the middle way is best.

130–1.] The Harnesses with studded Gems were bright; *Apollo* shin'd in the reflected Light. 1704.
136. rosy] ruddy, 1704. 139. forth] out, 1704.
142–5.] All his Son's Face, the God with Ointment wet, Of secret Virtue to repel the Heat. 1704.
150. coursers] Horses, 1704.
154. middle] midmost, 1704.
158. heaven] Heav'n, 1704, 1717.

"Nor, where in radiant folds the *Serpent* twines,
"Direct your course, nor where the *Altar* shines.
"Shun both extremes; the rest let Fortune guide,
"And better for thee than thy self provide!
"See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
"*Aurora* gives the promise of a day;
"I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
"Snatch up the reins; or still th' attempt forsake,
"And not my Chariot, but my Counsel take,
"While yet securely on the earth you stand;
"Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
"Let Me alone to light the world, while you
"Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.
He spoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his Father with remorse receives.

Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
And all the waste of heaven before 'em lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The Youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea th' unballass'd vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The Youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The Youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;

167. still th' attempt] yet the Task, 1704.
180. heaven] Heav'n, 1704.
184.] And leave the Morning's swiftest blast behind, 1704.
189. in] from 1704.

Nor wou'd the horses, had he known, obey.
Then the *Seven stars* first felt *Apollo*'s ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
The folded *Serpent* next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll,
And rage'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, *Boötes* too, that fain
Thou would'st have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy Wain.

Th' unhappy Youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
His birth obscure, and his request deny'd:
Now would he *Merops* for his Father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the Sun.

So fares the Pilot, when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost,
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the Gods and Prayer.

What cou'd he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;
If forward, still a longer path they find:
Both he compares, and measures in his mind;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the East,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden West.
The horse's Names he knew not in the fright:
Nor wou'd he loose the reins, nor cou'd he hold 'em right.

196. *Seven stars*] Seav'n-stars, 1704; *Seven*] Sev'n stars, 1717.
201. every] ev'ry, 1704, 1717.
202. *Boötes*] *Boëtes*, 1704; that fain] that thou, 1704.
203. Woud'st fain have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy Plow, 1704.
205. far beneath him] underneath him, 1704.
211.] And gladly quit his kindred to the Sun, 1704.
212.] Not set back in 1704.
215. Seeks] Puts, 1704; Prayer] Pray'r, 1704, 1717.

Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where *Scorpio* bent
In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.
Soon as the Youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horses felt 'em loose upon their mains,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroul'd where-e'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the Earth the burning chariot drew.

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The highlands smoak, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fewel blaze.

224. heavens] Heav'ns, 1704, 1717.
229. heavens] Heav'ns, 1704, 1717.
231–2.] Soon as the Youth beheld his Sting, and view'd
The sweating Monster in his Poison stew'd; 1704.
234. The horses felt 'em] The Steeds perceiv'd 'em, 1704.
241.] Not set back in 1704, and no space between lines 240 and 241.
243–64.] The Mountains smoak, the Chinky Highlands chap,
The Herbage fades away, and spends its Sap:
And now the Trees and Leaves together blaz'd,
The Corn consum'd by what it first was rais'd.
But these are nothing: Walls and Cities burn,
Kingdoms and People into Ashes turn.
The Hills are scorch'd, the with'ring Woods expire,
Athos and *Tmolus* feel the kindling Fire:
Here *Oetè* and *Cicilian Taurus* fry,
Here *Ida* smoaks, with all its Fountains dry;
Oeagrian Hæmus (then a single Name)
And Virgin *Helicon* increase the Flame;
Eryx, and *Othrys*, and *Cithæron* glow,
And *Rhodope* no longer cloath'd in Snow;

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Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills: whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the Car draws near,
Athos and *Tmolus* red with fires appear;
Oeagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin *Helicon* increase the flame;
Taurus and *Oetè* glare amid the sky,
And *Ida*, spight of all her fountains, dry.
Eryx, and *Othrys*, and *Cithæron*, glow;
And *Rhodopè*, no longer cloath'd in snow;
High *Pindus*, *Mimas*, and *Parnassus*, sweat,
And *Ætna* rages with redoubled heat.
Even *Scythia*, through her hoary regions warm'd.
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring *Appennine*,
And *Caucasus*, and proud *Olympus*, shine;
And, where the long-extended *Alpes* aspire,
Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th' astonisht Youth, where-e'er his eyes cou'd turn,
Beheld the Universe around him burn:
The World was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd:
Lost in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,

High *Pindus*, *Mimas*, and *Parnassus*, sweat,
And *Ætna* rages with redoubl'd Heat.
Ev'n the remotest *Scythian* Fields were warm'd,
Whom endless Cold and native Winters arm'd. 1704.

259. Even] Ev'n, 1717.

265. Th' astonisht Youth,] Now *Phaeton*, 1704.

267–8. The raging of the Fire he cou'd not bear,
When through his Lungs he drew the scorching Air; 1704.

271–2. Thick smoaky Vapours from the Burnings broke,
And Clouds of Ashes hover'd in the Smoke. 1704.

He flew where-e'er the Horses drove, nor knew
Whither the Horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy *Moor* begun
To change his hue, and Blacken in the sun.
Then *Libya* first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of Sand.
The Water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of silver *Dirce*, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And *Argos* grieves whilst *Amymonè* fails.

The floods are drain'd from every distant coast,
Even *Tanais*, tho' fix'd in ice, was lost.
Enrage'd *Caicus* and *Lycormas* roar,
And *Xanthus*, fated to be burnt once more.
The fam'd *Mæander*, that unweary'd strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd *Babylon Euphrates* flies;
The big-swoln *Ganges* and the *Danube* rise
In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.
In flames *Ismenos* and the *Phasis* roul'd,
And *Tagus* floating in his melted gold.
The Swans, that on *Caÿster* often try'd
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last and dy'd.

275. Not set back in 1704, and no space between lines 274 and 275
Moor] Moors, 1704.
276. To change his hue,] To scorch with Heat, 1704.
277. her] its, 1704.
278. Became a long extended Tract of Sand. 1704.
280–2. For her *Bœotian* Current *Dircè* mourns
Their Rivers *Argos* and *Pirene* lose,
These *Ephyrè*, laments, and *Amymonè* those. 1704.
283–93. In vain the Streams in distant Regions flow'd,
Ev'n *Tanais* with all her Ice was thaw'd.
Enrag'd *Caicus* and *Ismenos* roar,
And *Xanthus*, fated to be burnt once more.
In Flames the *Ister* and the *Ganges* roll'd,
And *Tagus* floating in her melted Gold. 1704.
283. every] ev'ry, 1717.
284. Even] Ev'n, 1717.
288. every] ev'ry, 1717.
294. *Caÿster*] *Cayster*, 1704.

The frighted *Nile* ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
His seven divided currents all are dry,
And where they roul'd, seven gaping trenches lye.
No more the *Rhine* or *Rhone* their course maintain,
Nor *Tiber*, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep-cleft, admits the dazling ray,
And startles *Pluto* with the flash of day.
The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd *Cyclades*.
The fish in sholes about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked Dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath, th' unshapen *Phocæ* die,
And on the boiling wave extended lye.
Nereus, and *Doris* with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
Stern *Neptune* thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The *Earth* at length, on every side embrace'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,

298. seven] sev'n, 1704, 1717.
299. seven] sev'n, 1704, 1717.
300–1.] Not in 1704.
302.] Not set back in 1704; deep-cleft] all cleft, 1704; dazling] piercing, 1704.
303. flash] sight, 1704.
304–5. The Sea shrinks in, and leaves a barren Plain,
A waste of Gravel, where before it ran. 1704.
306. Their] The, 1704.
310–11.] The gasping *Phocæ*, parboil'd in the Stream,
With turn'd-up Bellies on the Surface swim. 1704.
312.] *Nereus* and *Doris* too, with all her train, 1704.
314–5.] Not in 1704.
317. and thrice was] as often, 1704.
318. every] ev'ry, 1704, 1717.

When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Up-lifted to the heavens her blasted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said;
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat:)
"If you, great King of Gods, my death approve,
"And I deserve it, let me die by *Jove*;
"If I must perish by the force of fire,
"Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
"See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
"See my singe'd hair, behold my faded eye,
"And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lye!
"And does the plow for this my body tear?
"This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
"Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
"That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
"And food for man, and frankincense for you?
"But grant Me guilty; what has *Neptune* done?
"Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
"The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
"Why does it waste, and further shrink from heaven?
"If I nor He your pity can provoke,
"See your own Heavens, the heavens begin to smoke!
"Shou'd once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
"Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
"*Atlas* becomes unequal to his freight,
"And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.

321. crowd] creep, 1704.
322. heavens] Heav'ns, 1704, 1717.
331.] For then her Face and Mouth lay wrapt in Smoak; 1704.
333. cinders] Ashes, 1704.
338. food] Meat, 1704.
341. given] giv'n, 1704.
342. heaven] Heav'n, 1704.
344. Heavens . . . heavens] Heav'ns . . . Heav'ns, 1704, 1717.
345. Shou'd once] If once, 1704.
346. heavens] Heav'ns, 1704, 1717.
347. his] the, 1704.

" If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
" All must again into their chaos turn.
" Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
" And succour nature, e'er it be too late.
She ceas'd; for choak'd with vapours round her spread,
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.

Jove call'd to witness every Power above,
And even the God, whose Son the Chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruine must ensue.
Strait he ascends the high Ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour.
But now could meet with neither storm nor shower.
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th'Almighty Sire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life, and from the chariot driven,
Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven.
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:

349. heaven . . . sea] Heav'n . . . Seas, 1704; heaven] Heav'n, 1717.
351. prevent our] consult the, 1704.
352. And succour nature] And Doom of all things, 1704.
353.] (The Vapours here supprest her Voice) This said, 1704.
355. every Power] ev'ry Pow'r, 1704, 1717.
356. even] ev'n, 1704, 1717.
357.] That what he acted he was forc'd to do, 1704.
358. must] wou'd, 1704.
359.] He then ascended his Ætherial Throne, 1704.
360. dart] hurle, 1704.
361. showers] show'rs, 1704.
362. shower] Show'r, 1704.
364. hurl'd] shot, 1704; forky] flaming, 1704.
365–6.] Which stopt the Flames, and Fires with Fire restrain'd, 1704.
367. driven] driv'n, 1704, 1717.
368. boy] Youth, 1704; heaven] Heav'n, 1704, 1717.

The studded harness from their necks they broke,
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke,
Here were the beam and axle torn away;
And, scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining fragments lay.
The breathless *Phaeton*, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot, like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop;
'Till on the *Po* his blasted corps was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAETON's *Sisters transform'd into Trees.*

The *Latian* nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd;
And, whilst yet smoaking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise:
" Here he who drove the Sun's bright chariot lies;
" His Father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
" But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd.

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief,
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of One whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a Sun:
The burning ruines, with a fainter ray,
Supply the Sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day, that still did nature's face disclose:
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But *Clymenè*, enrage'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inspires, her passion vents:
Wild for her Son, and frantick in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd, round the world she goes,

375. breathless] blasted, 1704.
377.] Which in a cloudless Ev'ning from the top, 1704; evening] Ev'ning, 1717.
378. heaven] Heav'n, 1704, 1717.
379. blasted] smoaking, 1704.
392. even] ev'n, 1717.

To seek where-e'er his body might be cast;
'Till, on the borders of the *Po*, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears.
The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears,
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for *Phaeton* in vain:
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full Moon return'd;
So long the mother, and the daughters mourn'd:
When now the eldest, *Phaethusa*, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Her self with-held, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with Leaves;
One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies stood
Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood;
But still above were female Heads display'd,
And mouths, that call'd the Mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew.
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves:
The blood came trickling, where she tore away
The leaves and bark: The maids were heard to say,
"Forbear, mistaken Parent, Oh! forbear;
"A wounded daughter in each tree you tear;
"Farewel for ever." Here the bark encreas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.

The new-made trees in tears of Amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the Sun,

Distill for ever on the streams below:
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mixt in the sand; whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dress of the bright *Latian* maid.

The Transformation of CYCNUS *into a Swan.*

Cycnus beheld the Nymphs transform'd, ally'd
To their dead brother, on the mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound;
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Thro' pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy Monarch made his moan,
His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
And issu'd through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak:
All *Cycnus* now into a Swan was turn'd,
Who, still remembring how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-while *Apollo* in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own Sun-shine, and abhors the light:
The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
Sadden his looks, and over-cast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his grief he joyn'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
"E'er since the birth of Time, said he, I've born
"A long ungrateful toil without return;
"Let now some other manage, if he dare,
"The fiery steeds, and mount the burning Carr;

" Or, if none else, let *Jove* his fortune try,
" And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
" Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
" My Son deserv'd not so severe a fate.

The Gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
Jove too himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and intreats,
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his Son.

The Story of CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course; and *Jove*
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: The earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land; but on *Arcadia* most.
Her fields he cloath'd, and chear'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and Nature smiles again.

But as the God walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair *Arcadian* Nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The Nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd;

486. prayers] Pray'rs, 1717.
492. heavens] Heav'ns, 1717.
495. every different] ev'ry diff'rent, 1717.
496. every] ev'ry, 1717.
499. heaven's] Heav'ns, 1717.

Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chast *Diana* from her youth inclin'd
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er *Mænalus*, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.

The Sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropt her arrows, and her brow unbrace'd;
She flung her self on the cool grassy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
"Here I am safe, he cries, from *Juno*'s eye;
"Or should my jealous Queen the theft descry,
"Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
"And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!
Diana's shape and habit strait he took,
Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke.
"How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
"All-hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
"To *Jove* himself, tho' *Jove* himself were here.
The God was nearer than she thought, and heard
Well-pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd.

He then salutes her with a warm embrace;
And, e'er she half had told the morning chase,
With love enflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kiss;
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could *Diana*'s shape conceal the God.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd;
(Sure *Juno* must have pardon'd, had she view'd)
With all her might against his force she strove;
But how can mortal maids contend with *Jove!*

Possest at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens th' exulting God retir'd.
The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
With down-cast eyes, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

But now *Diana*, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the Nymph; the Nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a *Jove* disguis'd in Her;
But, when she saw the sister Nymphs, suppress'd
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear;
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
'Tis said the Nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the Moon had nine times lost her light,
When *Dian*, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: "And now no spies are near,
"Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash, she cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies;
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd;
In vain excus'd: her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant Nymph by force undress'd.
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd;

576. every] ev'ry, 1717.

" Begone! the goddess cries with stern disdain,
" Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain:
She fled, for-ever banish'd from the train.

This *Juno* heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime;
The time was come: for, to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd,
" It is enough! I'm fully satisfy'd!
" This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
" My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love:
" But vengeance shall awake: those guilty charms,
" That drew the Thunderer from *Juno*'s arms,
" No longer shall their wonted force retain,
" Nor please the God, nor make the Mortal vain.

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and drag'd her on the ground:
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a God, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin.
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of *Jove*, she was depriv'd of speech:
Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to *Jove*,
And beg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own!
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!
How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
The shaggy Bear, tho' now her self was one!

615. meadows once] meadows, once, 1717.

How from the sight of rugged Wolves retire,
Although the grim *Lycaon* was her Sire!

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouze his mother where she lay.
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd: The boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But *Jove* forbad, and snatch'd 'em through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd 'em there:
Where the new Constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When *Juno* saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
She sought old *Ocean* in his deep abodes,
And *Tethys*; both rever'd among the Gods.
They ask what brings her there: "Ne'er ask, says she,
"What brings me here, Heaven is no place for me.
"You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
"*Jove's* starry bastard and triumphant whore
"Usurp the heavens; you'll see 'em proudly roul
"In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
"And who shall now on *Juno*'s altars wait,
"When those she hates grow greater by her hate?
"I on the Nymph a brutal form impress'd,
"*Jove* to a goddess has transform'd the beast;
"This, this was all my weak revenge could do:
"But let the God his chaste amours pursue,
"And, as he acted after *Iō*'s rape,
"Restore th' adult'ress to her former shape;
"Then may he cast his *Juno* off, and lead
"The great *Lycaon*'s off-spring to his bed.
"But you, ye venerable powers, be kind,
"And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,

639. Heaven] Heav'n, 1717.
654. powers] Pow'rs, 1717.

" Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
" Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams.

The goddess ended, and her wish was given.
Back she return'd in triumph up to heaven;
Her gawdy Peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were spotted with a thousand Eyes;
The Eyes of *Argus* on their tails were rang'd,
At the same time the Raven's colour chang'd.

The Story of CORONIS, *and Birth of* ÆSCULAPIUS.

The Raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest Dove's unsully'd breast,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the Swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.

The story of his change shall here be told;
In *Thessaly* there liv'd a Nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confest the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, 'till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.
But his own bird the Raven chance'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the God he ply'd;
The busy Daw flew with him, side by side,
And by a thousand teizing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew.
The Daw gave honest counsel, tho' despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd.

" Stay, silly bird, th' ill-natur'd task refuse,
" Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
" Be warn'd by my example: you discern
" What now I am, and what I was shall learn.

658. given] giv'n, 1717.
679. prayers] Pray'rs, 1717.

"My foolish honesty was all my crime;
"Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
"The two-shap'd *Ericthonius* had his birth
"(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
"*Minerva* nurs'd him, and the infant laid
"Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
"The daughters of King *Cecrops* undertook
"To guard the chest, commanded not to look
"On what was hid within. I stood to see
"The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
"The sisters *Pandrosos* and *Hersè* keep
"The strict command; *Aglauros* needs would peep,
"And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
"And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:
"A Boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
"But the boy ended in a Dragon's tail.
"I told the stern *Minerva* all that pass'd,
"But for my pains, discarded and disgrace'd,
"The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
"And for her favorite chose the bird of night.
"Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong
"Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.

"But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
"As never by the heavenly maid belov'd:
"But I was lov'd; ask *Pallas* if I lye;
"Tho' *Pallas* hate me now, she won't deny:
"For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
"Was once a Maid (by heaven the story's true)
"A blooming maid, and a King's daughter too.
"A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
"My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
"*Neptune*, as on his shores I went to rove,
"Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
"He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
"And offer'd force when all his arts were vain;
"Swift he pursu'd: I ran along the strand,
"'Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,

709. favorite] Fav'rite, 1717.
713. heavenly] heav'nly, 1717.
717. heaven] Heav'n, 1717.

"I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
"To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
"A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
"For, as my Arms I lifted to the skies,
"I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
"I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
"My garment turn'd to Plumes, and girt me round:
"My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
"Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I.
"Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
"Sunk in the sand, but skim'd along the shore;
"'Till, rising on my Wings, I was prefer'd
"To be the chaste *Minerva*'s virgin bird:
"Prefer'd in vain! I now am in disgrace:
"*Nyctimene* the Owl enjoys my place.

"On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
"(In *Lesbos* still the horrid tale they tell)
"And of her dire amours you must have heard,
"For which she now does penance in a Bird,
"That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
"And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
"The Birds, where-e'er she flutters, scare away
"The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.

The Raven, urge'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curst the harmless Daw; the Daw withdrew:
The Raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false *Coronis* and the favour'd youth.

The God was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook:
His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been prest.
Down fell the wounded Nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And weltring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
"Ah cruel God! tho' I have justly dy'd,

"What has, alas! my unborn Infant done,
"That He should fall, and two expire in one?
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The God dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falshood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.
Soon as he saw the lovely Nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a God could Weep, the God had Wept.
Her corps he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.

But, lest his off-spring should her fate partake,
Spight of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur *Chiron*'s charge:
Then in his fury Black'd the Raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his White plumes no more.

Ocyrrhoe *transform'd to a Mare.*

Old *Chiron* took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
The Nymph *Chariclo* to the Centaur bore,
With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came
To see the child, *Ocyrrhoe* was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The God was kindled in the raving Maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetick tale;
"Hail, great Physician of the world, all-hail;

779. heavenly] heav'nly, 1717.

" Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
" Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
" Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
" Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
" Thy daring art shall animate the Dead,
" And draw the Thunder on thy guilty head:
" Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
" Rise up victorious, and be Twice a God.
" And thou, my Sire, not destin'd by thy birth
" To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
" How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
" And quit thy claim to immortality;
" When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
" The *Hydra*'s venom rankling in thy veins?
" The Gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
" And give thee over to the power of Fate.

Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended *Jove* betray'd:
More had she still to say; but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
" My voice, says she, is gone, my language fails;
" Through every limb my kindred shape prevails:
" Why did the God this fatal gift impart,
" And with prophetick raptures swell my heart!
" What new desires are these? I long to Pace
" O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on Grass;
" I hasten to a Brute, a Maid no more;
" But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
" My Sire does Half a human shape retain,
" And in his upper parts preserves the Man.

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and mis-shapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The Human form confounded in the Mare:

814. power] Pow'r, 1717.
815. entering] ent'ring, 1717.
820. every] ev'ry, 1717.
824. flowery] flow'ry, 1717.

'Till by degrees accomplish'd in the Beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the Steed exprest.
Her stooping body on her hands is born,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
The Mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

The Transformation of BATTUS *to a Touch-stone.*

Sore wept the Centaur, and to *Phœbus* pray'd;
But how could *Phœbus* give the Centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry *Jove*,
In *Elis* then a herd of Beeves he drove;
And wielded in his hand a staff of Oake,
And o'er his shoulders threw the Shepherd's cloak;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty *Hermes* from the God convey'd
A Drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd.
The theft an old insidious Peasant view'd,
(They call'd him *Battus* in the neighbourhood)
Hire'd by a wealthy *Pylian* Prince to feed
His favourite Mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thievish God suspected him, and took
The Hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke;
"Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
"And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
"Go, stranger, cries the clown, securely on,
"That stone shall sooner tell; and show'd a stone.

The God withdrew, but strait return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country Swain;
And cries out, "Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
"Of Bullocks and of Heifers pass this way?

843. power] Pow'r, 1717.
847. seven] sev'n, 1717.
855. favourite] fav'rite, 1717.

" In the recovery of my cattle join,
" A Bullock and a Heifer shall be thine.
The Peasant quick replies, " You'll find 'em there
" In yon dark vale: and in the vale they were.
The Double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
The God, successful in the tryal, smil'd;
" And dost thou thus betray my self to Me?
" Me to my self dost thou betray? says he:
Then to a *Touch-stone* turns the faithless Spy,
And in his name records his infamy.

The Story of AGLAUROS, *transform'd into a Statue.*

This done, the God flew up on high, and pass'd
O'er lofty *Athens*, by *Minerva* grace'd,
And wide *Munichia*, whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast, when each *Athenian* Maid
Her yearly homage to *Minerva* paid;
In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads their mystick gifts they bore:
And now, returning in a solemn train,
The troop of shining Virgins fill'd the plain.

The God well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
And saw the bright procession pass below;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them: As the spreading Kite,
That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a distance, if the Priests are nigh,
And sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
So kept the God the Virgin choir in view,
And in slow winding circles round them flew.

As *Lucifer* excells the meanest star,
Or, as the full-orb'd *Phœbe Lucifer*;
So much did *Hersè* all the rest outvy,
And gave a grace to the solemnity.

866. recovery] Recov'ry, 1717.

Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
So the cold Bullet, that with fury slung
From *Balearick* engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
The form divine, the features of a God.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he strives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below;
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand;
The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polish'd Ivory line'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of Tortoise shine'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were place'd,
The midmost by the beauteous *Hersè* grace'd;
Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first th' approaching God descry'd,
And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came.
"I come, reply'd the God, from Heaven, to woo
"Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
"I am the son and messenger of *Jove*,
"My name is *Mercury*, my business Love;
"Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
"And gain admittance to your sister's heart.

She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when she on *Minerva*'s secret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
And, till he brings it, makes the God retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the Nymph succeed;
And now remembring the late impious deed,
When, disobedient to her strict command,
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand;

911. glittering] glitt'ring, 1717. 915. Ivory] Iv'ry, 1717.
926. business] Bus'ness, 1717.

In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
That heav'd the rising *Ægis* on her breast;
Then sought out *Envy* in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholesom skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her course she steer'd;
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the Fiend appear'd.
A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of Vipers for her food.
Minerva loathing, turn'd away her eye;
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the Goddess gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a chearful sight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast;
Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite: while watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy;
Foe to her self, distressing and distrest,
She bears her own tormenter in her breast.
The Goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
A short command: "To *Athens* speed thy flight;
"On curst *Aglauros* try thy utmost art,
"And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart.
This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to Heaven: The hag with eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;

For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she her self must give.
Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And sails along, in a black whirlwind born,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are deface'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waste:
On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.

When *Athens* she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous Fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep opprest.
To execute *Minerva*'s dire command,
She stroak'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And place'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her Sister's Marriage, and her glorious fate:
Th' imaginary Bride appears in state;
The Bride-groom with unwonted beauty glows;
For *Envy* magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, *Aglauros* pine'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant Sun;
Or like unwholsome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)

980. flowery] flow'ry, 1717. 983. flowers] Flow'rs, 1717.
1010. Given] Giv'n, 1717; every] ev'ry, 1717.

Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
To tell her awful father what had past:
At length before the door her self she cast;
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick God deny'd.
The God caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd Maid.
In vain he sooth'd; "Begone! the Maid replies,
"Or here I keep my seat, and never rise.
"Then keep thy seat for ever, cries the God,
And touch'd the door, wide-opening to his rod.
Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
Her joynts are all benum'd, her hands are pale,
And Marble now appears in every nail.
As when a Cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds;
So does the chilness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart;
'Till hard'ning every where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a Stone.
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA's *Rape.*

When now the God his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn Maid,
From where the bright *Athenian* turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of Gods,

1023. wide-opening] **wide-op'ning,** 1717.
1032. every] ev'ry, 1717.
Title: 1704] *EUROPA'S* RAPE; | Translated from *OVID.* | By Mr. *JOSEPH ADDISON.*
1037. vengeance of the stubborn] Veng'ance of the faithless, 1704.
1039. He mounts aloft,] He steers his flight, 1704.
1040–7.] Jove saw at distance his approaching Son,
And thus aloud bespeaks him from his Throne

Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will exprest.

" My trusty *Hermes*, by whose ready aid
" Thy Sire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
" Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
" And to the walls of *Sidon* speed thy course;
" There find a herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
" The neighbouring hill, and drive 'em to the shore.

Thus spoke the God, concealing his intent.
The trusty *Hermes* on his message went,
And found the herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the shore;
Where the King's Daughter with a lovely train
Of Fellow-Nymphs, was sporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride.)
The Ruler of the skies, the thundering God,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing Heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a Bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung.

My trusty *Hermes*, for to thee is giv'n,
To be the sole Ambassador of Heav'n.
Fly quickly hence to the *Sidonian* Earth,
That borders on the Land which gave thee Birth. 1704.

1048. wand'ring] stragling, 1704.
1049. neighbouring] Neighb'ring, 1704, 1717.
1050. Not inset in 1704, and no space between lines 1044 and 1045.
1051. his] the, 1704.
1052. wand'ring] stragling, 1704.
1053. neighbouring] Neighb'ring, 1704, 1717.
1056–7.] It was impossible at once for *Jove*
To keep his Grandeur, and indulge his Love. 1704.
1058. thundering] Thund'ring, 1704, 1717.
1059. Who] That, 1704.

His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsully'd by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the work-man's hand;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light.
His every look was peaceful, and exprest
The softness of the Lover in the Beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white Bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly stroak'd his head.
He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
Now rowls his body on the yellow sand;
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal Maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal Virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clapt his breast.
'Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she prest the Thunderer,
She place'd her self upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the God.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;

1064–9.] His Skin was whiter than the new-faln Snow,
Small were his Horns, and harmless was his Brow;
No shining Terrors sparkl'd in his Sight,
But his Eyes languish'd with a gentle Light. 1704.
1070. every] ev'ry, 1704, 1717.
1076. flowers] Flow'rs, 1704, 1717.
1080. neighbouring] Neighb'ring, 1704; neighb'ring, 1717.
1082.] And finding all the Virgin's fear decay'd, 1704.
1086. flowery] flow'ry, 1704, 1717.
1090. place'd] fixt, 1704.

Where now he dips his hoofs and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted Nymph looks backward on the shoar,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is born
Upon his back; the other grasps a horn:
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the Virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the *Dictean* shore;
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his True shape he captivates the Maid;
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestick figure rise,
His glowing features, and celestial light,
And all the God discover'd to her sight.

1098. one hand is born] with one Hand born, 1704.
1099. the other] while 'tother, 1704.
1100. Her] The, 1704.
1106. wondering] wond'ring, 1704, 1717.
1108.] Views his bright Features, and his Native Light, 1704.

Text : See the note at p. 62.

OVID's
METAMORPHOSES.

Book III.

The Story of Cadmus.

When now *Agenor* had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on every coast;
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The restless youth search'd all the world around;
But how can *Jove* in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun his angry Sire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the *Delphick* dome;
There asks the God what new-appointed home
Should end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve.
The *Delphick* oracles this answer give.

Title: 1704.] THE | THIRD BOOK | OF | *OVID'S METAMORPHOSES*.
By Mr. *JOSEPH ADDISON*. | *The Transformation of the Draggon's Teeth.*
2. every] ev'ry, 1704, 1717.
3. to his arms restore] if he brought not o're, 1704.
4. darling] Royal, 1704; or] to, 1704.
6.] The Father's Piety became his Crime, 1704.
8. in his amours] or his Intrigues, 1704.
9–11.] When spent at length with his successless Toil,
To shun his Father and his Native Soil,
He takes a Journey to the *Lyrian* Dome, 1704.
13. wand'rings] Travels, 1704.
14. *Delphick*] *Lyrian*, 1704.

" Behold among the fields a lonely Cow,
" Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
" Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
" There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
" And from thy guide *Bœotia* call the land,
" In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand.

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the *Delphick* God,
When in the fields the fatal Cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude:
Her gently at a distance he pursu'd;
And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great Power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery *Panopè* she took,
And now, *Cephisus*, cross'd thy silver brook;
When to the Heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On those behind, 'till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the Gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lye;
Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to *Jove*.

15. lonely] wand'ring, 1704.
16.] Unbroken to the Service of the Plow; 1704.
18–20.] A Town there build, *Bœotia* call the Town, 1704.
21. the dark abode] the Sacred Dome, 1704.
22.] Fix'd in his Thoughts on mighty Things to come, 1704.
27. Power] God, 1704; Pow'r, 1717.
28–33.] O'er *Panopè* the Cow her Journey took,
And now had forded the *Cephisean* Brook:
When standing still, she to the spacious Skies
Thrice lifted up her Head, and bellow'd thrice;
Then stooping on her Knees, she gently prest
The rising Grass, and laid her down to rest. 1704.
28. flowery] flow'ry, 1717.
30. Heavens] Heav'ns, 1717.
34. soil] Place, 1704.
38. neighbouring] Neighb'ring, 1704; neighb'ring, 1717.

O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
Amidst the brake a hollow Den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary Den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to *Mars*, a mighty Dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glance'd his eyes.
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The *Tyrians* in the Den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault:
From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy Serpent with the sound.

40. plain] Plains, 1704; rose] grew, 1704.
41. in its dark bosom stood] where in the midst there stood, 1704.
46–65.] Deep in the Den a dreadful Serpent lyes,
Bloated with Poison to a monstrous size;
Bright is his Crest, his Scales are burnish'd Gold,
Blood-shot his Eyes, and ghastly to behold:
Three Tongues he brandishes, as many Rows
Of jaggy Teeth his op'ning Jaws disclose.
The *Tyrians* in the Den for Water sought,
And let their Vessels down the hollow Vault:
From side to side their empty Vessels bound,
And rowse the sleeping Serpent with the Sound.
He straight bestirs him, and begins to rise,
And now with dreadful Hissings fills the Skies,
And darts his forky Tongues, and rolls his glaring Eyes.
The *Tyrians* start, the Blood their Cheeks forsakes,
And ev'ry loosen'd Joint with Horror quakes.
Above the tallest Trees he rais'd his Face,
His hinder Circles floating on the Grass;
In winding Mazes then himself he roll'd, 1704.
50. towering] tow'ring, 1717.

Strait he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rouls his glareing eyes.
The *Tyrians* drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And gazing round him, over-look'd the wood:
Then floating on the ground, in circles rowl'd;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,
The Serpent in the polar circle lyes,
That stretches over half the Northern skies.
In vain the *Tyrians* on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train;
Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsom death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.

And now the scorching Sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To search the woods th' impatient Chief prepares.
A Lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd Jav'lin to the field he bore
Inur'd to blood; the far-destroying Dart
And, the best weapon, an undaunted Heart.

66. Then] And, 1704.
70–1.] In vain the *Tyrians* from the Serpent fly,
Or on the feeble Force of Arms rely: 1704.
73.] Some die entangl'd in the knotty Train, 1704.
74. devour'd; or] devour'd, or, 1704.
77. lustre, to] Lustre to, 1704.
78–83.] When *Cadmus* wond'ring at his Servants stay,
Proceeds t'enquire the Cause of their Delay;
A Lion's Hide around his Loins he wore,
And in His hand a pointed Jav'lin bore;
With these he brings a bright and Shining Dart,
A daring soul, and an undaunted Heart. 1704.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amid their corps he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.
"Such friends, he cries, deserv'd a longer date;
"But *Cadmus* will revenge, or share their fate.
Then heav'd a Stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around.
The pointed Jav'lin more successful flew,
Which at his back the raging warriour threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rage'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away;
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,

87.] Roll'd up at Ease, and glutted in their Blood, 1704.
88. he cries] says he, 1704.
90–3.] A Pond'rous Stone he then prepar'd to throw
And in a Whirlwind sent it at the Foe:
A batter'd Tow'r had scarce sustain'd the Blow; } 1704.
92. tower] Tow'r, 1717.
94. th' unwieldy rock] the unwieldy Rack, 1704.
96. That, firmly join'd,] the Serpent's Hide, 1704.
97. With] And; all] him, 1704.
98.] With more Success a pointed Jav'lin flew, 1704.
99. warriour] *Cadmus*, 1704.
100.] Through the thick Scales and Flesh it took its Course, 1704.
102. monster] Serpent, 1704.
107. every] ev'ry, 1704, 1717.
108–9.] His grinding Jaws are whiten'd with a Foam,
And from his Mouth the blasting Vapours come; 1704.

Such as th' infernal *Stygian* waters cast;
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enrowl'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the Lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then force'd him to recoil;
The pointed Jav'lin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The Serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
'Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet receive'd was slight;
For, whilst the Champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the Jav'lin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.

The dauntless Heroe still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, 'till a knotty Oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plunge'd the fatal spear,
That in th' extended neck a passage found,
And pierce'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy Oak;
'Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)

110–1.] order reversed in 1704.
113. unravel'd] untwisted, 1704.
114.] Now like a Torrent with, 1704.
115. boisterous] bois'trous, 1704, 1717.
118. Jav'lin] Spear still, 1704.
128. foe] Flight, 1704.
130. in th' extended] through the Serpent's, 1704.
131. solid] knotty, 1704.
133. he lash'd the sturdy Oak ;] the Serpent lash'd the Oak; 1704.
134. labouring] lab'ring, 1704, 1717.

" Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
" Insulting man! what thou thy self shalt be?
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When *Pallas* swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,
Bids him plow up the field, and scatter round
The Dragon's Teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He sows the Teeth at *Pallas*'s command,
And flings the Future People from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees; 'till all the Man arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus surpriz'd, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepare'd himself for fight:
When one cry'd out, " Forbear, fond man, forbear
" To mingle in a blind promiscuous war.
This said, he struck his Brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by Another's wound;
Nor did the Third his conquest long survive,
Dying e'er scarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran through all the field,
'Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;

144. swift] straight, 1704.
147. Dragon's] Serpents, 1704.
148. wondering] wond'ring, 1704, 1717.
160.] 'Till all the Man by just Degrees arise, 1704.
161. proportion] Proportions, 1704.
170. dire] same, 1704.

The furrows swam in blood: and onely five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at *Pallas*'s command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand;
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom *Cadmus* as his friends and partners takes:
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new *Bœotian* empire birth.

Here *Cadmus* reign'd; and now one would have guess't
The royal founder in his exile blest:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathless Gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told:
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his Grandsire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by stern *Diana* to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their Huntsman to become their Prey.
And yet consider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

The Transformation of ACTÆON *into a Stag.*

In a fair Chace a shady mountain stood,
Well store'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood.
Here did the huntsmen 'till the heat of day
Pursue the Stag, and load themselves with prey;

176.] Then with the rest a lasting Peace he makes, 1704.
189. in] for, 1704.
193. Huntsman] Hunter, 1704.
194. why the change was wrought] what the Change had wrought, 1704.
195. his . . . his] a . . . a, 1704.
201. load] lade, 1704.

When thus *Actæon* calling to the rest:
"My friends, says he, our sport is at the best.
"The Sun is high advance'd, and downward sheds
"His burning beams directly on our heads;
"Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
"Call off the dogs, and gather up the toiles;
"And e'er to morrow's Sun begins his race,
"Take the cool morning to renew the chace.
They all consent, and in a chearful train
The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale with Pine and Cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
The chaste *Diana*'s private haunt, there stood
Full in the centre of the darksome wood
A spacious Grotto, all around o'er-grown
With hoary moss, and arch'd with Pumice-stone.
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And trickling swell into a lake below.
Nature had every where so play'd her part,
That every where she seem'd to vie with Art.
Here the bright Goddess, toil'd and chafe'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd;
Each busy Nymph her proper part undrest;
While *Crocale*, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

206. Then] Let's, 1704.
216. centre] middle, 1704.
221. every] ev'ry, 1704, 1717.
222. every] ev'ry, 1704, 1717.
224. wont] us'd, 1704.
232. whilst] tho', 1704.

Now all undrest the shining Goddess stood,
When young *Actæon*, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grott by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked Nymphs survey'd.
The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprize,
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries.)
Then in a huddle round their Goddess prest:
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd; such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn;
And tho' the crowding Nymphs her body hide,
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.
Surpriz'd, at first she would have snatch'd her Bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow;
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke:
"Tell if thou can'st the wonderous sight disclos'd,
"A Goddess Naked to thy view expos'd.

This said, the Man begun to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a Deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in hast,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,

235–40.] Now all undrest the shining Goddess stood,
When, as *Actæon* had the Chase pursu'd,
Lost and bewilder'd in the pathless Wood,
He wander'd hither, where th' unhappy Man
Saw the Fair Goddess, and the naked Train.
The frighted Nymphs, with Horror in their Eyes,
Fill'd all the Wood with piercing Shrieks and Cries; 1704.

239–40.] Not in 1717, evidently omitted by accident.

241. their] the, 1704.

246.] She modestly withdrew, and turn'd aside, 1704.

251. wonderous] wond'rous, 1704, 1717.

261. neighbouring] Neighb'ring, 1704; neighb'ring, 1717.

Wretched *Actæon!* in a doleful tone
He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the Deer, and skulk in woods?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aking heart assails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His opening Hounds, and now he hears their cries:
A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies,
Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries.
When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
'Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the sad Huntsman grov'ling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,

273. opening] op'ning, 1704, 1717.
274. generous] noble, 1704; gen'rous, 1717.
277. flowery] flow'ry, 1704, 1717.
289. every] ev'ry, 1704, 1717.
291. Who now appear'd] That now he seem'd, 1704.

And call'd their Lord *Actæon* to the game:
He shook his head in answer to the name;
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker on.
But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master panting in a Deer.

The Birth of BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings, and *Diana*'s rage,
Did all the thoughts of Men and Gods engage;
Some call'd the evils, which *Diana* wrought,
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault:
Others again esteem'd *Actæon*'s woes
Fit for a Virgin Goddess to impose.
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produc'd on either side.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the Goddess, nor excuse:
She heeded not the justice of the deed,
But joy'd to see the race of *Cadmus* bleed;
For still she kept *Europa* in her mind,
And, for her sake, detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How *Semele*, to *Jove*'s embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And carry'd in her womb a future God.
Thus terribly incens'd, the Goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.

"Are my reproaches of so small a force?
"'Tis time I then pursue another course:

304.] Their panting Lord, disfigur'd in a Deer, 1704.
305. sufferings] Sorrows, 1704; Suff'rings, 1717.
306.] Did variously the Thoughts of Men engage; 1704.
307. wrought] brought, 1704.
311. different] diff'rent, 1704, 1717.
315. She heeded not] Not caring for, 1704.
316. joy'd] pleas'd, 1704.
325. Are my reproaches] And are my Threatnings, 1704.
326. 'Tis time I then] I'll then, says she, 1704.

" It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
" If I'm indeed the Mistress of the sky;
" If rightly stil'd among the powers above
" The Wife and Sister of the thundering *Jove*;
" (And none can sure a Sister's right deny)
" It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
" She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
" Pregnant she rises to a Mother's name;
" While proud and vain she triumphs in her *Jove*,
" And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
" But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
" By her own lover the fond beauty dies.
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of *Semele* she stood.

Old *Beroe*'s decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the Nurse's tone.
The Goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false Foster-child.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the Nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
" 'Tis well, says she, if all be true that's said.
" But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
" Some counterfeit in this your *Jupiter*.
" Many an honest well-designing maid,
" Has been by these pretended Gods betray'd.

329. powers] Pow'rs, 1704, 1717.
330. thundering] thund'ring, 1704, 1717.
332. It is decreed] By my decree, 1704.
333–8.] Big with a Child by *Jupiter* begot,
That scarce has ever faln to *Juno*'s Lot;
The Strumpet now may triumph in her *Jove*,
And publish to the gazing World his Love:
But I'll be call'd by *Juno*'s Name no more,
If Vengeance does not overtake the Whore. 1704.

" But if he be indeed the thundering *Jove*,
" Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
" Descend triumphant from th' etherial sky,
" In all the pomp of his divinity;
" Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,
" With which he fills th' immortal *Juno*'s arms.

Th' unwary Nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of *Jove*, when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would chuse;
" Fear not, reply'd the God, that I'll refuse
" Whate'er you ask: May *Styx* confirm my voice,
" Chuse what you will, and you shall have your choice.
" Then, says the Nymph, when next you seek my arms,
" May you descend in those celestial charms,
" With which your *Juno*'s bosom you enflame,
" And fill with transport Heaven's immortal dame.
The God surpriz'd would fain have stopp'd her voice:
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrowds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his light'nings play.
And yet, the dazling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest light'ning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size:
Not those huge bolts, by which the Giants slain
Lay overthrown on the *Phlegrean* plain.
'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it Thunder of a Second-rate.
For the rough *Cyclops*, who by *Jove*'s command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,

355. thundering] thund'ring, 1704, 1717.
365.] A Lover's Wishes, *Styx* confirm my Voice, 1704.
367.] Why then, says she, when next you fill my Arms, 1704.
370. Heaven's] Heav'n's, 1704, 1717.

Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
Th' illustrious God, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The light'ning's flashes, and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But, to preserve his off-spring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoaking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
Ino first took him for her Foster-child;
Then the *Niseans*, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving God.

The Transformation of TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions past on earth,
And *Bacchus* thus procur'd a second birth,
When *Jove*, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of publick empire, and the cares of state;
As to his Queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
"In troth, says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,
"The sense of pleasure in the male is far
"More dull and dead, than what you females share.
Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.

389. dreadfully] terribly, 1704; adorn'd, with] adorn'd with, 1704.
395. terrible] Thunderer's, 1704.
403. thriving] growing, 1704.
414.] Having the Pleasure of both Sexes try'd, 1704.

It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted Snakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.
But, after seven revolving years, he view'd
The self-same Serpents in the self-same wood;
"And if, says he, such virtue in you lye,
"That he who dares your slimy folds untie
"Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.
Again he struck the Snakes, and stood again
New-sex'd, and strait recover'd into Man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The soveraign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declar'd for *Jove*: When *Juno* fir'd,
More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night.
But *Jove* (for so it is in Heaven decree'd,
That no one God repeal another's deed;)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

The Transformation of ECHO

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him th' enquiring nations sought their doom;
The fair *Liriope* his answers try'd,
And first th' unerring prophet justify'd;
This Nymph the God *Cephisus* had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,

415–6.] For he by chance, within a shady Wood,
Two twisted Serpents in Conjunction view'd; 1704.
418.] And lost his Sex and Manhood at the Stroke. 1704.
419. seven] sev'n, 1704, 1717.
425.] New Sex'd, and suddenly recall'd to Man, 1704.
427. soveraign] Sov'raign, 1704, 1717.
432–3.] But *Jove*, to recompence him for the Fact,
(Since no one God repeals another's Act). 1704.
432. Heaven] Heav'n, 1717.

And on the *Nereid* got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids even then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, sollicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage *Tiresias*, who replies,
" If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies.
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspence,
'Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd,
Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.

Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chace,
The babbling *Echo* had descry'd his face;
She, who in other's words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks her self but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often when the Goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This Nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, 'till the lovers slipp'd away.

442. the *Nereid*] her Body, 1704.
443.] Whom ev'n the Virgins then beheld with Joy. 1704; even] ev'n, 1717.
451. and on the verge of man] nor wholly rose to Man; 1704.
452.] Many a youth his Friendship had caress'd, 1704.
454.] In vain the Youth his Friendship had caress'd 1704.
459. Nor speaks her self] Speechless her self, 1704.
460–3.] This *Eccho* was a Virgin then, who chose,
To sport with ev'ry Sentence in the Close,
A Punishment which *Juno* did impose. 1704.
463. every] ev'ry, 1717.
464. Full] For, 1704.

The Goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cry'd, " That tongue, for this thy crime,
" Which could so many subtle tales produce,
" Shall be hereafter but of little use.
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimick sounds, and accents not her own.

This love-sick Virgin, over-joy'd to find
The Boy alone, still follow'd him behind ;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not Words to tell :
She can't Begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice, and to Return the sound.

The Nymph, when nothing could *Narcissus* move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes ;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
'Till harrass'd out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it Doubles every sound.

The Story of NARCISSUS.

Thus did the Nymphs in vain caress the Boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy ;
When one fair Virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the Gods, provok'd by his disdain,
" Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain !
Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.

473. accents] Speeches, 1704.
477. blazes at the taper's] melts and blazes with a, 1704.
486.] Where still she pin'd for her ungrateful Fair, 1704.
491. every] ev'ry, 1704.

There stands a fountain in a darksom wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and chearful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chace,
Narcissus on the grassie verdure lyes:
But whilst within the chrystal fount he tries
To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise.
For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastick shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov d.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that *Bacchus* might not scorn to show,
And hair that round *Apollo*'s head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
By his own flames consum'd the lover lyes,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips.
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thy self relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

503. bowers] Bow'rs, 1704, 1717.
506. by] with, 1704.
516–7.] The Hands that might by *Bacchus*'s self be born,
And Hair that could *Apollo*'s Head adorn. 1704.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.
"You trees, says he, and thou surrounding grove,
"Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
"Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lye
"A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?
"I who before me see the charming fair,
"Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:
"In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
"And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
"Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
"No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
"A shallow water hinders my embrace;
"And yet the lovely mimick wears a face
"That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
"My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
"Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
"Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
"My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
"O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
"But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
"With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
"When-e'er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
"And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
"His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
"He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
"When-e'er I speak, his moving lips appear
"To utter something, which I cannot hear.

"Ah wretched me! I now begin too late
"To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;

534–5.] *Order reversed in* 1704.
551. bends] tends, 1704.
554–5.] My charms have gain'd an easie Victory
O'er others Hearts, oh let 'em win on thee! 1704.
556. But why should I despair?] Yet why these sad Complaints? 1704.

" It is my self I love, my self I see ;
" The gay delusion is a part of me.
" I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
" And my own beauties from the well return.
" Whom should I court ? how utter my complaint ?
" Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
" And too much plenty makes me die for want.
" How gladly would I from my self remove !
" And at a distance set the thing I love.
" My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
" I wish him absent whom I most desire.
" And now I faint with grief ; my fate draws nigh ;
" In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
" Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
" O might the visionary youth survive,
" I should with joy my latest breath resign !
" But oh ! I see his fate involv'd in mine.

This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd ;
His tears deface'd the surface of the well
With circle after circle, as they fell :
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'er-run with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
" Ah whither, cries *Narcissus*, dost thou fly ?
" Let me still feed the flame by which I die ;
" Let me still see, tho' I'm no further blest.
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast :
His naked bosom redden'd with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show,
E'er yet the Sun's autumnal heats refine
Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies.
As Wax dissolves, as Ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the Sun ;
So melts the youth, and languishes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay ;

581. I should with joy] With Pleasure I'd, 1704.

And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted *Echo* su'd in vain.

She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spight of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan:
" Ah youth! belov'd in vain, *Narcissus* cries;
" Ah youth! belov'd in vain, the Nymph replies.
" Farewel, says he; the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she reply'd, " Farewel.
Then on th' unwholsome earth he gasping lyes,
'Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the *Stygian* waves it self admires.

For him the *Naiads* and the *Dryads* mourn,
Whom the sad *Echo* answers in her turn;
And now the Sister-Nymphs prepare his urn:
When, looking for his corps, they only found
A rising Stalk, with Yellow Blossoms crown'd.

The Story of PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind *Tiresias* fame,
Through *Greece* establish'd in a Prophet's name.

Th' un-hallow'd *Pentheus* only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide.
To whom the Prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head;
" 'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for thee
" If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:

603. attractive] Immortal, 1704.
608. every] ev'ry, 1717.
617. *Naiads*] *Naids*, 1704.
620. When, looking] When looking, 1704.
622–3.] This sad Event did Blind *Tiresias* tell,
Who now became the *Grecian* Oracle. 1704.
624. Th' un-hallow'd] The wicked, 1704.
628. presumptuous] audacious, 1704.

" For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here,
" When the young God's solemnities appear;
" Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
" Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn,
" Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
" Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
" And own the blind *Tiresias* saw too well.
Still *Pentheus* scorns him, and derides his skill,
But Time did all the Prophet's threats fulfil.
For now thro' prostrate *Greece* young *Bacchus* rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the God.
All ranks and sexes to his *Orgies* ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When *Pentheus* thus his wicked rage express'd;
" What madness, *Thebans*, has your souls possess'd?
" Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
" And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
" Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
" Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
" Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
" Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
" And you, our Sires, who left your old abodes,
" And fix'd in foreign earth your country Gods;
" Will you without a stroak your city yield,
" And poorly quit an undisputed field?
" But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
" Heroick warmth, and kindle martial fire,
" Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
" Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
" Remember him to whom you stand ally'd:
" The Serpent for his well of waters dy'd.
" He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
" And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.

634. every] ev'ry, 1704, 1717.
635. Then, then,] Then you'll, 1704.
636. own] think, 1714.
640. celebrate] solemnis'd, 1704.
642.] To fill the Pomps, and mingle in the Train, 1704.
643. wicked rage] Blasphemies, 1704.
647. quell] spoil, 1704.
658. flowery] flow'ry, 1704, 1717.

" If *Thebes* must fall, oh might the fates afford
" A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword!
" Then might the *Thebans* perish with renown:
" But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
" Whom nor the prancing steed, nor pond'rous shield,
" Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
" But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
" The purple vests, and flowery garlands please.
" Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
" Renounce his God-head, and confess the cheat.
" *Acrisius* from the *Grecian* walls repell'd
" This boasted power; why then should *Pentheus* yield?
" Go quickly, drag th' audacious boy to me;
" I'll try the force of his divinity.
Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane;
His friends dissuade th' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his Grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide,
In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty Prince to seize the God;
The God they found not in the frantick throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The Mariners transform'd to Dolphins.

Him *Pentheus* view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce with-held his hands, while thus he spoke:

670. flowery] flow'ry, 1704, 1717.
674. power] Pow'r, 1704, 1717.
677. audacious wretch those rites] unhallow'd Wretch those Rights, 1704.
678. th' audacious wretch] his Blasphemies, 1704.
684.] It bears down all before, and foams along the Plain. 1704.
686.] Whom he had sent to apprehend the God; 1704.

" Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
" And terrify thy base seditious crew:
" Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
" And, why thou join'st in these mad *Orgies*, tell.

The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.

" From high *Meonia*'s rocky shores I came,
" Of poor descent, *Acœtes* is my name:
" My Sire was meanly born; no oxen plow'd
" His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd.
" His whole estate within the Waters lay;
" With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
" His art was all his livelihood; which he
" Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me:
" In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;
" There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance.

" Long did I live on this poor legacy;
" 'Till tir'd with rocks, and my own native sky,
" To arts of navigation I inclin'd;
" Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind:
" Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
" The stormy *Hyades*, the rainy *Goat*,
" The bright *Täygete*, and the shining *Bears*,
" With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.

" Once, as by chance for *Delos* I design'd,
" My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
" Moor'd in a *Chian* creek; ashore I went,
" And all the following night in *Chios* spent.
" When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
" Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring,

691–4.] Base Wretch! whose speedy Punishment in time
Shall frighten the Partakers of thy Crime,
Tell me thy Country, and thy Parentage,
And why thou dost in these mad Rites engage. 1704.
698. *Acœtes*] *Aretes*, 1704.
707. poor] his, 1704.
713. *Täygete*] *Taygete*, 1704, 1717.

" Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd ;
" Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
" *Opheltes* heard my summons, and with joy
" Brought to the shoar a soft and lovely Boy,
" With more than female sweetness in his look,
" Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
" With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
" And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.

" I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
" Each Heavenly feature, each Immortal grace,
" And saw Divinity in all his face.
' I know not who, said I, this God should be ;
' But that he is a God I plainly see :
' And thou, who-e'er thou art, excuse the force
' These men have us'd ; and oh befriend our course !
' Pray not for us, the nimble *Dictys* cry'd,
" *Dictys*, that could the Main-top-mast bestride,
" And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
" To the same purpose old *Epopeus* spoke,
" Who over-look'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke ;
" The same the Pilot, and the same the rest ;
" Such impious avarice their souls possest.
' Nay, Heaven forbid that I should bear away
' Within my vessel so divine a prey,
" Said I ; and stood to hinder their intent :
" When *Lycabas*, a wretch for murder sent
" From *Tuscany*, to suffer banishment,
" With his clench'd fist had struck me over-board,
" Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.

" His base confederates the fact approve ;
" When *Bacchus*, (for 'twas he) begun to move,
" Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd ;
" And shook his drowsie limbs, and round him gaz'd :

730. Heavenly] Heav'nly, 1704 ; heav'nly, 1717.
743. Heaven] Heav'n, 1704.
752. Wak'd] Rous'd, 1704.
753. and round him gaz'd] and wept, and said, 1704.

' What means this noise? he cries; am I betray'd?
' Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?
' Fear not, said *Proreus*, child, but tell us where
' You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.
' To *Naxos* then direct your course, said he;
' *Naxos* a hospitable port shall be
' To each of you, a joyful home to me.
" By every God, that rules the sea or sky,
" The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
" And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
" With eager joy I launch into the deep;
" And, heedless of the fraud, for *Naxos* stand:
" They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
" And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
" To tack about, and steer another way.
' Then let some other to my post succeed,
' Said I, I'm guiltless of so foul a deed.
' What, says *Ethalion*, must the ship's whole crew
' Follow your humour, and depend on you?
" And strait himself he seated at the prore,
" And tack'd about, and sought another shore.

" The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
" And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
" And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said;
' And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
' Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
' Will such a multitude of men employ
' Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?

" In vain did I the God-like youth deplore,
" The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.

754. he cries; am I betray'd?] ah! how am I betray'd? 1704.
756. *Proreus*] *Proteus*, 1704.
757.] You wou'd be set, and we shall set you there. 1704.
761.] By ev'ry God in Heav'n, and in the Sea, 1704.
762. promise to comply] promis'd to obey, 1704.
778–9.] Ah! why, hard-hearted Men, this Cruelty?
Are these, are these the Shores you promised me? 1704.

" And now by all the Gods in Heaven that hear
" This solemn oath, by *Bacchus* self, I swear,
" The mighty miracle that did ensue,
" Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
" The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
" Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
" In vain the Mariners would plow the main
" With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
" Around their oars a twining Ivy cleaves,
" And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves:
" The sails are cover'd with a chearful green,
" And Berries in the fruitful canvase seen.
" Amidst the waves a sudden forrest rears
" Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.

" The God we now behold with open'd eyes;
" A herd of spotted Panthers round him lyes
" In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
" On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
" And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
" My mates, surpriz'd with madness or with fear,
" Leap'd over-board; first perjur'd *Madon* found
" Rough Scales and Fins his stiff'ning sides surround;
' Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
" Strait his own mouth grew Wider as he spoke;
" And now himself he views with like surprize.
" Still at his oar th' industrious *Libys* plies;
" But, as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
" And by degrees is fashion'd to a Fin.
" Another, as he catches at a cord,
" Misses his arms, and, tumbling over-board,

784. Heaven] Heav'n, 1704, 1717.
785. self, I] self I, 1704.
789. Unmov'd] Unshock'd, 1704.
790. the Mariners would] the Sailors try to, 1704.
795. in] on, 1704. 797. a] the, 1704.
799. spotted] *Lynx* and, 1704.
801. On his fair brows] Around his Brows, 1704.

" With his broad Fins and Forky Tail he laves
" The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
" Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship,
" Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
" And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
" Full nineteen Sailors did the ship convey,
" A shole of nineteen Dolphins round her play.
" I only in my proper shape appear,
" Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
" 'Till *Bacchus* kindly bid me fear no more.
" With him I landed on the *Chian* shore,
" And him shall ever gratefully adore.

" This forging slave, says *Pentheus*, would prevail,
" O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale:
" Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
" And in the tortures of the rack expire.
Th' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
But, whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd;
At liberty th' unfetter'd Captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

The Death of PENTHEUS.

But *Pentheus*, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high *Cithæron* echo'd with their song.
And as the fiery War-horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
Transported thus he heard the frantick rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.

A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash *Pentheus*, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mystick *Orgies* spies.

His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd:
Her leafy Jav'lin at her son she cast,
And cries, "The Boar that lays our country waste!
"The Boar, my Sisters! aim the fatal dart,
"And strike the brindled monster to the heart.

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round;
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
"Help, help! my aunt *Autonŏe*, he cry'd;
"Remember how your own *Actæon* dy'd.
Deaf to his cries, the frantick matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other *Ino* lops.
In vain does *Pentheus* to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
His mother howl'd; and, heedless of his prayer,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
"And this, she cry'd, shall be *Agave*'s share.
When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay *Pentheus* slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.

By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The *Thebans* tremble, and confess the God.

859. *Autonŏe*] *Antonoe*, 1704.

Text : from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the texts in *Poetical Miscellanies : the fifth part* . . . 1704.

There were no references to page and line in 1704. Tickell added them in 1721. In the present edn. they have been altered to agree with the text.

NOTES

ON

Some of the foregoing STORIES *in* OVID'*s Metamorphoses.*

On the Story of PHAETON, page 63.

THE Story of Phaeton *is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all* Ovid. *It is indeed the most important subject he treats of, except the Deluge; and I cannot*[1] *but believe that this is the Conflagration he hints at in the first Book;*

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, Correptaque Regia cœli
Ardeat et mundi moles operosa laboret.

(tho' the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, if the

——Cœli miserere tui, circumspica utrumque,
Fumat uterque polus.————

Fumat uterque polus——*comes up to* Correptaque Regia cœli—*Besides it is* Ovid's *custom to prepare the reader for a following story, by giving some intimations of it in a foregoing one, which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a story as this he is now upon.*

P. 63, l. 7. For in the portal, &c.[2]] *We have here the picture of the universe drawn in little.*

———Balænarumque prementem
Ægeona suis immunia terga lacertis.

Title: 1704.] NOTES | On the foregoing | STORY. | (*i.e. the story of Phaeton*).

[1] *cannot*] can't, 1704.

[2] For in the portal, &c.] For here the Earth, &c.], 1704.

Ægeon *makes a diverting figure in it.*

———Facies non omnibus Una
Nec Diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum.

The thought is very pretty, of giving Doris *and her daughters such a difference in their looks as is natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness as show'd their affinity.*

Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvasque, ferasque,
Fluminaque, et Nymphas, et cætera numina Ruris.

The less important figures are well huddled together in the promiscuous description at the end, which very well represents what the Painters call a Grouppe.

———Circum caput omne micantes
Deposuit radios ; propiusque accedere jussit.

P. 65, l. 50. And[1] flung the blaze, *&c.*] *It gives us a great image of* Phœbus, *that the youth was forc'd to look on him at a distance, and not able to approach him 'till he had lain aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And indeed we may every where observe in* Ovid, *that he never fails of a due Loftiness in his* Ideas, *tho' he wants it in his Words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime expressions and mean thoughts, which is generally the true character of* Claudian *and* Statius. *But this is not consider'd by them who run down* Ovid *in the gross, for a low middle way of writing. What can be more simple and unadorn'd,*[2] *than his description of* Enceladus *in the sixth book ?*

Nititur ille quidem, pugnatque resurgere sæpe,
Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro,
Læva Pachyne tibi, Lilibæo crura premuntur,
Degravat Ætna caput, sub quâ resupinus arenas
Ejectat, flammamque fero vomit ore Typhæus.

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime, of a Giant vomiting out a tempest of fire, and heaving up all Sicily, *with the body of an Island upon his Breast, and a vast Promontory on either Arm.*

There are few books that have had worse Commentators on them[3] *than* Ovid's Metamorphosis. *Those of the graver sort*

[1] And] He, 1704.
[2] *unadorn'd*] unadorn'd in the Language, 1704.
[3] *them*] 'em, 1704.

have been wholly taken up in the Mythologies, *and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shewn us out of an old author that* Ovid *is mistaken in a Pedigree, or has turned such a person into a Wolf that ought to have been made a Tiger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered into the Poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poems to be only nick-names for such virtues or vices; particularly the pious Commentator,* Alexander Ross, *has dived deeper into our Author's design than any of the rest; for he discovers in him the greatest mysteries of the Christian religion, and finds almost in every page some typical representations of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. But if these writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the surface, most of them*[1] *serving only to help out a School-boy in the construing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the* Gnomæ *of the Author, as they call them,*[1] *which are generally the heaviest pieces of a Poet, distinguished from the rest by* Italian *characters. The best of* Ovid's *Expositors is he that wrote for the* Dauphin's *use, who has very well shewn the meaning of the author, but seldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in most places he rather acts the Geographer than the Critick, and instead of pointing out the fineness of a description, only tells you in what part of the world the place is situated. I shall therefore only consider* Ovid *under the character of a Poet, and endeavour to shew him impartially, without the usual prejudice of a Translator; which I am the more willing to do, because I believe such a comment would give the reader a truer taste of poetry than a comment on any other Poet wou'd do; for in reflecting on the ancient Poets, men think they may venture to praise all they meet with in some, and scarce any thing in others; but* Ovid *is confest to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something of the best and worst poets, and by consequence to be the fairest subject for criticism.*

P. 65, l. 63. My son, says he, *&c.*] Phœbus's *speech is very nobly usher'd in, with the* Terque quaterque Concutiens Illustre caput——*and well represents the danger and difficulty of the undertaking; but that which is its peculiar beauty, and makes it truly* Ovid's, *is the representing them*[1] *just as a father wou'd to his young son;*

> Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua Tauri,
> Hæmoniosque arcus, violentique ora Leonis,
> Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
> Scorpion, atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.

[1] *them*] *'em*, 1704.

for one while he scares him with bugbears in the way,

———Vasti quoque rector Olympi,
Qui fera terribili jaculetur fulmina Dextrâ,
Non agat hos currus ; *et quid Jove majus habetur ?*

Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine Pœna,
Non honor est. *Pœnam, Phaeton, pro munere poscis.*

and in other places perfectly tattles like a Father, which by the way makes the length of the speech very natural, and concludes with all the fondness and concern of a tender Parent.

——Patrio Pater esse metu probor. aspice vultus
Ecce meos : utinamque oculos in pectore posses
Inserere, et Patrias intus deprendere curas ! *&c.*

P. 67, l. 127. A golden axle, *&c.*] Ovid *has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin Poets, which are always wonderfully easie and natural in him. The repetition of* Aureus, *and the transition to* Argenteus, *in the description of the Chariot, give these verses a great sweetness and majesty.*

Aureus Axis erat, temo Aureus, Aurea summæ
Curvatura Rotæ ; radiorum Argenteus ordo.

P. 68, l. 152. Drive 'em not on directly, *&c.*] *Several have endeavoured to vindicate* Ovid *against the old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the Sun. The* Dauphin*'s notes tell us that* Ovid *knew very well the Sun did not pass through all the Signs he names in one day, but that he makes* Phœbus *mention them*[1] *only to frighten* Phaeton *from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what* Phœbus *says in his first speech, it cannot*[2] *for what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly*

Sectus in obliquum est lato Curvamine limes.
Zonarumque trium contentus fine polumque
Effugit[3] australem, junctamque Aquilonibus Arcton,

describes the motion through all the Zodiac.

P. 69, l. 168. And not my Chariot, *&c.*] Ovid*'s verse is* Consiliis non Curribus utere nostris. *This way of joining two*

[1] *them*] *'em*, 1704. [2] *cannot*] *can't*, 1704.
[3] Effugit} Effugito, 1704.

such different Ideas *as Chariot and Counsel to the same verb is mightily used by* Ovid, *but is a very low kind of wit, and has always in it a mixture of* Pun, *because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is*[1] *joined with one of the things, from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that* Jupiter *flung a thunderbolt at* Phaeton—Pariterque, animâque, rotisque expulit Aurigam, *where he makes a forced piece of* Latin (Animâ expulit aurigam) *that he may couple the Soul and the Wheels to the same verb.*

P. 69, l. 193. The youth was in a maze, *&c.*] *It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than* Phaeton *is; but the* Antithesis *of light and darkness a little flattens the description.* Suntque Oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen abortæ.

P. 70, l. 196. Then the seven stars, *&c.*] *I wonder none of* Ovid*'s Commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the* Triones *grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that* Jupiter *turned* Calisto *into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruines that* Phaeton *had made in the world.*

P. 72, l. 250. *Athos* and *Tmolus, &c.*] Ovid *has here, after the way of the old Poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the* English *reader, I have left out some of them*[2] *that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse requir'd.*

P. 73, l. 275. 'Twas then, they say, the swarthy *Moor, &c.*] *This is the only* Metamorphosis *in all this long story, which contrary to custom is inserted in the middle of it. The Criticks may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excursion in him who proposes it as his whole design to let us know the changes of things. I dare say that if* Ovid *had not religiously observed the reports of the ancient* Mythologists, *we should have seen* Phaeton *turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the Sun; or perhaps into an Eagle that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.*

P. 74, l. 1. The frighted *Nile, &c.*] Ovid *has made a great many pleasant images towards the latter end of this story. His verses on the* Nile

[1] *it is*] *'tis*, 1704. [2] *them*] *'em*, 1704.

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
Occuluitque caput quod adhuc latet: ostia septem
Pulverulenta vacant, septem sine Flumine Valles.

are as noble as Virgil *could have written; but then he ought not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,*

Mare contrahitur, siccæque[1] est campus Arenæ.

because the thought is too near the other. The image of the Cyclades *is a very pretty one;*

——Quos altum texerat æquor
Existunt montes, et sparsas Cycladas augent.

but to tell us that the Swans grew warm in Cäyster,

——Medio volucres caluere Cäystro.

and that the Dolphins durst not leap,

——Nec se super æquora curvi
Tollere consuetas audent Delphines in auras.

is intolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burning of the world.

Ibid., l. 318. The Earth at length, *&c.*] *We have here a speech of the* Earth, *which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an* English *reader. It is I believe the boldest* Prosopopœia *of any in the old Poets; or if it were never so natural, I cannot*[2] *but think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her condition.*

On EUROPA'S Rape, page 95.[3]

P. 96, l. 1056. The dignity of Empire, *&c.*[4]] *This story is prettily told, and very well brought in by those two serious lines,*

Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur,
Majestas et Amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, *&c.*

without which the whole fable would have appear'd very prophane.

[1] siccæque] siccoque, 1704.
[2] *cannot*] *can't*, 1704.
[3] Title: 1704.] NOTES on the foregoing STORY. (*i.e. Europa's Rape*).
[4] The dignity of Empire, *&c.*] It was impossible at once, *&c.*, 1704.

P. 98, l. 1096. The frighted Nymph looks, &c.] *This consternation and behaviour of* Europa

———Elusam designat imagine tauri
Europen: verum taurum, freta vera putaras.
Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas,
Et comites clamare suas, tactumque vereri
Assilientis aquæ, timidasque reducere plantas.

is better described in Arachne's *picture in the sixth book, than it is here; and in the beginning of* Tatius *his* Clitophon *and* Leucippe, *than in either place. It is indeed usual among the* Latin *Poets (who had more art and reflection than the* Grecian) *to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action, which they generally do better than they could the place or action it self; because in the description of a picture you have a double subject before you, either to describe the picture it self, or what is represented in it.*

On the Stories in the Third Book, page 101.

FAB. I.

There is so great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoses, that he who would treat of 'em rightly, ought to be a master of all stiles, and every different way of writing. Ovid *indeed shows himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easie and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable the Serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that represents them*[1] *more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this Poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are these, perhaps, which follow.*

P. 104, l. 63. Spire above spire, &c.[2]] Ovid, *to make his Serpent more terrible, and to raise the character of his Champion, has given too great a loose to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raised up but half his body he over-looked a tall forest of Oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the Serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked such a monster as this is*

Title: 1704.] NOTES on the First FABLE.
[1] *them*] *'em*, 1704.
[2] Spire above spire, &c.] Above the tallest, &c., 1704.

described to be ; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's standing against him. Virgil *is not ashamed of making* Æneas *fly and tremble at the sight of a far less formidable foe, where he gives us the description of* Polyphemus, *in the third book ; he knew very well that a monster was not a proper enemy for his hero to encounter: But we should certainly have seen* Cadmus *hewing down the* Cyclops, *had he fallen in* Ovid's *way ; or if* Statius's *little* Tydeus *had been thrown on* Sicily, *it is*[1] *probable he would not have spared one of the whole brotherhood.*

———Phœnicas, sive illi tela parabant,
Sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat :——

P. 104, l. 70. In vain the *Tyrians, &c.*] *The Poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroick stile : He has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the* Tyrians *at the sight of the Serpent :*

———Tegimen direpta Leoni
Pellis erat ; telum splendenti Lancea ferro,
Et Jaculum ; teloque animus præstantior omni.

And in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his verse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does he languish in that which seems a labour'd line ? Tristia sanguineâ lambentem vulnera linguâ. *And what pains does he take to express the Serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it ?*

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu,
Læsaque colla dabat retrò, plagamque sedere
Cedendo fecit, nec longiùs ire sinebat.

P. 107, l. 151. And flings the future, *&c.*] *The description of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in* Ovid : *It strikes the imagination very strongly ; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the* Messis virorum *at last.*

P. 107, l. 156. The breathing harvest, *&c.*] Messis clypeata virorum. *The beauty in these words would have been*

[1] *it is*] *'tis*, 1704.

greater, had only Messis virorum *been expressed without* clypeata ; *for the reader's mind would have been delighted with Two such different Ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complete image as is made out of all Three.*

This way of mixing two different Ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprize to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The Latin *Poets are very full of it, especially the worst of them,*[1] *for the more correct use it but sparingly, as indeed the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithete of what we describe. Thus* Claudian, *having got a hollow ball of Chrystal with water in the midst of it for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the Chrystal as hard, stony, precious Water, and the Water as soft, fluid, imperfect Chrystal ; and thus sports off above a dozen Epigrams, in setting his Words and Ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him, but he gives himself up so much to this way of writing, that a man may easily know where to meet with them when he sees his subject, and often strains so hard for them*[1] *that he many times makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with* Virgil's *Golden Bough, had he been to describe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow Bark, golden Sprouts, radiant Leaves, blooming Metal, branching Gold, and all the Quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures: When we see* Virgil *contented with his* Auri frondentis ; *and what is the same, though much finer expressed,*—Frondescit virga Metallo. *This composition of different Ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where circumstances are happily reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other ; and is often found among the* Latin *Poets, (for the* Greeks *wanted Art for it) in their descriptions of Pictures, Images, Dreams, Apparitions, Metamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting Ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse, which, perhaps, is the Wittiest in* Virgil ; Attollens humeris Famamque et Fata nepotum, Æn. 8, *where he describes* Æneas *carrying on his Shoulders the Reputation and Fortunes of his Posterity ; which, though very odd and surprizing, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing Ideas are reconciled, and his*

[1] *them*] *'em*, 1704.

Posterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the shield. Thus, when Ovid *tells us that* Pallas *tore in pieces* Arachne's *work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the Gods had committed, he says*—Rupit cœlestia Crimina. *I shall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent stroke of this nature, out of Mr.* Montagu's *Poem to the King; where he tells us how the King of* France *would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as King* William's *at the fight of the* Boin :

His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And *run* for ever *purple* in the Looms.

FAB. II.

P. 108, l. 180. Here *Cadmus* reign'd.] *This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of* Actæon, *which is all naturally told. The Goddess, and her Maids undressing her, are described with diverting circumstances.* Actæon's *flight, confusion and griefs are passionately represented; but it is*[1] *pity the whole Narration should be so carelessly closed up.*

——— Ut abesse queruntur,
Nec capere oblatæ segnem spectacula prædæ.
Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,
Non etiam sentire, Canum fera facta suorum.

P. 111, l. 274. A generous[2] pack, &c.] *I have not here troubled my self to call over* Actæon's *pack of dogs in rhime:* Spot *and* Whitefoot *make but a mean figure in heroick verse, and the* Greek *names* Ovid *uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jest on it,* Quosque referre mora est—*which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.*

This way of inserting Catalogues of proper names in their Poems, the Latins *took from the* Greeks, *but have made them*[3] *more pleasant than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons names; in which part* Ovid's *copiousness of invention, and great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the Poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our* English *verse is too much lost by the re-*

[1] *it is*] *it's*, 1704. [2] generous] Noble, 1704.
[3] *them*] *'em*, 1704.

petition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battel, to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the event, and a lively Idea of the numbers that are engaged. For had Homer *or* Virgil *only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every Leader singled out, and every Regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.*

Fab. III.

P. 112, l. 320. How *Semele*, &c.] *This is one of* Ovid's *finished stories. The transition to it is proper and unforced.* Juno, *in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting Goddess and a tattling Nurse*; Jupiter *makes a very majestick figure with his Thunder and Lightning, but it is still such a one as shows who drew it; for who does not plainly discover* Ovid's *hand in the*

Quà tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.
Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœa,
Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.
Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopum
Sævitiæ flammæque minus, minus addidit Iræ,
Tela Secunda vocant superi.———

P. 113, l. 350. 'Tis well, says she, *&c.*] Virgil *has made a* Beroë *of one of his Goddesses in the fifth* Æneid; *but if we compare the speech she there makes with that of her name-sake in this story, we may find the genius of each Poet discovering it self in the language of the Nurse*: Virgil's Iris *could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape; but* Juno *is so much altered from her self in* Ovid, *that the Goddess is quite lost in the Old woman.*

Fab. V.

P. 118, l. 480. She can't begin, *&c.*] *If playing on words be excusable in any Poem it is in this, where* Echo *is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that if it deserves excuse it can claim no more.*

Mr. Locke, *in his* Essay of human understanding, *has given us the best account of Wit in short, that can any where be met*

with. Wit, says he, lyes in the assemblage of Ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. Thus does True wit, as this incomparable Author observes, generally consist in the Likeness of Ideas, and is more or less Wit, as this likeness in Ideas is more surprizing and unexpected. But as True wit is nothing else but a similitude in Ideas, so is False wit the similitude in Words, whether it lyes in the likeness of Letters only, as in Anagram and Acrostic ; or of Syllables, as in Doggrel rhimes ; or whole Words, as Puns, Echo's, and the like. Beside these two kinds of False and True wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it. When in two Ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of one Idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on the word, which properly signifies Fire, to express Love by, (and therefore we may be sure there is some resemblance in the Ideas mankind have of them;) from hence the witty Poets of all languages, when they have once called Love a fire, consider it no longer as the passion, but speak of it under the notion of a real fire, and, as the turn of wit requires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the Ideas that is annexed to it. When Ovid's Apollo *falls in love he burns with a new flame; when the Sea-Nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water; the* Greek *Epigrammatist fell in love with one that flung a snow-ball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the Poet feels any thing in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory; but if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumstance to it surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance, had it not been so frequent in* Ovid, *who is the greatest admirer of this mixed wit of all the Ancients, as our* Cowley *is among the Moderns.* Homer, Virgil, Horace, *and the greatest Poets scorned it, as indeed it is only fit for Epigram and little copies of verses; one would wonder therefore how so sublime a genius as* Milton *could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an Epic Poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of Poetry.*

Fab. VI.

Ovid *seems particularly pleased with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of* Narcissus's *being the person beloved, and the lover too?*

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.
——Qui probat, ipse probatur.
Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit et ardet.
Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.
Perque oculos perit ipse suos——
Uror amore mei flammas moveoque feroque, *&c.*

But we cannot[1] *meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of* Ovid's *fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story of* Narcissus's *gazing on his face after death in the* Stygian *waters. The design was very bold, of making a Boy fall in love with himself here on earth, but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.*

P. 119, l. 508. But whilst[2] within, *&c.*] Dumque sitim sedare cupit sitis altera crevit. *We have here a touch of that Mixed wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of Pun in it outweighs the True wit; for if we express the thought in other words the turn is almost lost. This passage of* Narcissus *probably gave* Milton *the hint of applying it to* Eve, *though I think her surprize at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural, than this of* Narcissus. *She was a raw unexperienced Being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but* Narcissus *had been in the world sixteen years, was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.*

P. 120, l. 538. You trees, says he, *&c.*] Ovid *is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his Poem. They have generally abundance of Nature in them, but I leave it to better judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The Poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or spent*

[1] *cannot*] *can't*, 1704. [2] whilst] as, 1704.

before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot[1] *at the same time be delighted with the wit of the Poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great Critick has admirably well observed,* Lamentationes debent esse breves et concisæ, nam Lachrymæ subitò excrescit, et difficile est Auditorem vel Lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere. *Would any one in* Narcissus's *condition have cry'd out*—Inopem me Copia fecit ? *Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflection ?*

O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem !
Votum in Amante novum ; vellem, quod amamus, abesset.

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in Ovid, *that he employs his Invention more than his Judgment, and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.*

Fab. VII.

P. 123, l. 643. When *Pentheus* thus.] *There is a great deal of spirit and fire in this speech of* Pentheus, *but I believe none besides* Ovid *would have thought of the transformation of the Serpent's teeth for an incitement to the* Thebans *courage, when he desires them*[2] *not to degenerate from their great Fore-father the* Dragon, *and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them*[2] *both.*

Este, precor memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,
Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
Sumite serpentis : pro fontibus ille, lacuque
Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite vestrâ.
Ille dedit Letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
Et patrium revocate Decus.——

Fab. VIII.

The story of Acetes *has abundance of nature in all the parts of it, as well in the description of his own parentage and employment, as in that of the sailors characters and manners. But the short speeches scattered up and down in it, which make the* Latin *very natural, cannot appear so well in our language, which is*

[1] *cannot*] *can't*, 1704. [2] *them*] *'em*, 1704.

much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

Fab. IX.

Ovid *has two very good Similes on* Pentheus, *where he compares him to a River in a former story, and to a War-horse in the present.*

Text : from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in *Poetical Miscellanies : the fifth part* . . . 1704, and in the reissue of 1716.

Milton's Stile Imitated was first printed in *Poetical Miscellanies : the fifth part* . . . 1704, in which it occupies pp. 109–17. It was not reprinted (except in the 1716 reissue of the *Miscellany Poems*, where the text of 1704 was given without material alteration) until Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

Milton's *Stile imitated, in a Translation of a Story out of the Third* Æneid.

Lost in the gloomy horror of the night
We struck upon the coast where *Ætna* lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incenst, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or slings a broken rock aloft in air.
The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench and smoke.

'Tis said, that thunder-struck *Enceladus*
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight
Lyes stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames;
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the Isle,
And *Ætna* thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the Sun's bright orb, and blots out Day.

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads

Title: 1704.] *MILTON'S* STILE | Imitated, in a | TRANSLATION Of a STORY out of the | THIRD *ÆNEID.* | By Mr. *JOSEPH ADDISON.* |
5. showers] Show'rs, 1704.
12. Groveling] Grov'ling, 1704.
23. louring] low'ring, 1704.

Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd it self to *Cynthia*'s silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. But now the Sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclos'd:
When looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sate in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a *Greek.*

He first advanc'd in haste; but, when he saw
Trojans and *Trojan* arms, in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpriz'd:
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: "By heav'ns eternal fires,
"By ev'ry God that sits enthron'd on high,
"By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
"And bear me hence to any distant shore,
"So I may shun this savage race accurst.
"'Tis true I fought among the *Greeks* that late
"With sword and fire o'erturn'd *Neptunian Troy,*
"And laid the labour of the Gods in dust;
"For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
"Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lye
"Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,
"Let Man inflict it, and I die well-pleas'd.

He ended here, and now profuse of tears
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet:
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low;
Anchises too with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;
When, thus encouraged, he began his tale.

39. Stopt] Stept, 1704.
40. recovering] recov'ring, 1704.
44. light, relieve] Light relieve, 1704.

I'm one, says he, of poor descent, my name
Is *Achæmenides*, my country *Greece*,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who whilst he fled
The raging *Cyclops*, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave
He left me, giant *Polypheme*'s dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repast: himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal Men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling *Greeks*, in either hand a man;
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dasht and broke 'em on the grundsil edge;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with brains. He lapt the blood,
And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell'd and heav'd it self amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less mean while
Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects.
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretcht at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charged
With purple wine and cruddled gore confused.
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dext'rously apply'd,
Which, in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoopt out the big round gelly from its orb.
But let me not thus interpose delays;
Fly, mortals, fly this curst detested race:
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred *Cyclops* live among the hills,

63. *Ulysses'*] *Ulysse's*, 1704.
70. himself of] Himself's of, 1704.

Gigantick brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountains tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft seen 'em as they past,
Sculking and scowring down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the Moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,
The realms of Night inglorious, since I've liv'd
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and shrubs
A wretched sustenance. As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighbouring hill
Blind *Polypheme*; by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of Pine
Explor'd his way; around, his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd;
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eye-ball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice: he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side; we stood
Amaz'd be sure, a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
'Till using all the force of winds and oars
We sped away; he heard us in our course,
And with his out-stretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
Such hideous shouts that all the ocean shook.
Ev'n *Italy*, tho' many a league remote,
In distant echo's answer'd; *Ætna* roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing *Polypheme*,

100. mountains tops] So in 1704.
109. neighbouring] Neighb'ring, 1704.

A dire assembly: we with eager haste
Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.

So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanced to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A stately prospect, waving in the clouds.

138. covering] cov'ring, 1704.
140. Advanced] Advanc'd, 1704.
143. and at the] and at a, 1704; and at the, 1716.

Text : from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the first edition (1705), the editions of 1708 and 1710, and the text in Part VI. of the 1716 reissue of Dryden's *Miscellanies*.

The Campaign was first printed as an independent publication, with the title : THE | CAMPAIGN, | A | POEM, | To His GRACE the | DUKE of *MARLBOROUGH*. | By Mr. *ADDISON*. | *Rheni* . . . Stilic. | *LONDON*, | Printed for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn Gate* next | *Grays-Inn Lane*. 1705. The second edn. (also dated 1705) has the same text as the first. In 1708 a new edition was published, 'Printed for *R. G.*,' containing a Latin version by 'T. G.' In this edn. a revised text was published, which was substantially the same as Tickell printed in 1721. The edn. of 1710 was 'Sold by H. Hills' and has no authority. The same remark applies to T. Warner's edn. 'with notes' of 1713. The text of 1716 is nearly the same as that of 1708.

THE

CAMPAIGN,

A

POEM,

To His GRACE the

DUKE of *MARLBOROUGH.*

—— *Rheni pacator et Istri.*
Omnis in hoc Uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque Patricio certant Plebeia favori.
Claud. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ suâ impensâ, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint.
Liv. Hist. lib. 33.

Esse . . . sint . . . 33.] Not in 1705; added in 1710.

After the quotation from Claudian, and before the quotation from Livy, the ed. of 1710 has: Omnium effusa lætitia est & gratis cogitationibus & sermonibus revocata.

This is printed in roman type; the rest of the quotations are in italic.

THE

CAMPAIGN,

A

POEM.

WHILE crouds of Princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enroll your name;
While Emperors to you commit their cause,
And *ANNA*'s praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new.
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year,
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of One campaign.

The haughty *Gaul* beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,
Pirene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Opposed their *Alpes* and *Appenines* in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising *Danube* its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;

Title: 1705.] as above, but adds: To His GRACE the | DUKE of *MARLBOROUGH*. |
5. recites] indites, 1705. 6. attempts] records, 1705.
18. *Alpes* and *Appenines*] *Appenines* and *Alpes*, 1705.
22. conquests] conquest, 1708.

Amaz'd and anxious for her Soveraign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great *Leopold* himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair
His hopes on heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To *Britain*'s Queen the Nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In *ANNA*'s councils, and in CHURCHILL's arms.
Thrice happy *Britain*, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her Prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes, or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy tyes:
Their Soveraign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a publick voice,
By show'rs of blessings heaven approves their choice;
Envy it self is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her Chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
'Till the *Moselle*, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had Nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd *Gaul*;
But now a purchase to the sword she lyes,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.

23. Soveraign's] Sov'raign's, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1716.
41. Soveraign's] Sov'raign's, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1716.
44. heaven] Heav'n, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1716.

The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts
Hope'd, when they saw *Britannia*'s arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our god-like leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant *Danube* to the *Maese*,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the heroe's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of *Europe*, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues:
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
'Till on the borders of the *Maine* he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
Our *British* youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their Queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising Sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the *Neckar* on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That chearfully its labours past forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass)

75–6.] Amidst the sultry Gales his Temples beat,
Infected by the burning Scorpion's Heat. 1705.

Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein:
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the Vine o'er hills of ruine climbs,
Industrious to conceal great *Bourbon*'s crimes.

At length the fame of *England*'s heroe drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battel shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares entrust the cause of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harras'd troops the heroe's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of *British* shouts resound:
Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the stanch Hound the trembling Deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past,
Th' immortal *Schellenberg* appears at last:

114. Heaven] Heav'n, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1716.

Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like vallies at their feet the trenches lye;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great CHURCHILL owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,
His march o'er-paid by such a promis'd fight.

The western Sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what hosts of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close compacted *Britons* win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war deface'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battel waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
'Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battel kindled into tenfold rage
With show'rs of bullets and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lye.

How many gen'rous *Britons* meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where *Britons* never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat
Only destructive to the brave and great!)

147. fill'd] fill, 1705.
148. bore] bear, 1705.
153–4.] Whole Nations trampl'd into Dirt, and bruis'd,
In one promiscuous Carnage lye confus'd. 1705.
156. in the bloom] in their bloom, 1708.

After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on *Bavarian* ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While MARLBRÔ lives *Britannia*'s stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed
Where-e'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crouds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou livest not for thy self; thy Queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And *Europe*'s destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crouded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce *Bavarians* yield,
And see their camp with *British* legions fill'd.
So *Belgian* mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight encreas'd with swelling tides:
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrage'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling Peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes disperst in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry russling wind the victor hear,
And MARLBRÔ's form in ev'ry shadow fear,
'Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

177. livest] liv'st, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1716.
193. ev'ry] every, 1710.

To *Donawert*, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils *Bavaria*'s summer yields,
(The *Danube*'s great increase) *Britannia* shares,
The food of armies, and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannons doom'd to batter *Landau*'s walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the *Danube* join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the *Rhine*,
Nor find it there: Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hope'st th' assistance of the *Gallic* arms;
The *Gallic* arms in safety shall advance,
And croud thy standards with the power of *France*,
While to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring *Gaul*
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the Hero and the Man compleat.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
'Till fir'd at length he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;

216. standards] Standard, 1708; power] Pow'r, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1716.
217. exalt] console, 1705, 1708, 1710.

Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake:
The list'ning soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangors animates the war,
Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to *Bavaria*'s join'd,
Unfurl their gilded Lilies in the wind;
The daring Prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul prefer'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And *ANNA*'s ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horrour to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can *British* minds controul:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul

233. shade] shades, 1708. 234. ev'ry] every, 1716.
254. prayers] Pray'rs, 1705, 1716.
257. Heaven] Heav'n, 1710, 1716.
265–6.] The *British* Souls low Images disclaim,
The Heat of Vengeance and Desire of Fame. 1705.

O'er-look the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host:
Tho' fens and floods possest the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop *Britannia*'s bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battel join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battel rise.
'Twas then great MARLBRÔ's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battel where to rage.
So when an Angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale *Britannia* past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirl-wind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty houshold-troops advance!
The dread of *Europe*, and the pride of *France*,
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a Gen'ral's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the *British* spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave
The meanest *Briton* scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warriour burns,
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:

A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crouds of glorious actions lye,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd dye.
O *Dormer*, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lye unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with *England*'s glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the *Gallic* squadrons run,
Compell'd in crouds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the *Danube*'s bloody whirl-pools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, borne on the distant *Soane*,
Or sounding borders of the rapid *Rhône*,
Or where the *Seine* her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the *Loire* through winding vineyards glides;
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into *Scythian* seas their bloated corps convey.
From *Bleinheim*'s tow'rs the *Gaul*, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate *Tallard!* Oh who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,

316. Compell'd] And rush, 1705.
318. dead] drown'd, 1705.
319–20.] Midst Heaps of broken Spears and Standards lye,
And in the *Danube*'s bloody whirl-pools die. 1705.
331. wont] us'd, 1705.

That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd!
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thy self in bondage by the victor kept!
The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.
An *English* Muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distrest! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won,
The field whence fam'd *Eugenio* bore away
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquisht fell
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lye heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the *Danube* drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging King dishonours, to compleat
MARLBRÔ's great work, and finish the defeat.

From *Memminghen*'s high domes, and *Ausburg*'s walls,
The distant battel drives th' insulting *Gauls*,
Free'd by the terror of the victor's name
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst *Ulme* th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;

355. Whole captive hosts] A Captive Host, 1705.
365. deliverer] Deliv'rer, 1705, 1708, 1716.

If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of *Europe* turns on its event.
What distant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword:
Where will he next the flying *Gaul* defeat,
To make the series of his toils compleat?

Where the swoln *Rhine* rushing with all its force
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On *Gallia*'s side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty Chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And, tho' the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the Sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats:
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.

The roving *Gaul*, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of MARLBRÔ's sword, and *Hocstet*'s fatal plain:
In vain *Britannia*'s mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,

Comes from a-far, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the god-like man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easie greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And *Nireus* shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of Almighty *Rome*
(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom
That *Cytherea*'s fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by MARLBRÔ's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On *Landau* with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the Hero's sight.

The *British* Chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To *Belgian* coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the *Rhine* pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, free'd from its dire alarms;
And *Traerbach* feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While MARLBRÔ presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how *Landau* might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great *Louis* fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;

422. Divinely] His Features, 1705.
440. bold] dire, 1705.

His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The work of ages sunk in One campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of *ANNA*'s royal cares:
By her, *Britannia*, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd *Ister*'s states are free,
And taste the sweets of *English* liberty:
But who can tell the joys of those that lye
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest.

Thus wou'd I fain *Britannia*'s wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wond'rous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and Countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And Rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the Hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
MARLBRÔ's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most.

448. for] of, 1705.
460. heaven's] Heav'ns, 1705, 1708, 1710, 1716.

Text : from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in *The Tender Husband . . . A Comedy.—Written by Mr. Steele . . .* 1705.

The Prologue to *The Tender Husband* was first printed in 1705 with the play. It was not reprinted until Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

Prologue to the TENDER HUSBAND.*

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS.*

IN the first rise and infancy of Farce,
When Fools were many, and when Plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
No single Character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of Fops was all their own;
Rich in Originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a Coxcomb that was new.

But now our *British* Theatre can boast
Droles of all kinds, a vast Unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
Cuckolds, and Citts, and Bawds, and Pimps, and Beaux;
Rough-country Knights are found of every shire;
Of every fashion gentle Fops appear;
And Punks of different characters we meet,
As frequent on the Stage as in the Pit.
Our modern Wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a Fool:
Long e'er they find the necessary spark,
They search the Town, and beat about the Park:
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the Ring, and oft to Court;
As love of pleasure, or of place invites:
And sometimes catch him taking Snuff at *White*'s.

Title: 1705.] PROLOGUE, | Written by Mr. *ADDISON.* | Spoken by Mr. *Wilks.* |
8, 13, 14. every] ev'ry, 1705.
15. different] diff'rent, 1705.

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* *A Comedy written by Sir* Richard Steele.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful Monsters for the stage;
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And wo'n't be blockheads in the Common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night:
——Here's still encouragement for those that write.

Our Author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with Variety of fools his Play;
And that there may be something gay, and new,
Two Ladies-errant has expos'd to view:
The first a Damsel, travell'd in Romance;
The t'other more refin'd; she comes from *France*:
Rescue, like courteous Knights, the Nymph from danger;
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the Stranger.

34. Ladies-errant] Ladies Errant, 1705.

Text : from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in *The British Enchanters: or No Magick like Love. A Tragedy* . . . 1706, in which it occupies the fourth page of Sheet A, and faces the opening of the text.

The Epilogue to the British Enchanters was first printed in 1706 with the play. It was not reprinted until Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

EPILOGUE

to the BRITISH ENCHANTERS.*

WHEN *Orpheus* tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of Magick is to Musick join'd:
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage *Urganda* wave the circling wand
On barren mountains, or a waste of sand,
The desart smiles; the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull sights in the same landscape mixt,
Scenes of Still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continu'd show:
But as our two Magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, tho' the place stands still,
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without Unity of place transgrest)
Th' Enchanter turns the Critick to a jest.

But howsoe'er, to please your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise:
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that Circle we divert your sight.

Title: 'to . . . ENCHANTERS,'* and the footnote] Not in 1706.

* *A Dramatick Poem written by the Lord* Lansdown.

Text : from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in *Poetical Miscellanies : the sixth part . . .* 1709.

The translation of *Horace, Ode III. Book III.* was first printed in *Poetical Miscellanies : the sixth part . . .* 1709, in which it occupies pp. 262–70. It was not reprinted (except in the reissue of the *Miscellanies* in 1716, where the text of 1709 was given without material alteration) until Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

HORACE,

ODE III. Book III.

Augustus *had a design to rebuild* Troy, *and make it the Metropolis of the* Roman *Empire, having closetted several Senators on the project:* Horace *is suppos'd to have written the following Ode on this occasion.*

The Man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;
Not the red arm of angry *Jove*,
That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruine and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright *Pollux* to the blest abodes;
Such did for great *Alcides* plead,
And gain'd a place among the Gods;
Where now *Augustus*, mix'd with heroes, lies,
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies:

His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.

By arts like these did young *Lyæus* rise:
His Tigers drew him to the skies,
Wild from the desart and unbroke:
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the lash, and bent 'em to the yoke.

Such were the paths that *Rome*'s great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the Monarch in the God.
Bright *Juno* then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.

Troy, says the Goddess, perjur'd *Troy* has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile, and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile Gods,
Now spreads its ruines all around,
And lyes inglorious on the ground.
An umpire, partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.

Since false *Laomedon*'s tyrannick sway,
That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian Gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor wou'd the fierce invading foe repell;
To my resentments, and *Minerva*'s rage,
The guilty King and the whole People fell.

And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adult'rer shines no more;
No more do's *Hector*'s force the *Trojans* shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.

40. towering] tow'ring, 1709.

My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To *Mars* his off-spring of the *Trojan* line:
Advanc'd to god-head let him rise,
And take his station in the skies;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light;
Quaff with the Gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine:

The thin remains of *Troy*'s afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast;
But far be *Rome* from *Troy* disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas, from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd roar.

Still let the curst detested place,
Where *Priam* lies, and *Priam*'s faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of Kings.

May Tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts, and silent desarts find;
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces,
May th' unmolested Lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, coucht, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.

While *Troy* in heaps of ruines lyes,
Rome and the *Roman* Capitol shall rise;
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from *Afric* shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two:
Through *Afric*'s sands their triumphs they shall spread,
And the long train of victories pursue
To *Nile*'s yet undiscover'd head.

Riches the hardy soldier shall despise,
And look on gold with un-desiring eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the Mine,
Shall lye untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms;
Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
'Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second *Troy*,
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the Gods anew.

A Curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations rase:
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their armies head my self will show
What *Juno*, urged to all her rage, can do.

Thrice should *Apollo*'s self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my fav'rite *Greeks* his works confound,
And hew the shining fabrick to the ground;
Thrice should her captive dames to *Greece* return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.

But hold, my Muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the Gods to light:
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
The mighty strains, in Lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

124. towering] tow'ring, 1709.

Text : from the first edn. of Edmund Smith's *Phædra and Hippolitus* (1709).

The poem was not reprinted in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

For a discussion of this prologue see the Introduction to this edition (Volume III.).

[PROLOGUE TO PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS]

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

Long has a Race of Heroes fill'd the Stage,
That rant by Note, and through the Gamut rage;
In Songs and Airs express their martial fire,
Combate in Trills, and in a Feuge expire;
While lull'd by Sound, and undisturb'd by Wit,
Calm and Serene you indolently sit;
And from the dull Fatigue of Thinking free,
Hear the facetious Fiddles Repartie:
Our Home-spun Authors must forsake the Field,
And Shakespear *to the soft* Scarlatti *yield.*
To your new Taste the Poet of this Day
Was by a Friend advis'd to form his Play;
Had Valentini, *musically coy,*
Shun'd Phædra's *Arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd Joy,*
It had not mov'd your Wonder to have seen
An Eunuch fly from an enamour'd Queen;
How would it please, should she in English *speak,*
And could Hippolitus *reply in* Greek?
But he, a Stranger to your Modish Way,
By your old Rules must stand or fall to Day,
And hopes you will your Foreign Taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

Text : from Steele's *Town Talk*, No. IV. (Jan. 6, 1716). The poem was not reprinted in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

For a discussion of this epilogue see the Introduction to this edition (Volume III.).

EPILOGUE.

Spoken at the Censorium, *on the King's Birth-Day.*

THE Sage, whose Guests you are to Night, is known,
To watch the Publick Weal, tho' not his own:
Still have his Thoughts uncommon Schemes pursu'd,
And teem'd with Projects for his Country's Good.
Early in Youth; his Enemies have shewn,
How narrowly he miss'd the Chymic Stone:
Not *Friar Bacon* promised *England* more;
Our Artist, lavish of his fancied Ore,
Could he have brought his great Design to pass,
Had walled us round with Gold, instead of Brass.
That Project sunk, you saw him entertain
A Notion more chimerical and vain,
To give chast Morals to ungovern'd Youth,
To Gamesters Honesty, to Statesmen Truth;
To make you Vertuous all; a Thought more bold,
Than that of changing Dross and Lead to Gold.
But now, to greater Actions he aspir'd,
For still his Countries Good our Champion fir'd;
In Treaties versed, in Politicks grown wise,
He looked on *Dunkirk* with suspicious Eyes;
Into her dark Foundations boldly dug,
And overthrew in Fight the fam'd Sieur *Tugghe.*
Still on his wide unwearied View extends,
Which I may tell, since none are here but friends:
In a few months he is not without Hope,
But 'tis a secret, to convert the Pope.
Of this, however, he'll inform you better,
Soon as his Holiness receives his Letter:

Mean Time he celebrates, for 'tis his Way,
With something singular this Happy Day;
His Honest Zeal ambitious to approve,
For the Great Monarch he was born to love;
Resolved in Arms and Arts to do him Right,
And serve his Sovereign like a Trusty Knight.

Text : from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text of 1716.

This poem was first printed in the folio of 1716, which contains also the poem *To her Royal Highness the princess of Wales with the tragedy of Cato*, Nov. 1714, and was not reprinted until Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

TO

Sir *GODFREY KNELLER*,

ON HIS

PICTURE of the KING.

KNELLER, with silence and surprize
We see *Britannia*'s Monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the presence-chamber stand.
The magick of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends, and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And *Albion*'s happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day,
When the glad nation shall survey
Their Sov'raign, through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,

11. every . . . every] ev'ry . . . ev'ry, 1716.
19. every] ev'ry, 1716.

Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
This image on the medal placed,
With its bright round of titles graced,
And stampt on *British* coins shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form, the genial Sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoiced the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the *Peruvian* mine.
Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vie'd
With nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvas into life.
Thy pencil has, by Monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in their robes of state array'd,
The Kings of half an age display'd.
Here swarthy *Charles* appears, and there
His Brother with dejected air:
Triumphant *Nassau* here we find,
And with him bright *Maria* join'd;
There *Anna*, great as when she sent
Her armies through the continent,
E'er yet her Hero was disgrac't:
O may fam'd *Brunswick* be the last,
(Though heaven should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest *British* King,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
Wise *Phidias*, thus his skill to prove,
Through many a God advanced to *Jove*,
And taught the polisht rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine;
'Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,
Th' assembled deities survey'd.
Great *Pan*, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there;

35. generous] gen'rous, 1716.

Old *Saturn* too with up-cast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty *Mars*, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the webb she strung
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis the troubled ocean's Queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling Son to mourn.
The last was he, whose thunder flew
The *Titan*-race, a rebel crew,
That from a hundred hills ally'd
In impious leagues their King defy'd.
This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produced, his art was at a stand:
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risque his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a *GEORGE*, or carv'd a *Jove*!

71. funeral] Fun'ral, 1716.

Text : from the 1716 reissue of Dryden's *Miscellanies*, Part V. p. 67. The epigram was not reprinted in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

VERSES *Written for the* TOASTING-GLASSES *of the* KIT-KAT CLUB, *in the Year* 1703.

Lady MANCHESTER.

By Mr. Addison.

While haughty *Gallia*'s Dames, that spread
O'er their pale Cheeks an artful Red,
Beheld this beauteous Stranger there,
In native Charms divinely fair;
Confusion in their Looks they show'd,
And with unborrow'd Blushes glowed.

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE SPECTATOR AND *THE GUARDIAN.*

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the texts in the original issue of the *Spectator* for May 18, 1711, and in the reissue of the *Spectator* in octavo volumes (1712).

The translation of Martial's epigram was first printed in No. 68 of the *Spectator*, and was reprinted without alteration in the reissues.

The SPECTATOR. No. 68.

. . . THERE are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. *Martial* has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species in the following Epigram ;

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow ;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in the original issue of the *Spectator* for June 8, 1711, and in the reissue of the *Spectator* in octavo volumes (1712).

The translation of Martial's epigram was first printed in No. 86 of the *Spectator*, and was reprinted without alteration in the reissues.

The SPECTATOR. No. 86.

. . . THOSE who have established Physiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging mens tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. *Martial* has a pretty Epigram on this subject.

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus;
Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es.

Thy beard and head are of a different die;
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye:
With all these tokens of a knave compleat,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a dev'lish cheat.

1. different] diff'rent, 1711.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the texts in *Remarks on Italy* (1705) [Vol. II. p. 142 of this edn.], in the original issue of the *Spectator* for September 15, 1711, and in the reissue of the *Spectator* in octavo volumes, 1712.

For a discussion of this translation from Horace see the Introduction to this edition (Volume III.).

A JEALOUS man is very quick in his applications. . . . The commendation of any thing in another, stirs up his Jealousy, as it shews you have a value for others, besides himself; but the commendation of that which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shews that in some respects you prefer others before him. Jealousy is admirably described in this view by *Horace* in his Ode to *Lydia*.[a]

Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur:
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet; humor et in genas
Furtim labitur arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

When Telephus *his youthful charms,*
His rosie neck and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in that pleasing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats;
From my pale cheek the colour flies,
And all the man within me dies:
By turns my hidden grief appears
In rising sighs and falling tears,
That shew too well the warm desires,
The silent, slow, consuming fires,
Which on my inmost vitals prey,
And melt my very Soul away.

[a] part of which I find Translated to my Hand. 1711.

1. Telephus *his*] *Telephus's*, 1705.
4. *that*] the, 1711, 1712: *that pleasing*] the tender, 1705.
5. *inflam'd*] enrag'd, 1705. 7. *cheek*] Cheeks, 1705.
9]. By fits my swelling Grief appears, 1705. 13. *Which*] That, 1705, 1711.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in the original issue of the *Spectator* for July 26, 1712, and in the reissue of the *Spectator* in octavo volumes (1712).

In the collation '1712' indicates the original issue.

The translation of the twenty-third Psalm first appeared in the *Spectator*, and was reprinted without alteration in the reissues.

. . . WHEN the soul is hovering in the last moments of its separation,[1] when it is just entring on another state of existence, to converse with scenes, and objects, and companions that are altogether new, what can support her under such tremblings of thought, such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon him who first gave her Being, who has conducted her through one stage of it, and will be always with her to guide and comfort her in her progress[2] through Eternity ?

David has very beautifully represented this steady reliance on God Almighty in his twenty third Psalm, which is a kind of *Pastoral* Hymn, and filled with those allusions which are usual in that kind of writing. As the poetry is very exquisite, I shall present my Reader with the following translation of it.

I.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.

[1] separation] Dissolution, 1712. [2] progress] Passage, 1712.

III.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors over-spread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in the original issue of the *Spectator* for August 1, 1712, and in the reissue of the *Spectator* in octavo volumes (1712).

The translation of Martial's epigram first appeared in the *Spectator*, and was reprinted without alteration in the reissues. In Tickell's edn. one alteration was made in the Latin text.

. . . It happened once . . . that *Cato* dropped into the *Roman* Theatre, when the *Floralia* were to be represented; and as in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were several indecent parts to be acted, the people refused to see them whilst *Cato* was present. *Martial* on this hint made the following Epigram, which we must suppose was applied to some grave friend of his, that had been accidentally present at some such entertainment.

Nosses jocosæ dulce cum sacrum Floræ,
Festosque lusus, et licentiam vulgi,
Cur in Theatrum Cato severe venisti?
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?

Why dost thou come, great Censor of thy Age,
To see the loose diversions of the Stage?
With awful countenance and brow severe,
What in the name of Goodness dost thou here?
See the mixt crowd! how giddy, lewd and vain!
Didst thou come in but to go out again?

1. Nosses] Nosces, 1712, 1712 (reissue).

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in the original issue of the *Spectator* for August 9, 1712, and in the reissue of the *Spectator* in octavo volumes (1712).

In the collation '1712' indicates the original issue.

The poem first appeared in the *Spectator*, and was reprinted without alteration in the reissues.

. . . I HAVE already communicated to the publick[a] some pieces of divine poetry,[b] and as they have met with a very favourable reception,[c] I shall from time to time publish[d] any work of the same nature which has not yet[e] appeared in print, and may be acceptable to my Readers.

I.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise:

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The Gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.

[a] communicated . . . publick] obliged the Publick with, 1712.
[b] poetry] Poetry which have fallen into my Hands, 1712.
[c] a . . . reception] the Reception which they deserved, 1712.
[d] publish] communicate, 1712. [e] yet] not in 1712.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to man;

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk
Revived my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all Eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in the original issue of the *Spectator* for August 23, 1712, and in the reissue of the *Spectator* in octavo volumes (1712).

In the collation '1712' indicates the original issue.

The Ode was first printed in the *Spectator*, and was reprinted in the reissues with one alteration in spelling.

. . . *Aristotle* says, that should a man live under ground, and there converse with the works[a] of art and mechanism, and should afterwards be brought up into the open day, and see the several glories of the heaven and earth, he would immediately pronounce them the works of such a Being as we define God to be. The Psalmist has very beautiful strokes of poetry to this purpose, in that exalted strain, *The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. One day telleth another: and one night certifieth another. There is neither speech nor language: but their voices are heard among them. Their sound is gone into all lands: and their words into the ends of the world.* As such a bold and sublime manner of thinking furnishes very noble matter for an Ode, the Reader may see it wrought into the following one.

I.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied Sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,

[a] with the works] with works, 1712, and 1712 (reissue).

6. power] Pow'r, 1712.

And nightly to the listning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they rowl,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in the original issue of the *Spectator* for August 29, 1712, and in the reissue of the *Spectator* in octavo volumes (1712).

In the collation '1712' indicates the original issue.

The Song first appeared in the *Spectator*, and was reprinted without alteration in the reissues.

I HAVE been very often disappointed of late years, when upon examining the new edition of a Classic Author, I have found above half the volume taken up with various readings. When I have expected to meet with[a] a learned note upon a doubtful passage in a *Latin* Poet, I have been only[b] informed, that such or such ancient Manuscripts for an *et* write an *ac*, or of some other notable discovery of the like importance. Indeed, when a different reading gives us a different sense, or a new elegance in an Author, the Editor does very well in taking notice of it; but when he only entertains us with the several ways of spelling the same word, and gathers together the various blunders and mistakes of twenty or thirty different transcribers, they only take up the time of the learned Reader, and puzzle the minds of the ignorant. I have often fancied with my self how enraged an old *Latin* Author would be, should he see the several absurdities in sense and grammar, which are imputed to him by some or other of these various readings. In one he speaks nonsense; in another makes use of a word that was never heard of: and indeed[c] there is scarce a solecism in writing which the best Author is not guilty of, if we may be at liberty to read him in the words of some Manuscript, which the laborious Editor has thought fit to examine in the prosecution of his work.

I question not but the[d] Ladies and pretty fellows will be very curious to understand what it is that I have been hitherto talking of. I shall therefore give them a notion of this practice, by endeavouring to write after the manner of several persons who make an eminent figure in the republick of letters. To this end we will suppose, that the following Song[e] is an old Ode which I present to the public in a new edition, with the several various readings which I

[a] meet with] find, 1712.
[b] been only] only been, 1712.
[c] and indeed] In short, 1712.
[d] the] several, 1712.
[e] Song] Song, which by the way is a beautiful Descant upon a single Thought, like the Compositions of the best Ancient Lyrick Poets, I say we will suppose this song, 1712.

find of it in former editions, and in ancient Manuscripts. Those who cannot relish the various readings, will perhaps[a] find their account in the Song, which never before appeared in print.

My love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart;
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In ev'ry face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslav'd me,
An eye then gave the fatal stroke:
'Till by her wit Corinna *sav'd me,*
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish
For Belvidera *I endure;*
Hourly I sigh and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false unconstant lover,
After a thousand beauties shown,
Does new surprizing charms discover,
And finds variety in one.

Various Readings.

Stanza the first, verse the first. *And changing.*] The *and* in some Manuscripts is written thus, &, but that in the *Cotton* Library writes it in three distinct letters.

Verse the second. *Nor e'er would.*] *Aldus* reads it *ever would*; but as this would hurt the metre, we have restored it to its genuine reading, by observing that *Synæresis* which had been neglected by ignorant transcribers.

Ibid. *In my heart.*] *Scaliger*, and others, *on my heart.*

Verse the fourth. *I found a dart.*] The *Vatican* Manuscript for *I* reads *it*, but this must have been the hallucination of the transcriber, who probably mistook the dash of the *I* for a *T*.

Stanza the second, Verse the second. *The fatal stroke.*] *Scioppius*, *Salmasius*, and many others, for *the* read *a*, but I have stuck to the usual reading.

[a] perhaps] however, 1712.

Verse the third. *Till by her wit.*] Some Manuscripts have it *his wit*, others *your*, others *their wit*. But as I find *Corinna* to be the name of a woman in other Authors, I cannot doubt but it should be *her*.

Stanza the third, Verse the first. *A long and lasting anguish.*] The *German* Manuscript reads *a lasting passion*, but the rhyme will not admit it.

Verse the second. *For* Belvidera *I endure.*] Did not all the Manuscripts reclaim, I should change *Belvidera* into *Pelvidera*; *Pelvis* being used by several of the ancient Comic writers for a Looking-glass, by which means the etymology of the word is very visible, and *Pelvidera* will signifie a Lady who often looks in her glass, as indeed she had very good reason, if she had all those beauties which our Poet here ascribes to her.

Verse the third. *Hourly I sigh and hourly languish.*] Some for the word *hourly* read *daily*, and others *nightly*; the last has great authorities of its side.

Verse the fourth. *The wonted cure.*] The Elder *Stevens* reads *wanted cure*.

Stanza the fourth, Verse the second. *After a thousand beauties.*] In several copies we meet with a *hundred beauties*, by the usual error of the transcribers, who probably omitted a cypher, and had not taste enough to know, that the word *thousand* was ten times a greater compliment to the Poet's Mistress than an *hundred*.

Verse the fourth. *And finds variety in one.*] Most of the ancient Manuscripts have it *in two*. Indeed so many of them concur in this last reading, that I am very much in doubt whether it ought not to take place. There are but two reasons which incline me to the reading, as I have published it; first, because the rhime, and, secondly, because the sense is preserved by it. It might likewise proceed from the oscitancy of transcribers, who, to dispatch their work the sooner, used to write all numbers in cypher, and seeing the figure 1 followed by a little dash of the pen, as is customary in old Manuscripts, they perhaps mistook the dash for a second figure, and by casting up both together composed out of them the figure 2. But this I shall leave to the learned, without determining any thing in a matter of so great uncertainty.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in the original issue of the *Spectator* for September 20, 1712, and in the reissue of the *Spectator* in octavo volumes (1712).

The Ode first appeared in the *Spectator*, and was reprinted without alteration in the reissues.

. . . Great Painters do not only give us Landskips of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon sea-pieces : I could wish you would follow their example. If this small sketch may deserve a place among your works, I shall accompany it with a divine Ode, made by a Gentleman upon the conclusion of his travels.

I.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote.
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweetned ev'ry soil,
Made ev'ry region please;
The hoary Alpine *hills it warm'd,*
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene *seas.*

IV.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For tho' in dreadful whirles we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past;
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in the original issue of the *Spectator* for October 18, 1712, and in the reissue of the *Spectator* in octavo volumes (1712).

The Hymn first appeared in the *Spectator*, and was reprinted without alteration in the reissue of 1712. [The word "sorrow" in l. 17 of the reissue is obviously a misprint for "sorrows."]

. . . As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea of his appearing in the presence of that Being *whom none can see and live*, he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being whom he appears before, will examine all the actions of his past life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no scheme of religion, besides that of christianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous person under this thought. Let a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, passion and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and in short, so many defects in his best actions, that without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his sovereign Judge, or that he should be able *to stand in his sight.* Our Holy religion suggests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.

It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following Hymn, which I have composed during this my sickness.

I.

When rising from the bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my Soul,
O how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
To make her pardon sure.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in the original issue of the *Guardian* for August 3, 1713, and the reissue of 1714.

The Song was first printed in the *Guardian*, and was reprinted without alteration in the reissue.

THE GUARDIAN. No. 124.

SIR,

"I HUMBLY beg leave to drop a song into your Lion's "mouth, which will very truly make him roar like any "nightingale. It is fallen into my hands by chance, and "is a very fine imitation of the works of many of our "*English* Lyricks. It cannot but be highly acceptable "to all those who admire the translations of *Italian* "Opera's.

I.

Oh the charming month of May
Oh the charming month of May!
When the breezes fan the treeses
Full of blossoms fresh and gay——
Full, &c.

II.

Oh what joys our prospects yield!
Charming joys our prospects yield!
In a new livery when we see every
Bush and meadow, tree and field——
Bush, &c.

III.

Oh how fresh the morning air!
Charming fresh the morning air!
When the Zephirs and the heifers
Their odoriferous breath compare——
Their, &c.

IV.

Oh how fine our evening walk!
Charming fine our evening walk!
When the nighting-gale delighting
With her song suspends our talk——
With her, &c.

V.

Oh how sweet at night to dream!
Charming sweet at night to dream!
On mossy pillows, by the trilloes
Of a gentle purling stream——
Of a, &c.

VI.

Oh how kind the country lass!
Charming kind the country lass!
Who, her cow bilking, leaves her milking
For a green gown upon the grass——
For a, &c.

VII.

Oh how sweet it is to spy!
Charming sweet it is to spy!
At the conclusion her confusion,
Blushing cheeks, and down-cast eye——
Blushing, &c.

VIII.

Oh the cooling curds and cream!
Charming cooling curds and cream,
When all is over she gives her lover!
Who on her skimming-dish carves her name——
Who on, &c.

iv. evening] Ev'ning, 1713, 1714.

POEMATA.

Text: from the volume entitled *Vota Oxoniensia Pro Serenissimis Guilhelmo Rege et Maria Regina M. Britanniæ &c. Nuncupata . . . Oxonii . . . CIↃIↃCLXXXIX.* [O_2 verso.] The poem was not reprinted in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

Tityrus. Hic inter corylos, umbrosa cacumina, densas,
Nos cantare pares quoniam convenimus ambo,
Dicamus laudes Heroum (ut Mopse solemus)
Tempora transibunt sic læta canentibus, et nunc
Dic age, quos nostro celebrari carmine sumes.
Mopsus. Tityre nunc reddantur Eis pia munera Laudum,
Otia qui dederint nobis placidamque Quietem ;
Scilicet Illorum resonent Encomia Sylvæ,
Qui dignabantur Regni fulcire ruinas.
T. Tanta haud conveniunt humili tenuique Cicutæ ;
Sed quoniam in magnis, dicunt, voluisse sat esse ;
Ipse Tuas, Gulielme, canam laudesque Mariæ ;
Nam, quos junxit Amor, nemo sejungere debet.
M. Tunc mihi Phœbe fave, Musæque favete canenti,
Ne culpa ingenii Illorum minuantur honores.
T. Ast ego nec Phœbum curo, Phœbive sorores,
Carmina namque mihi cedit nunc lemma canenti.
M. Sint licet illustri proavorum stemmate clari,
Sunt magis ornati propriis virtutibus ambo.
T. Si Rex est regit immanes qui pectoris Æstus ;
Tum quot regna tenet Gulielmus ! quotque Maria !
M. Inclytus hic Mavors, sapiens hæc altera Pallas,
Vulnerat Ille armis, forma sed vulnerat Illa.
T. Quando vias Pelagi tentarunt, mole superbum
Sustulit ad nubes Mare se, fastuque tumebat.
M. Quando Tellurem tetigerunt, Arcades omnes
Pani Deo Arcadiæ tenerum mactavimus agnum.
T. Tunc iterum totus resonat modulamine campus,
Miscent pastores iterum Nymphæque choreas.
M. Lætus Gramineis lusit tunc Agnus in agris,
Floribus atque novis Hœdi insiluere petulci.
T. Quantus erat Victor Gulielmus, quando popelli
Vicit Corda, Hostes vicit, vicitque seipsum !

M. Participat sponsi Virtutem et Regna Maria,
Digna tribus Regnis, et tanto digna Marito.
T. Primus hic Imperio, nulli est Virtute secundus,
Sic Sol, quam stellæ, majori luce refulget.
M. Sed qualis stellas micat inter luna minores,
Talis, cum cincta est Sociis, Regina videtur.
T. At quæ nos illis nunc, Tityre, digna precemur,
Ludere qui pecori, pecorisque dedere magistris ?
M. Æternam inveniant, quam donavere, Quietem !
T. Et sero Cœlos exornet sidus utrumque !

Josephus Addison Commensalis è Coll. Reg.

Text: from the volume entitled *Academiæ Oxoniensis Gratulatio Pro Exoptato Serenissimi Regis Guilielmi Ex Hibernia Reditu . . . Oxoniæ, E Theatro Sheldoniano Anno Dom.* 1690. [Y 2.] The poem was not reprinted in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

Cum Domini impatiens excussit Jerna catenas,
Tota ruens in Martem intestinosque labores,
Integri quicunque graves videre tumultus
(Constit heu tanti virtus) in vincula missi
Exosam luctuque trahunt et carcere vitam.
Late agri dumis horrescunt, aspera rura
Luxuriant segete spinarum, Autumnus Jernæ
Nullus adest, cultorque deest quærentibus arvis.
Passim turba dolis instat peregrina secundis,
Nativamque premit lasciva potentia plebem ;
In lacrymas Gens omnis abit, manifestat ubique
Communes luctus, vultuque laborat in uno.
Præceps in tardas sic crevit Hibernia pœnas,
Et sic venturæ maturuit illa ruinæ,
Facta esset tanto nequaquam vindice digna,
Si minor horrendas Gulielmi senserat iras.
Anglia in ignavam dudum resoluta quietem
Imperiis rediviva Tuis, Nassove, veternum
Excutit, et longum sopitos suscitat ignes.
Te duce quas fecit strages ! quæ prælia movit !
Dum fervet cædes, et campo sanguis inundat,
Assiduæ sudant peragendo pensa sorores,
Et stipata gemit sub pondere cymba Charontis.
Terga premens Cæsar fugientia corripit hostes
Vindex, atque trahit partem sua quamque ruina,
Plumbea tempestas hanc obruit, eminus illa
Glande cadit, frustraque evitat missile ferrum.
Altera dum pœnas differt fugiendo sequaces,
Infidæ sese credit moritura paludi.
His gradibus longo se solvit Hibernia luctu,
Imperium expulsi tandem indignata tyranni
Nobiliora petit vincla, optatasque catenas
Induit, atque jugo Gulielmi ornata superbit.

Gens nimium dilecta Deo ! nimiumque Britanni
Fælices ! hæc si exundantia gaudia nullus
Frænasset dolor, et Ducis haud ignobile fatum
Lætitiæ nimios non castigaverat æstus.
Ille triumphato toties securus ab hoste,
Exulibus Dis Ille, Ille aris fidus avitis
Ah ! tandem occubuit pietate insignis et armis.
Hei tibi quale jaces veneranda mole cadaver !
Qualis honor vultus ! et frontis læta senectus.
Heu pietas ! heu prisca fides ! et bellica virtus
Quando habitura parem !
Musa tamen taceas intempestiva dolores,
Melpomene taceas, non hoc sine numine Divûm
Evenisse puto ; senis aspera fata triumphi
Famam auxere Tui, victor Gulielme, nec ulla
Æmula divisos virtus partitur honores.
I decus i nostrum, agnoscat fera Gallia dextram
Victricem, et quæ Te vidit prima arma gerentem
Sentiat expletas maturo in corpore vires.
Sed caveas, dum Te in bellum rapit impetus ardens,
O caveas nimio ne Marte impulsus in hostes
Irrueres, latamque darent tria regna ruinam.
Insano tandem parce indulgere labori,
Parce, Jacobe, ultra Lodoici innitier armis.
Discerptos frustra nunc luges frontis honores,
Sera sibi veniunt tandem suspiria, sero
Nunc quereris, quanquam nisi mens tibi læva fuisset
Et nisi credideras fallaci uxorius arti,
Jam lætus poteras placidis dare jura Britannis,
Et rexisse gregem, fato meliore, paternum,
Sed nunc Parcæ obstant, et non revocabilis ordo.

Joh. Addison, è Col. Mag.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in vol. ii. of *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, 1699.

This dedication first appeared in vol. ii. of *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, 1699, and was reprinted without alteration in the reissues of that collection, and in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU[1]

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO,

ÆRARII PRÆFECTO,

REGI À SECRETIORIBUS

CONSILIIS, &c.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstent Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus Pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si CONGREVIUS ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa Pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis Poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUÆ

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

[1] MONTAGU] MONTAGUE, 1699.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in vol. ii. of *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, 1699.

Pax Gulielmi first appeared in vol. ii. of *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, 1699, and was reprinted without material alteration in the reissues of that collection, and in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

Pax Gulielmi Auspiciis Europæ reddita, 1697.

Postquam ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi soliciti, turba importuna, Poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.
Aspicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis
Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famososque Ormondi volnere campos!
Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro,
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus CUTTS. Baro de Gowran, &c.

Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mænia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!
Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic, postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus Ossam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate locorum.
Nempe hic AURIACI nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, NASSOVI que latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.
Te tamen e mediis,* Ductor Fortissime, turmis
Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, populique encomia sera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris æstus
Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes

* Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.

Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
Horridus exuviis, GULIELMI ingentia facta
Describit sociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum * qui subjicit orbem,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
Mænia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore!
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.
Dum pugnas, GULIELME, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
NASSOVIUM ingeminant! video cava littora circum
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
NASSOVI secura tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum

97. NASSOVIUM] *Nassovum*, 1699.

* Muscoviæ Imperator.

Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.
Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis GULIELME erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et Proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: Tibi Jupiter annum
Serius invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.
Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adest, lætoque juventæ
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut Patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut Mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes.
Ille tuas, GULIELME, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine lusit.
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.

118.] Set back in 1699.

* Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis ; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
Diruit ; interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas
Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes ?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos ?
En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
Fulgore insolito ! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes ; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas ! hic membra Leonis
Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas ; hic lubricus Anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat :
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt ; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum NASSOVO abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas.
Tuque MARIA, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

1699 adds at end : *J. Addison*, A. M. Coll. Mag. Soc.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the texts in *Examen Poeticum Duplex*, 1698, and *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, vol. ii., 1699.

Barometri Descriptio was first printed in *Examen Poeticum Duplex*, 1698. It was reprinted with many alterations in 1699 in vol. ii. of *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*: and this new version was reprinted without material alteration in the reissues of that collection, and in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

BAROMETRI Descriptio.

Qua penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.
Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et, gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

4. Eruit argenti latices] Invenit argenti laticem, 1698.
5. effusus] ut reliqui, 1698.
6.] Humectata, nec effusus signa imprimit uda; 1698.
8. teretes] tenues, 1698. 9.] Not set back in 1698.
11. relinquat] reliquit, 1698. 14. effulsit] enituit, 1698.
15. Cum . . . pretiosus] Cum pulchram *Danaen* pretioso flavus, 1698.
16. gratam] nitidam, 1698. 21. æstus] æstas, 1698.
23. Occupet ascensu] Possideat spatium, 1698.

Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens Argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.
Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, metuensque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet Argentum mole incumbente levatum

30. Sin sese immodicum attollens] Si tamen immodicè surgens, 1698.
31. oppressus] effusus, 1698.
32. Jam . . . jam] Arescunt agri dum, 1698.
33. consumto] amisso, 1698.
36. tum] jam, 1698.
37. cœlos] nimbum, 1698.
38. Indicat . . . quando] Narrat pendentem, ut pluviales, 1698.
44. Irrigat] Diluit, 1698.
45.] Set back in 1698: uda] unda, 1698, 1699.
46. impatiens . . . procellam] haud ignara imbris, metuensque procellæ; 1698.
49. tempestatemque sonoram] tempestatesque paratas, 1698.
50.] Argentumque licet cælo impendente gravatum, 1698.

Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; eversis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.
Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes Messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

51. penitusque] multumque, 1698.
52. eversis] superatis, 1698.
53–4.] Sternuntur segetes, fugiunt armenta, fluentis.
Mersus inundat ager, Campum tenet Incola Piscis. 1698.
55. mirabile vitrum] prænuncius humor, 1698.
56. varios cœli vultus] varias cæli facies, 1698.
58. Incedes] Incedas, 1698.
59. Augurio hoc fretus] His fisus monitis, 1698.
61. Machina si neget] Si'vitrum negat, 1698: promittat] promittit, 1698.
63. metuens imbrem, poscentes] metuens, imbrem poscentes, 1698.
After l. 65.] 1698 has

Arte *Syracusi* fabricatus vitreus orbis,
Stellarum ficti cursus, Christallinus error,
Et fragilis mundi facies, nil pectora tanqunt;
Hæc dum miremur præsagi oracula vitri,
Quod nostri cæli vultus, formamque futuram
Indicat, atque imi ostendit miracula mundi.
JO. ADDISON.

1699 adds at end: *Jo. Addison*, A. B. è Coll. Magd.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the texts in *Examen Poeticum Duplex*, 1698, and *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, vol. ii., 1699.

ΠΤΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ first appeared in *Examen Poeticum Duplex*, 1698. It was reprinted with many alterations in vol. ii. of *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, 1699: and this new version was reprinted without material alteration in the reissues of that collection, and in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ,

SIVE,

PRÆLIUM

INTER

PYGMÆOS et GRUES commissum.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero : parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue ; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra ; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhausit, versuque sonoro
Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa :
Quis lectos Graium juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem ?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem GULIELMI
Gesta latent ? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem ?
Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus ;
Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.
Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessa vireta)
Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ, SIVE] Not in 1698 : added in 1721.
2. refero] recito, 1698.
6–12.] Heroes reliqui vulgantur, cætera dudum
Decantata suos habuerunt prælia vates.
Quis Stomachum, celeresque pedes non novit *Achillis* ?
Quis magna *Æneæ* certamina, quis *Gulielmi*
Nescit ? *Thebani fratres*, & flebile fatum, 1698.

Imperium. Hic varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies ; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam ; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpe juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram ;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.
Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virumque
Commissæ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit ; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit : hic (visu miserabile !) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras

32. atrox aderat] adesset atrox, 1698.
39. immane minaci] immania torvé, 1698.
44. virumque] hominumque, 1698.
45. confusaque] & plurima, 1698.
46.] Set back in 1698 and 1699 : memorabile] mirabile, 1698.
52. effert] aufert, 1698.

Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Caystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro,
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longe
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti!
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!

59. descendit] venit hostis, 1698. 65. concussis] complausis, 1698.
71.] Not in 1698: added in 1699.
73.] Turma duas tandem composta excurrit in alas, 1698.
79–81.] In 1698 these lines came after 88: they were placed in their present position in 1699.
87. Quot] Quas, 1698: nudis] adultis, 1698.
88. Intulit, heu !] Intulerat, 1698.

Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert:
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aera plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.
Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:

89. sonus . . . piceamque] auditur sonitus, spissamque, 1698.
90. Prospectant] Aspiciunt, 1698.
96. at] & 1698. 97. sævo] torvo, 1698.
100. sperantibus] venientibus, 1698.
102. sese eripit] se sustinet, 1698.
104.] Fluctuat armorum sors, hic confossa volucris 1698.
111.] Set back in 1698 and 1699: rubescit] vaporat, 1698.
115. Ductor, quem] Rex; Illum, 1698.
118.] Set back in 1698 and 1699.
119. uno] unum, 1698.

Cum, subito appulsus (sic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis Ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem ; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum ; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alituum ; frustra Pygmæi lumine mœsto
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus escam.
Jamque recrudescit bellum, Grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu ;
Tum fugit alta volans ; is sursum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, solioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret ; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique : flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta Gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.
Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina languescunt ; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam ; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Instant a tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.
Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit : Nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus Regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas : sic corruit olim
Assyriæ Imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.

120. Dî] Dîi, 1698, 1699.
122. relatu] referri, 1698. 123. Sustulit] Sustinet, 1698.
124. densus] spissus, 1698.
130. alta volans] avolitans, 1698.
133. Mitteret] Torserat, 1698: solioque Tonantem] flagrantia tela, 1698.
134–5]. Not in 1689 : added in 1699.
136. Torquentur] Descendunt, 1698.
137. sulphure] fulmine, 1698. 138. Pygmeïa] Pygmæea, 1698.
141. Cubitalis] Bipedalis, 1698.

Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva : aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, Pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos.
Dum secura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

151.] Set back in 1698 and 1699.
153. Plebs . . . fidei] Parvula Plebs : vel siqua fides, 1698.

1699 adds at end : *J. Addison*, A. M. è Coll. Magd.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the texts in *Examen Poeticum Duplex*, 1698, and *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, vol. ii., 1699.

Resurrectio first appeared in *Examen Poeticum Duplex*, 1698. It was reprinted with many alterations in vol. ii. of *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, 1699: and this new version was reprinted without material alteration in the reissues of that collection, and in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

Ad Altare Col. Magd. Oxon.

EGREGIOS fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestiit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.

1–5.] Fœlices calami tractus, Fucique labores,
Historiamque sacram, redivivaque funera pandam.
O! si non impar virtus, nec iniqua potestas,
Jam saltem affuerit Pictoribus atque poetis;
Ut versu poterit simulata Tabella referri,
Et calamo pariter descripta niteret utroque. 1698.
13.] Utque priùs micuêre poli, quàm lucida signa, 1698.
19. vibrabat] vibravit, 1698.

Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas ; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est ; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.

22.] Sic, ubi prima operis lusit fundamina Pictor, 1698.
23. paries] murus, 1698.
24.] Jam cautè calamos exercet, & arte tenacem, 1698.
29. cœlestis] Seraphica, 1698.
Between 31 and 32.] Æmula Threiciæ Cytharæ tuba saxa recludit,
Immittitque diem tumulis, animatque sepultos. 1698.
35. fœcundis] viviparis, 1698.

Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantum dissimilis, quantum o ! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat !
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.
Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine ; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor ?
Quam Mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
Surgentem e tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam ?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
* Wainfletus, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat :
Eheu quando animi par invenietur Imago !
Quando alium similem virtus habitura !——
Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in Judice figit ocellos.

60. cruciatus] crucifixus, 1698.
63.] Figere humo, dum debellatâ morte triumphans, 1698.
75. ridet cœlum] Cœlum vacat, 1698.
85.] The asterisk and footnote were not in 1698 or 1699 : added in 1721.
88. Irati] Vindicis, 1698.

* Coll. Magd. Fundator.

Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam ; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex a tergo implacabile sævit, et ensem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
Heu ! quid agat tristis ? quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat ? o ! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere ! at tandem suspiria ducit
Nequicquam, et sero in lachrymas effunditur ; obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura ! periti
Quot calami legimus vestigia ! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert ! tales non discolor Iris
Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores !
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

94. omne] omnem, 1698.
95.] Deserpat murum, & tenues Pictura recedat, 1698.
96. Pictura] Consumpta, 1698.
99. Vindex] Angelus, 1698.

1698 adds at end of poem: JO. ADDISON ; 1699 has: *Jo. Addison*, è Coll. Magd.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the texts in *Examen Poeticum Duplex*, 1698, and *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, vol. ii., 1699.

Sphæristerium first appeared in *Examen Poeticum Duplex*, 1698. It was reprinted with some alterations in vol. ii. of *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, 1699: and this new version was reprinted without material alteration in the reissues of that collection, and in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721)

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

Hic, ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Desecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem :
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra ; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit ;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis, motuque sinit procedere recto.
Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut sors ; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, quæ cursum meta futurum
Designat ; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat ; subito globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus ; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.

1. latum] multum, 1698. 2. vacuoque ingens] latoque teres, 1698.
12. offendant incauti] offendat ludens, 1698. 20. quæ] qui, 1698.

At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur, iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram a recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Elëo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingant socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia.——
Si vero incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore;
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omne viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

45. absistitque] absistitve, 1698.
56. Impingant] Impingat, 1698 and 1699.

1698 adds at end of poem: JO. ADDISON, *Oxon*; 1699 has: *Jo. Addison*, è Coll. Magd.

Text : from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, 1699.

Ad D. D. Hannes was first printed in *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, vol. ii., 1699, and was reprinted without material alteration in the reissues of that collection, and in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

AD

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM

MEDICUM et POETAM.

O Qui canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
  Feliciore luctuosis
    Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
  Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
    Luminibus penetras acutis ;
Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
  Scyphumque jucundus require
    Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
  Minister ingens, imperîque
    Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus.
Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius !
  Nec cæteros cautus mederi
    Ipse tuam minuas salutem.
Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
  Attentus explorare venam
    Quæ febris exagitet tumentem :
Frustra liquores quot Chymica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
  Innatus herbis te fatigant :
    Serius aut citius sepulchro

Debemur omnes, vitaque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
  Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
    (Relliquias animæ) cadaver.
Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua ;
  Suumque victorem vicissim
    Subjiciet libitina victrix.
Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
  Reddit molestam, urgetve curas
    Sponte sua satis ingruentes ;
Et quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
  Felix amicis, gaudiisque
    Innocuis bene temperata.

1699 adds at end : *Jo. Addison*, è Coll. Magd.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the texts in *Examen Poeticum Duplex*, 1698, and *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, 1699.

Machinæ Gesticulantes first appeared in *Examen Poeticum Duplex*, 1698, and was reprinted with some alterations in *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, 1699: the new text was reprinted without material alteration in the reissues of that collection, and in Tickell's edn. of Adddison's *Works* (1721).

Machinæ Gesticulantes,

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

ADMIRANDA cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum ;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam ;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent.
Nec confusus honos ; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat : mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mænia squallida fuco.
Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva theatro.
Sed præter reliquos incedit HOMUNCIO rauca
Voce strepens ; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus ;
In ventrem tumet immodicum ; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus ; Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,

1. cano] canam, 1698.
17. concursus] Consultus, 1698.

Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa,
Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit Nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.
Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito Nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
Jamque, infensa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.
Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Mane patent gressus ; hinc succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.
At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella, tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fœti,
Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt ; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus ; undique cæsæ
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.

30. importunus] intempestus, 1698.
31.] Set back in 1698.
48. multam] multum, 1698.
58–9.] Horrendum & quales fundunt tormenta boatus,
Machina disploso cum fulminat ænea bombo. 1698.

Sed postquam insanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, Patres.
Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet : sic tarda senectus
TITHONUM minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri :
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

68. prodire] veteresque, 1698.

1698 adds at end: JO. ADDISON; 1699 has: *Jo. Addison*, è Coll. Magd. A. B.

AD BURNETTUM.

Text: two texts are printed on opposite pages. The left-hand pages (284, 286, 288) contain the text printed in *Examen Poeticum Duplex*, 1698. The right-hand pages (285, 287, 289) contain the text printed in *Musarum Anglicanarum Analecta*, 1699, in the reissues of that collection, and in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

Insignissimo Viro

Thomæ Burnet D.D.

Theoriæ Sacræ Telluris Autori.

I.

Turbæ loquaces Te fidium sonant
Burnette, musis pectus amabile,
Cui nomen inclarescit omnem
(Materiam calami) per orbem.

II.

Primam videri congeriem sinis,
Massæque motum Dissociabilis;
Ut poscit imum fæx, ut unda
Altior innat, adhuc soluta.

III.

Sese malè Æther explicat, Aggere
Expressus atro, sordibus undique
Fœcundus & Mundo futuro,
Ecce repentè tenellus orbis

IV.

Concrescit; olim cultus ab Incolis
Fœliciori Sole calentibus:
Sedem heu caducam, cui fatiscit
Terra nimis celeris perire!

V.

Auditur ingens continuò fragor,
Illapsa tellus Lubrica deserit
Fundamina, & Compage fractâ
Supposita gravis urget undas.

VI.

Compressus erumpit medius Liquor,
Terras Aquarum fusa licentia
Claudit vicissim, has inter Orbis
Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.

Ad Insignissimum Virum

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

Sacræ Theoriæ Telluris Autorem.

Non usitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette, poscis, non humiles modos:
  Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
    Respuis officium camœnæ.
Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molemque cernis dissociabilem,
  Terramque concretam, et latentem
    Oceanum gremio capaci:
Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
  Utcunque stet commune vulgi
    Arbitrium et popularis error.
Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
  Fundamina, et compage fracta
    Supposítas gravis urget undas.
Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
  Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
    Relliquiæ fluitant prioris.

VII.

Tandem reclusis carceribus novum
Solem stupescit squamigerum pecus,
Stellisque delectatur aureis,
Quas videt inter aquam natantes.

VIII.

Tandem labores Luna subit novas,
Tollitque fluctus ; irrigat Æthera
Obscura nimborum suppellex,
Insolitum paritura frigus.

IX.

Quin hæc cadentûm fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget, per ignes in priorem
Mox iterum revoluta formam.

X.

Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas, ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum !

XI.

Exudat ardens terra fluentia
Rivis metalla, & diluvio globus
Flammarum inundat, dum tremendo
Fluctuat omne solum tumultu.

XII.

Balæna mixtis fluctibus, æstuans
Bitumen horret turbida faucibus,
Fervetque squamis, & colonum
Propria torret aqua inquietum.

XIII.

Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.

XIV.

Plusquam *Neronis* Roma calet rogis,
Et vestra tandem Pagina (proh nefas !)
Burnette, vestra augebit Ignes,
Heu comiti peritura mundo !

Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
  Stellasque miratur natantes,
    Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.
Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis !
Qualis calescit spiritus ingenî !
  Ut tollis undas ! ut frementem
    Diluvii reprimis tumultum !
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
  Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
    Detegis instabiles ruinas ?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
  Coget refingens, in priorem
    Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas : ut udis sævit atrox hyems
  Incendiis, commune mundo
    Et populis meditata bustum !
Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
  Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
    Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.
Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas !)
  Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
    Heu socio peritura mundo.

XV.

Mox terra scenam nobilis explicat;
Orbem novatum gens melior tenet,
Charique cælis inquilini
Corporibus pariter novatis.

XVI.

Quæ Pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Quantus assurgit spiritus Ingenî,
Dum Fata terrarum, & ruentem
Inclyte pingis utrumque mundum!

XVII.

Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus,
Ut non tremiscens & timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?

XVIII.

Quæcunque *Patris* jussa feracia,
Aut sex Dierum protulerat Labor,
Et regulas, queîs universum
Pendet opus Tua scripta pandunt.

XIX.

Dum veritatem quærere pertinax,
Promis quod Æquum est; sollicitus parùm
Utcunque stet commune Vulgi
Arbitrium, & popularis error.

XX.

O Pectus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! (si bona supplico)
Te nostra, quem jactet colonum,
Terra habeat renovata Civem.

JO. ADDISON.

Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident : En teretem globum !
En læta vernantis Favonî
Flamina, perpetuosque flores !
O pectus ingens ! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem ! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

1699 adds at end: *Jo. Addison*, A. B. è Coll. Magd.

PLAYS.

ROSAMOND.

AN

OPERA.

Inscribed to Her GRACE the

Dutchess of *MARLBOROUGH.*

Hìc quos durus Amor crudeli tabe peredit
Secreti celant Calles, et Myrtea circùm
Sylva tegit. Virg. Æn. 6.

Inscribed to] Humbly Inscrib'd to, 1707.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the texts in *Poetical Miscellanies: the sixth part* . . . 1709, and *Rosamond*, the third edn., 1713.

Tickell's verses first appeared in *Poetical Miscellanies: the sixth part* . . . 1709, where they occupied pp. 413–6. They were prefixed to the third edn. of *Rosamond* (1713), and were reprinted with some small alterations in 1721 in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works*.

A Copy of VERSES in the Sixth Miscellany,

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF

ROSAMOND.

———Ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa Lyræ solers, et Cantor Apollo.

By Mr. *TICKELL.*

THE Opera *first* Italian *masters taught,*
Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought.
Britannia's *learned theatre disdains*
Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
And blushes on her injur'd stage to see
Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, *but as* Virgil *strong.*
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And Musick borrows helps, she us'd to give.
Thy stile hath match'd what ancient Romans *knew,*
Thy flowing numbers far excell the new;
Their cadence in such easie sound convey'd,
That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easie sound.

Title: 1709] TO THE | AUTHOR | OF | *ROSAMOND,* | AN | OPERA. | — *Ne forte pudori* | *Sit Tibi Musa Lyræ solers, & Cantor Apollo.* | By Mr. *TICKELL.*

1. Opera] *Op'ra,* 1709.

Landschapes how gay the bow'ry grotto yields,
Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!
What art can trace the visionary scenes,
The flow'ry groves, and everlasting greens,
The babling sounds that mimick Echo plays,
The fairy shade, and its eternal maze,
Nature and art in all their charms combin'd,
And all Elysium *to one view confin'd!*
No further could imagination roam,
'Till Vanbrook *fram'd, and* Marlbro' *rais'd the Dome.*

Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair:
When bards less soft the moving words supply,
A seeming justice dooms the Nymph to die;
But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain,
(In dirges thus expiring Swans complain)
Each verse so swells, expressive of her woes,
And ev'ry tear in lines so mournful flows;
We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.

Let joy transport fair Rosamonda's *shade,*
And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely Maid.
While now perhaps with Dido's *ghost she roves,*
And hears and tells the story of their loves,
Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em great,
Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan,
Which gain'd a Virgil, *and an* Addison.

Accept, great monarch of the British *lays,*
The tribute song an humble subject pays.
So tries the artless Lark her early flight,
And soars, to hail the God of verse, and light.
Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name:

37. *transport*] salute, 1709.
44. Addison] *A——n*, 1709.
49. *thy merit be*] *unmatch'd be still*, 1709, 1713.

Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful choir,
Shall tremble on the strings of ev'ry Lyre;
While the charm'd reader with thy thought complies,
Feels corresponding joys or sorrows rise,
And views thy Rosamond *with* Henry's *eyes.*

53.] *While with thy Sentiments each Soul complies,* 1713.
53–5.] Who reads thy Work shall own the sweet Surprise;
And view Thy *Rosamond* with *Henry*'s Eyes. 1709.

The list of *Dramatis Personæ* given in the upper part of the page is that printed in the third edn. of *Rosamond*, 1713, and in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721). The list given in the lower part is that printed in the first and second editions (both published in 1707).

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

King *Henry*.

Sir *Trusty*, Keeper of the Bower

Page.

Messenger.

WOMEN.

Queen *Elinor*.

Rosamond.

Grideline, Wife to Sir *Trusty*.

Guardian Angels, &c.

SCENE *Woodstock Park*.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

King *Henry*,	Mr. *Hughs*.
Sir *Trusty*,	Mr. *Leveridge*.
Page,	Mr. *Holcomb*.
Messenger,	Mr. *Lawrence*.

WOMEN.

Queen *Elinor*,	Mrs. *Tofts*.
Rosamond,	Mrs. *Gallia*.
Grideline, Wife to Sir *Trusty*,	Mrs. *Lindsey*.

Guardian Angels.

SCENE *Woodstock Park*.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the texts in the first and second editions, 1707, and in the third edition, 1713. In the collation, 1707 indicates both the first and second editions. Where it is necessary to distinguish between them a numeral is added, *e.g.* 1707 (1) means the first edition only.

Rosamond was first printed in 1707, a second edition followed in the same year, a third edition appeared in 1713, and the opera was not again reprinted until Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

ROSAMOND.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Prospect of* Woodstock-Park, *terminating in the Bower.*

Enter QUEEN *and* PAGE.

Q. El. WHAT place is here!
What scenes appear!
Where-e'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground
And soft *Elysiums* rise:
Flow'ry mountains,
Mossie fountains,
Shady woods,
Chrystal floods,
With wild variety surprise.
* *As o'er the hollow vaults we walk,*
A hundred echo's round us talk:
From hill to hill the voice is tost,
Rocks rebounding,
Caves resounding,
Not a single word is lost.
Page. There gentle *Rosamond* immured
Lives from the world and you secured.

* *Alluding to the famous Echo in* Woodstock-Park.

12. * *Alluding* . . . Park] Alluding to the famous Eccho. 1707.
14. *the voice is*] *our Words are,* 1707.
17. *word*] *Voice,* 1707.

Q. El. Curse on the name! I faint, I die,
With secret pangs of jealousie.—— [*Aside.*
Page. There does the pensive beauty mourn,
And languish for her Lord's return.
Q. El. Death and confusion! I'm too slow——[*Aside.*
Show me the happy mansion, show——
Page. Great *Henry* there——
Q. El. Trifler, no more!——
Page. ——Great *Henry* there
Will soon forget the toils of war.
Q. El. No more! the happy mansion show
That holds this lovely guilty foe.
My wrath, like that of heav'n, shall rise,
And blast her in her Paradise.
Page. *Behold on yonder rising ground*
The bower, that wanders
In meanders,
Ever bending,
Never ending,
Glades on glades,
Shades in shades,
Running an eternal round.
Q. El. In such an endless maze I rove,
Lost in labyrinths of love.
My breast with hoarded vengeance burns,
While fear and rage
With hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring soul by turns.
Page. The path yon verdant field divides,
Which to the soft confinement guides.
Q. El. *Eleonora*, think betimes,
What are thy hated rival's crimes!
Whither, ah whither dost thou go!
What has she done to move thee so!
—Does she not warm with guilty fires
The faithless Lord of my desires?
Have not her fatal arts remov'd
My *Henry* from my arms?
'Tis her crime to be lov'd,
'Tis her crime to have charms.

35. *bower*] *Bow'r*, 1707, 1713.

Let us fly, let us fly,
She shall die, she shall die.
I feel, I feel my heart relent,
How could the Fair be innocent!
To a monarch like mine,
Who would not resign!
One so great and so brave
All hearts must enslave.
Page. Hark, hark! what sound invades my ear?
The conqueror's approach I hear.
He comes, victorious Henry *comes!*
Hautboys, Trumpets, Fifes and Drums,
In dreadful concert join'd,
Send from afar
A sound of war,
And fill with horror ev'ry wind.
Q. El. *Henry* returns, from danger free!
Henry returns!——but not to me.
He comes his *Rosamond* to greet,
And lay his laurels at her feet,
His vows impatient to renew;
His vows to *Eleonora* due.
Here shall the happy Nymph detain,
(While of his absence I complain)
Hid in her mazy, wanton bower,
My lord, my life, my conqueror.
No, no, 'tis decreed
The Traitress shall bleed;
No fear shall alarm,
No pity disarm;
In my rage shall be seen
The revenge of a Queen.

72. *concert*] *Consort*, 1707, 1713.
84. bower] Bow'r, 1707, 1713.

SCENE II. *The Entry of the Bower.*

Sir *Trusty*, Knight of the Bower, *solus.*

How unhappy is he,
That is ty'd to a she,
And fam'd for his wit and his beauty!
For of us pretty fellows
Our wives are so jealous,
They ne'er have enough of our duty.
But hah! my limbs begin to quiver,
I glow, I burn, I freeze, I shiver;
Whence rises this convulsive strife?
I smell a shrew!
My fears are true,
I see my wife.

SCENE III.

GRIDELINE *and Sir* TRUSTY.

Grid. Faithless varlet, art thou there?
Trust. My love, my dove, my charming fair!
Grid. Monster, thy wheedling tricks I know.
Trust. Why wilt thou call thy turtle so?
Grid. Cheat not me with false caresses.
Trust. Let me stop thy mouth with kisses.
Grid. Those to fair *Rosamond* are due.
Trust. She is not half so fair as you.
Grid. She views thee with a lover's eye.
Trust. I'll still be thine, and let her die.
Grid. No, no, 'tis plain. Thy frauds I see,
Traitor to thy King and me!
Trust. *O* Grideline! *consult thy glass,*
Behold that sweet bewitching face,

SCENE III.] Not in 1707, 1713.
GRIDELINE . . . TRUSTY] *Enter* Grideline, *Wife to Sir* Trusty. 1707, 1713.

Those blooming cheeks, that lovely hue!
Ev'ry feature
(*Charming creature*)
Will convince you I am true.
Grid. *O how blest were* Grideline,
Could I call Sir Trusty *mine!*
Did he not cover amorous wiles
With soft, but ah! deceiving smiles:
How should I revel in delight,
The spouse of such a peerless Knight!
Trust. At length the storm begins to cease,
I've sooth'd and flatter'd her to peace.
'Tis now my turn to tyrannize: [*Aside.*
I feel, I feel my fury rise!
Tigress, be gone.
Grid. ——I love thee sò.
I cannot go.
Trust. Fly from my passion, Beldame, fly!
Grid. Why so unkind, Sir *Trusty*, why?
Trust. Thou'rt the plague of my life.
Grid. I'm a foolish, fond wife.
Trust. Let us part,
Let us part.
Grid. Will you break my poor heart?
Will you break my poor heart?
Trust. I will if I can.
Grid. O barbarous man!
From whence doth all this passion flow?
Trust. *Thou art ugly and old,*
And a villainous scold.
Grid. *Thou art a rustick to call me so.*
I'm not ugly nor old,
Nor a villainous scold,
But thou art a rustick to call me so.
Thou, Traitor, adieu!
Trust. *Farewel, thou Shrew!*
Grid. *Thou Traitor,*
Trust. *Thou Shrew,*
Both. *Adieu! adieu!* [Exit *Grid.*
Trust. (*solus*). How hard is our fate,
Who serve in the state,

And should lay out our cares,
On publick affairs;
When conjugal toils,
And family-broils
Make all our great labours miscarry!
Yet this is the lot
Of him that has got
Fair *Rosamond*'s bower,
With the clew in his power,
And is courted by all,
Both the great and the small,
As principal pimp to the mighty King *Harry*.
But see, the pensive fair draws near:
I'll at a distance stand and hear.

Scene IV.

Rosamond *and Sir* Trusty.

Ros. From walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream convey'd,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,
Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,
Full of grief and full of love.
Impatient for my Lord's return
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn.
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?
To rend my breast,
And break my rest,

59. family-broils] Family Broils, 1707.
63. bower] Bow'r, 1707, 1713.
64. power] Pow'r, 1707, 1713.
Scene IV.] Not in 1707, 1713.
Rosamond . . . Trusty] *Enter* Rosamond. 1707, 1713.
4. tracts] Tracks, 1707, 1713.

A thousand thousand Ills combine.
Absence wounds me,
Fear surrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,
Was ever passion cross'd like mine?
Trust. What heart of stone
Can hear her moan,
And not in dumps so doleful join! [*Apart.*
Ros. How does my constant grief deface
The pleasures of this happy place!
In vain the spring my senses greets
In all her colours, all her sweets;
To me the Rose
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has lost its scent:
The vernal blooms of various hue,
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,
The breeze, that sweeps these fragrant bowers,
Fill'd with the breath of op'ning flow'rs,
Purple scenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,
(Nature's softest, sweetest store)
Charm my tortur'd soul no more.
Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die;
Why so slow! great Henry, *why!*
From death and alarms
Fly, fly to my arms,
Fly to my arms, my Monarch, fly!
Trust. How much more bless'd would lovers be,
Did all the whining fools agree
To live like *Grideline* and me! [*Apart.*
Ros. O *Rosamond,* behold too late,
And tremble at thy future fate!
Curse this unhappy, guilty face,
Every charm, and every grace,
That to thy ruin made their way,
And led thine innocence astray:

33. bowers] Bow'rs, 1707, 1713. 41. *powers*] *Pow'rs*, 1707, 1713.

At home thou seest thy Queen enraged,
Abroad thy absent Lord engaged
In wars, that may our loves disjoin,
And end at once his life and mine.
Trust. Such cold complaints befit a Nun:
If she turns honest, I'm undone! [*Apart.*
Ros. *Beneath some hoary mountain*
I'll lay me down and weep,
Or near some warbling fountain
Bewail my self asleep;
Where feather'd choirs combining
With gentle murm'ring streams,
And winds in consort joining,
Raise sadly-pleasing dreams. [Ex. *Ros.*
Trust. (*solus*). What savage tiger would not pity
A damsel so distress'd and pretty!
But hah! a sound my bower invades,
[*Trumpets flourish.*
And echo's through the winding shades;
'Tis *Henry*'s march! the tune I know:
A Messenger! It must be so.

Scene V.

A Messenger *and Sir* Trusty.

Mess. Great *Henry* comes! with love opprest:
Prepare to lodge the royal guest.
From purple fields with slaughter spread,
From rivers choak'd with heaps of dead,
From glorious and immortal toils,
Loaden with honour, rich with spoils,
Great *Henry* comes! Prepare thy bower
To lodge the mighty conquerour.

71. bower] Bow'r, 1707.
Scene V.] Not in 1707, 1713.
A . . . Trusty] *Enter a Messenger*, 1707, 1713.
7. bower] Bow'r, 1707, 1713.

Trust. The bower and Lady both are drest,
And ready to receive their guest.
Mess. Hither the victor flies, (his Queen
And royal progeny unseen ;)
Soon as the *British* shores he reached,
Hither his foaming courser stretched :
And see ! his eager steps prevent
The message that himself hath sent !
Trust. Here will I stand
With hat in hand,
Obsequiously to meet him,
And must endeavour
At behaviour,
That's suitable to greet him.

SCENE VI.

Enter King HENRY *after a flourish of Trumpets.*

K. Hen. Where is my love ! my *Rosamond* !
Trust. First, as in strictest duty bound,
I kiss your royal hand,
K. Hen. Where is my life ! my *Rosamond* !
Trust. Next with submission most profound,
I welcome you to land.
K. Hen. Where is the tender, charming fair !
Trust. Let me appear, great Sir, I pray,
Methodical in what I say.
K. Hen. Where is my love, O tell me where !
Trust. For when we have a Prince's ear,
We should have wit,
To know what's fit
For us to speak, and him to hear.
K. Hen. These dull delays I cannot bear.
Where is my love, O tell me where !
Trust. I speak, great Sir, with weeping eyes,
She raves, alas ! she faints, she dies.

9. bower] Bow'r, 1707, 1713.
SCENE VI.] Not in 1707, 1713.

K. Hen. What dost thou say? I shake with fear.
Trust. Nay, good my Liege, with patience hear.
She raves, and faints, and dies, 'tis true;
But raves, and faints, and dies for you.
K. Hen. *Was ever Nymph like* Rosamond,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond,
Adorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace!
I'm all desire!
My heart's on fire,
And leaps and springs to her embrace.
Trust. At the sight of her lover
She'll quickly recover.
What place will you chuse
For first interviews?
K. Hen. Full in the center of the grove,
In yon pavilion made for love,
Where Woodbines, Roses, Jessamines,
Amaranths, and Eglantines,
With intermingling sweets have wove
The particolour'd gay Alcove.
Trust. Your Highness, Sir, as I presume,
Has chose the most convenient gloom;
There's not a spot in all the park
Has trees so thick, and shades so dark.
K. Hen. Mean while with due attention wait
To guard the bower, and watch the gate;
Let neither envy, grief, nor fear,
Nor love-sick jealousie appear;
Nor senseless pomp, nor noise intrude
On this delicious solitude;
But pleasure reign through all the grove,
And all be peace, and all be love.
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish,
When we love, and when we languish!
Wishes rising!
Thought surprizing!

19. I shake with fear.] my Heart's alarm'd! 1707.
20.] Be not, my Liege, too quickly warm'd, 1707.
26–7.] *My Heart's on Fire*
With strong Desire, 1707.
41. spot] Place, 1707.
44. bower] Bow'r, 1707, 1713.

Pleasure courting!
Charms transporting!
Fancy viewing
Joys ensuing!
O the pleasing, pleasing anguish! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Pavilion in the middle of the Bower.*

KING *and* ROSAMOND.

K. Hen. Thus let my weary soul forget
Restless glory, martial strife,
Anxious pleasures of the great,
And gilded cares of life.
Ros. Thus let me lose, in rising joys,
Fierce impatience, fond desires,
Absence that flatt'ring hope destroys,
And life-consuming fires.
K. Hen. Not the loud *British* shout that warms
The warrior's heart, nor clashing arms,
Nor fields with hostile banners strow'd,
Nor life on prostrate *Gauls* bestow'd,
Give half the joys that fill my breast,
While with my *Rosamond* I'm blest.
Ros. My *Henry* is my soul's delight,
My wish by day, my dream by night.
'Tis not in language to impart
The secret meltings of my heart,
While I my conqueror survey,
And look my very soul away.
K. Hen. O may the present bliss endure,
From fortune, time, and death secure!
Both. *O may the present bliss endure!*
K. Hen. My eye cou'd ever gaze, my ear
Those gentle sounds cou'd ever hear:

After 59.] End of the First ACT, 1707, 1713.
7.] Painful Absence that destroys, 1707.

But oh! with noon-day heats opprest,
My aking temples call for rest!
In yon cool grotto's artful night
Refreshing slumbers I'll invite,
Then seek again my absent fair,
With all the love a heart can bear. [*Exit* King.
Ros. (*sola*). From whence this sad presaging fear,
This sudden sigh, this falling tear?
Oft in my silent dreams by night
With such a look I've seen him fly,
Wafted by angels to the sky,
And lost in endless tracks of light;
While I, abandon'd and forlorn,
To dark and dismal desarts born,
Through lonely wilds have seem'd to stray,
A long, uncomfortable way.

They're fantoms all; I'll think no more:
My life has endless joys in store.
Farewel sorrow, farewel fear,
They're fantoms all! my Henry's *here.*

Scene II. *A Postern Gate of the Bower.*

Grideline *and* Page.

Grid. My stomach swells with secret spight,
To see my fickle, faithless Knight,
With upright gesture, goodly mien,
Face of olive, coat of green,
That charm'd the Ladies long ago,
So little his own worth to know,
On a meer girl his thoughts to place,
With dimpled cheeks, and baby face;
A child! a chit! that was not born,
When I did town and court adorn.
Page. Can any man prefer fifteen
To venerable *Grideline*?

Grid. He does, my child; or tell me why
With weeping eyes so oft I spy
His whiskers curl'd, and shoe-strings ty'd,
A new Toledo by his side,
In shoulder-belt so trimly plac'd,
With band so nicely smooth'd and lac'd.
Page. If *Rosamond* his garb has view'd,
The Knight is false, the Nymph subdu'd.
Grid. My anxious boding heart divines
His falshood by a thousand signs:
Oft o'er the lonely rocks he walks,
And to the foolish Echo talks;
Oft in the glass he rolls his eye,
But turns and frowns if I am by;
Then my fond easie heart beguiles,
And thinks of *Rosamond*, and smiles.
Page. Well may you feel these soft alarms,
She has a heart——
Grid. ——And he has charms.
Page. Your fears are too just——
Grid. ——Too plainly I've prov'd
Both. *He loves and is lov'd.*
Grid. *O merciless fate!*
Page. *Deplorable state!*
Grid. *To die——*
Page. ——*To be slain*
Grid. *By a barbarous swain,*
Both. *That laughs at your pain.*
Grid. How shou'd I act? canst thou advise?
Page. Open the gate, if you are wise;
I, in an unsuspected hour,
May catch 'em dallying in the bower,
Perhaps their loose amours prevent,
And keep Sir *Trusty* innocent.
Grid. Thou art in truth
A forward youth,
Of wit and parts above thy age;
Thou know'st our sex. Thou art a Page.
Page. I'll do what I can
To surprize the false man.

44. bower] Bow'r, 1707, 1713.

Grid. Of such a faithful spy I've need: *
Go in, and if thy plot succeed,
Fair youth, thou may'st depend on this,
I'll pay thy service with a kiss. [*Exit* Page.

Grid. (sola). *Prithee* Cupid *no more*
Hurl thy darts at threescore,
To thy girles and thy boys
Give thy pains and thy joys,
Let Sir Trusty *and me*
From thy frolicks be free. [Exit *Grid.*

Scene III.

Page *solus.*

O the soft delicious view,
Ever charming, ever new!
Greens of various shades arise,
Deck'd with flow'rs of various dies:
Paths by meeting paths are crost,
Alleys in winding alleys lost;
Fountains playing through the trees,
Give coolness to the passing breeze.

A thousand fairy scenes appear,
Here a grove, a grotto here,
Here a rock, and here a stream,
Sweet delusion,
Gay confusion,
All a vision, all a dream!

Scene IV.

Queen *and* Page.

Q. El. At length the bow'ry vaults appear!
My bosom heaves, and pants with fear:

* *An opening Scene discovers another view of the Bower.*

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54. plot] Plots, 1707(1).
Scene III.] Not in 1707, 1713.
Page *solus*] *Re-enter* Page, *solus*, 1707, 1713.
Scene IV.] Not in 1707, 1713.
Queen *and* Page] *Enter* Queen, 1707, 1713.

A thousand checks my heart controul,
A thousand terrours shake my soul.
Page. Behold the brazen gate unbarr'd!
——She's fixt in thought, I am not heard——
[*Apart.*

Q. El. I see, I see my hands embru'd
In purple streams of reeking blood:
I see the victim gasp for breath,
And start in agonies of death:
I see my raging dying Lord,
And O, I see my self abhorr'd!
Page. My eyes o'erflow, my heart is rent
To hear *Britannia*'s Queen lament. [*Aside.*
Q. El. What shall my trembling soul pursue?
Page. Behold, great Queen, the place in view!
Q. El. Ye pow'rs instruct me what to do!
Page. That Bow'r will show
The guilty foe.
Q. El. ——It is decreed——it shall be so;
[*After a pause.*

I cannot see my Lord repine
(O that I cou'd call him mine!)
Why have not they most charms to move,
Whose bosoms burn with purest love!

Page. Her heart with rage and fondness glows.
O jealousie! thou hell of woes! [*Aside.*
That conscious scene of love contains
The fatal cause of all your pains:
In yonder flow'ry vale she lies,
Where those fair-blossom'd arbours rise.
Q. El. Let us haste to destroy
Her guilt and her joy.

Wild and frantick is my grief!
Fury driving,
Mercy striving,
Heaven in pity send relief!
The pangs of love
Ye pow'rs remove,

36. *Heaven*] *Heav'n*, 1707, 1713; *relief!*] *Relief?* 1707.

Or dart your thunder at my head:
Love and despair
What heart can bear?
Ease my soul, or strike me dead! [Exeunt.

Scene V.

The Scene changes to the Pavilion as before.

Rosamond *sola.*

Transporting pleasure! who can tell it!
When our longing eyes discover
The kind, the dear, approaching lover,
Who can utter, or conceal it!

A sudden motion shakes the grove:
I hear the steps of him I love;
Prepare, my soul, to meet thy bliss!
——Death to my eyes; what sight is this!
The Queen, th' offended Queen I see?
——Open, O earth! and swallow me!

Scene VI.

Enter to her the Queen *with a Bowl in one hand, and a Dagger in the other.*

Q. El. Thus arm'd with double death I come:
Behold, vain wretch, behold thy doom!
Thy crimes to their full period tend,
And soon by This, or This, shall end.
Ros. What shall I say, or how reply
To threats of injur'd Majesty?
Q. El. 'Tis guilt that does thy tongue controul.
Or quickly drain the fatal Bowl,
Or this right hand performs its part,
And plants a Dagger in thy heart.

Scene V. . . . *before*] Scene *changes to . . . before*, 1707, 1713.
4.] *Who can hide, or who reveal it!* 1707.
Scene VI.] Not in 1707, 1713.
Enter to her the Queen] *Enter the Queen*, 1707, 1713.

Ros. Can *Britain*'s Queen give such commands,
Or dip in blood those sacred hands?
In her shall such revenge be seen?
Far be that from *Britain*'s Queen!
Q. El. How black does my design appear?
Was ever mercy so severe! [*Aside.*
Ros. *When tides of youthful blood run high,*
And scenes of promis'd joys are nigh,
Health presuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh how dreadful 'tis to die!
Q. El. To those whom foul dishonours stain,
Life it self should be a pain.
Ros. Who could resist great *Henry*'s charms,
And drive the hero from her arms?

Think on the soft, the tender fires,
Melting thoughts, and gay desires,
That in your own warm bosom rise,
When languishing with Love-sick eyes
That great, that charming man you see:
Think on your self, and pity me!

Q. El. And dost thou thus thy guilt deplore!
[*Offering the dagger to her breast.*
Presumptuous woman! plead no more!
Ros. O Queen, your lifted arm restrain!
Behold these tears!
Q. El. ——They flow in vain.
Ros. Look with compassion on my fate!
O hear my sighs!——
Q. El. ——They rise too late.
Hope not a day's, an hour's reprieve.
Ros. Tho' I live Wretched, let me Live.
In some deep dungeon let me lye,
Cover'd from ev'ry human eye,
Banish'd the day, debarr'd the light;
Where shades of everlasting night
May this unhappy face disarm,
And cast a veil o'er ev'ry charm:
Offended heaven I'll there adore,
Nor see the Sun, nor *Henry* more.

Q. El. Moving language, shining tears,
Glowing guilt, and graceful fears,
Kindling pity, kindling rage,
At once provoke me, and asswage. [*Aside.*
Ros. What shall I do to pacifie
Your kindled vengeance?
Q. El. ——Thou shalt die. [*Offering the dagger.*
Ros. Give me but one short moment's stay.
——O *Henry*, why so far away? [*Aside.*
Q. El. Prepare to welter in a flood
Of streaming gore. [*Offering the dagger.*
Ros. ——O spare my blood,
And let me grasp the deadly bowl.
[*Takes the bowl in her hand.*
Q. El. Ye pow'rs, how pity rends my soul!
[*Aside.*
Ros. Thus prostrate at your feet I fall.
O let me still for mercy call! [*Falling on her knees.*
Accept, great Queen, like injur'd heaven,
The soul that begs to be forgiven:
If in the latest gasp of breath,
If in the dreadful pains of death,
When the cold damp bedews your brow,
You hope for mercy, show it now.
Q. El. Mercy to lighter crimes is due,
Horrors and death shall thine pursue.
[*Offering the dagger.*
Ros. Thus I prevent the fatal blow. [*Drinks.*
——Whither, ah! whither shall I go!
Q. El. Where thy past life thou shalt lament,
And wish thou hadst been innocent.
Ros. Tyrant! to aggravate the stroke,
And wound a heart, already broke!
My dying soul with fury burns,
And slighted grief to madness turns.
Think not, thou author of my woe,
That Rosamond *will leave thee so:*
At dead of night,
A glaring spright,

66. *heaven,*] *Heav'n*, 1707, 1713.
67. *forgiven*:] *Forgiv'n*, 1707, 1713.

With hideous screams
I'll haunt thy dreams,
And when the painful night withdraws,
My Henry *shall revenge my cause.*
O whither does my frenzy drive!
Forgive my rage, your wrongs forgive.
My veins are froze; my blood grows chill;
The weary springs of life stand still;
The sleep of death benumbs all o'er
My fainting limbs, and I'm no more.
[*Falls on the couch.*
Q. El. Hear, and observe your Queen's commands.
[*To her attendants.*
Beneath those hills a Convent stands,
Where the fam'd streams of *Isis* stray;
Thither the breathless coarse convey,
And bid the cloister'd maids with care
The due solemnities prepare. [*Exeunt with the body.*
When vanquish'd foes beneath us lye
How great it is to bid them Die!
But how much greater to forgive,
And bid a vanquish'd foe to Live! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Sir TRUSTY *in a Fright.*

A breathless corps! what have I seen!
And follow'd by the jealous Queen!
It must be she! my fears are true:
The bowl of pois'nous juice I view.
How can the fam'd Sir *Trusty* live
To hear his Master chide and grieve?
No! tho' I hate such bitter beer,
Fair *Rosamond,* I'll pledge thee here. [*Drinks.*
The King this doleful news shall read
In lines of my inditing:

96.] Hear, you who wait on my Commands! 1707.
105. *Exit*] Not in 1707, 1713.
SCENE VII.] Not in 1707, 1713.
Sir . . . Fright] *Enter Sir . . . Fright,* 1707, 1713.

" *Great Sir,* [*Writes.*
" Your *Rosamond* is dead
" As I am at this present writing.
The bower turns round, my brain's abus'd,
The Labyrinth grows more confus'd,
The thickets dance—I stretch, I yawn.
Death has tripp'd up my heels—I'm gone.
[Staggers and falls.

SCENE VIII.

QUEEN, *sola.*

The conflict of my mind is o'er,
And *Rosamond* shall charm no more.
Hence ye secret damps of care,
Fierce disdain, and cold despair,
Hence ye fears and doubts remove;
Hence grief and hate!
Ye pains that wait
On jealousie, the rage of love.

My Henry *shall be mine alone,*
The Heroe shall be all my own;
Nobler joys possess my heart
Than crowns and scepters can impart.

ACT III.

SCENE I. SCENE *a Grotto,* HENRY *asleep, a cloud descends, in it two Angels suppos'd to be the Guardian Spirits of the* British *Kings in War and in Peace.*

1 *Angel.* BEHOLD th' unhappy Monarch there,
That claims our tutelary care!
2 *Angel.* In fields of death around his head
A shield of Adamant I spread.

14. *bower*] *Bow'r*, 1707, 1713.
SCENE VIII.] Not in 1707, 1713.
QUEEN, *sola*] *Re-enter* Queen, *sola*, 1707, 1713.

1 *Angel.* In hours of peace, unseen, unknown,
I hover o'er the *British* throne.
2 *Angel.* When hosts of foes with foes engage,
And round th' anointed Heroe rage,
The cleaving fauchion I misguide,
And turn the feather'd shaft aside.
1 *Angel.* When dark fermenting factions swell,
And prompt th' ambitious to rebell,
A thousand terrors I impart,
And damp the furious traitor's heart.
Both. But Oh what influence can remove
The pangs of grief, and rage of love!
2 *Angel.* I'll fire his soul with mighty themes
'Till Love before Ambition fly.
1 *Angel.* I'll sooth his cares in pleasing dreams
'Till grief in joyful raptures die.
2 Angel. *Whatever glorious and renown'd*
In British *annals can be found;*
Whatever actions shall adorn
Britannia's *heroes, yet unborn,*
In dreadful visions shall succeed;
On fancy'd fields the Gaul *shall bleed,*
Cressy *shall stand before his eyes,*
And Agincourt *and* Blenheim *rise.*
1 *Angel.* See, see, he smiles amidst his trance,
And shakes a visionary lance,
His brain is fill'd with loud alarms;
Shouting armies, clashing arms,
The softer prints of love deface;
And trumpets sound in ev'ry trace.
Both. *Glory strives,*
The field is won,
Fame revives
And love is gone.
1 *Angel.* To calm thy grief, and lull thy cares,
Look up and see
What, after long revolving years,
Thy Bower shall be!

42. Bower] Bow'r, 1707, 1713.

When time its beauties shall deface,
And only with its ruines grace
The future prospect of the place.
Behold the glorious pile ascending! *
Columns swelling, arches bending,
Domes in awful pomp arising,
Art in curious strokes surprising,
Foes in figur'd fights contending,
Behold the glorious pile ascending!

2 *Angel.* He sees, he sees the great reward
For *Anna*'s mighty Chief prepar'd:
His growing joys no measure keep,
Too vehement and fierce for sleep.

1 Angel. *Let grief and love at once engage,*
His heart is proof to all their pain;
Love may plead——

2 Angel. *——And grief may rage——*

Both. *But both shall plead and rage in vain.*

[The Angels ascend, and the vision disappears.

K. Hen. (*starting from the couch*). Where have my ravished senses been!
What joys, what wonders, have I seen!
The scene yet stands before my eye,
A thousand glorious deeds that lye
In deep futurity obscure,
Fights and triumphs immature,
Heroes immers'd in time's dark womb,
Ripening for mighty years to come,
Break forth, and, to the day display'd,
My soft inglorious hours upbraid.
Transported with so bright a scheme,
My waking life appears a dream.

Adieu, ye wanton shades and bowers,
Wreaths of myrtle, beds of flowers,
Rosie brakes,
Silver lakes,
To love and you
A long adieu!

* *Scene changes to the Plan of* Blenheim *Castle.*

73. *bowers*] *Bow'rs*, 1707, 1713. 74. *flowers*] *Flow'rs*, 1707, 1713.

O *Rosamond!* O rising woe!
Why do my weeping eyes o'erflow?
O *Rosamond!* O fair distress'd!
How shall my heart, with grief oppress'd,
Its unrelenting purpose tell;
And take the long, the last farewel!
Rise, Glory, rise in all thy charms,
Thy waving crest, and burnish'd arms,
Spread thy gilded banners round,
Make thy thundering courser bound,
Bid the drum and trumpet join,
Warm my soul with rage divine;
All thy pomps around thee call:
To conquer Love will ask them all. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Scene changes to that part of the Bower where Sir* Trusty *lies upon the ground, with the Bowl and Dagger on the table.*

Enter QUEEN.

Every star, and every pow'r,
Look down on this important hour:
Lend your protection and defence
Every guard of innocence!
Help me my *Henry* to asswage,
To gain his love, or bear his rage.
Mysterious love, uncertain treasure,
Ha'st thou more of pain or pleasure!
Chill'd with tears,
Kill'd with fears,
Endless torments dwell about thee:
Yet who would live, and live without thee!

88. *thundering*] *thund'ring*, 1707, 1713.
92. *them*] *'em*, 1707.
SCENE II.] Not in 1707, 1713.
The Scene changes] SCENE *changes*, 1707, 1713; *Bower*] *Bow'r*, 1707, 1713.
1. Every . . . every] Ev'ry . . . Ev'ry, 1707, 1713.
4. Every] Ev'ry, 1707, 1713.

But oh the sight my soul alarms:
My Lord appears, I'm all on fire!
Why am I banish'd from his arms?
My heart's too full, I must retire.
[*Retires to the end of the stage.*

Scene III.

King *and* Queen.

K. Hen. Some dreadful birth of fate is near:
Or why, my soul, unus'd to fear,
With secret horror dost thou shake?
Can Dreams such dire impressions make!
What means this solemn, silent show?
This pomp of death, this scene of woe!
Support me, heaven! what's this I read?
Oh horror! *Rosamond is dead.*
What shall I say, or whither turn?
With grief, and rage, and love, I burn:
From thought to thought my soul is tost,
And in the whirle of passion lost.
Why did I not in battel fall,
Crush'd by the thunder of the *Gaul*?
Why did the spear my bosom miss?
Ye pow'rs, was I reserv'd for this!

Distracted with woe
I'll rush on the foe
To seek my relief:
The sword or the dart
Shall pierce my sad heart,
And finish my grief!

Q. El. Fain wou'd my tongue his griefs appease,
And give his tortur'd bosom ease. [*Aside.*

Scene III.] Not in 1707, 1713.
King *and* Queen] *Enter King*, 1707, 1713.
7. heaven] Heav'n, 1707, 1713.
14. by] with, 1707.
23. griefs] Heart, 1707.
24. tortur'd bosom] raging Tortures, 1707.

K. Hen. But see! the cause of all my fears,
The source of all my grief appears!
No unexpected guest is here;
The fatal bowl
Inform'd my soul
Eleonora was too near.
Q. El. Why do I here my Lord receive?
K. Hen. Is this the welcome that you give?
Q. El. Thus shou'd divided lovers meet?
Both. *And is it thus, ah! thus we greet!*
Q. El. What in these guilty shades cou'd you,
Inglorious conquerour, pursue?
K. Hen. Cruel woman, what cou'd you?
Q. El. Degenerate thoughts have fir'd your breast.
K. Hen. The thirst of blood has yours possess'd.
Q. El. *A heart so unrepenting,*
K. Hen. *A rage so unrelenting,*
Both. *Will for ever*
Love dissever,
Will for ever break our rest.
K. Hen. Floods of sorrow will I shed
To mourn the lovely shade!
My *Rosamond,* alas, is dead,
And where, O where convey'd!
So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
Did ever nymph disclose!
The lily was not half so fair,
Nor half so sweet the rose.
Q. El. How is his heart with anguish torn!
[*Aside.*
My Lord, I cannot see you mourn;
The Living you lament: while I,
To be lamented so, cou'd Die.
K. Hen. The Living! speak, oh speak again!
Why will you dally with my pain?
Q. El. Were your lov'd *Rosamond* alive,
Wou'd not my former wrongs revive?
K. Hen. Oh no; by Visions from above
Prepar'd for grief, and free'd from love,

34. Not in italic type, 1707.
38. Degenerate] Degen'rate, 1707, 1713.

I came to take my last adieu.
Q. El. How am I bless'd if this be true!——
[*Aside.*
K. Hen. And leave th' unhappy nymph for you.
But O!——
Q. El. Forbear, my Lord, to grieve,
And know your *Rosamond* does live.
If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
How much more to give him ease?
When his passion we discover,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
The bliss returns, and we receive
Transports greater than we give.
K. Hen. O quickly relate
This riddle of fate!
My impatience forgive,
Does *Rosamond* live?
Q. El. The bowl, with drowsie juices fill'd,
From cold *Egyptian* drugs distill'd,
In borrow'd death has clos'd her eyes:
But soon the waking nymph shall rise,
And, in a convent plac'd, admire
The cloister'd walls and virgin choire:
With them in songs and hymns divine
The beauteous penitent shall join,
And bid the guilty world adieu,
K. Hen. How am I blest if this be true!
[*Aside.*
Q. El. Atoning for her self and you.
K. Hen. I ask no more! secure the fair
In life and bliss: I ask not where:
For ever from my fancy fled
May the whole world believe her dead,
That no foul minister of vice
Again my sinking soul intice
Its broken passion to renew,
But let me live and die with you.
Q. El. How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise!
Tho' distant ages, yet unborn,
For *Rosamond* shall falsly mourn;

And with the present times agree,
To brand my name with cruelty;
How does my heart for such a prize
The vain censorious world despise!
But see your Slave, while yet I speak,
From his dull trance unfetter'd break!
As he the Potion shall survive
Believe your *Rosamond* Alive.
K. Hen. O happy day! O pleasing view!
My Queen forgives——
Q. El. ——My Lord is true.
K. Hen. *No more I'll change,*
Q. El. *No more I'll grieve:*
Both. *But ever thus united live.*
Trust. (*awaking*). In which world am I! all I see,
Ev'ry thicket, bush and tree,
So like the place from whence I came,
That one wou'd swear it were the same.
My former Legs too, by their pace!
And by the Whiskers, 'tis my face!
The self-same habit, garb and mien!
They ne'er wou'd Bury me in Green.

Scene IV.

Grideline *and Sir* Trusty.

Grid. Have I then liv'd to see this hour,
And took thee in the very Bow'r?
Trust. Widow *Trusty*, why so Fine?
Why dost thou thus in Colours shine?
Thou shou'dst thy husband's death bewail
In Sable vesture, Peak and Veil.
Grid. Forbear these foolish freaks, and see
How our good King and Queen agree.
Why shou'd not we their steps pursue,
And do as our superiors do?

Scene IV.] Not in 1707, 1713.
Grideline . . . Trusty] *Enter* Grideline, 1707, 1713.

Trust. Am I bewitch'd, or do I dream?
I know not who, or where I am,
Or what I hear, or what I see,
But this I'm sure, howe'er it be,
It suits a person in my station
T'observe the mode and be in fashion.
Then let not *Grideline* the chaste
Offended be for what is past,
And hence anew my vows I plight
To be a faithful courteous Knight.
Grid. I'll too my plighted vows renew,
Since 'tis so courtly to be true.
Since conjugal passion
Is come into fashion,
And marriage so blest on the throne is,
Like a Venus *I'll shine,*
Be fond and be fine,
And Sir Trusty *shall be my* Adonis.
Trust. And Sir Trusty *shall be thy* Adonis.

The KING *and* QUEEN *advancing.*

K. Hen. Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?
Hymen, thou source of chaste delights,
Chearful days, and blissful nights,
Thou dost untainted joys dispence,
And pleasure join with innocence:
Thy raptures last, and are sincere
From future grief and present fear.
Both. *Who to forbidden joys wou'd rove,*
That knows the sweets of virtuous love?

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works*, 1721, collated with the text of the first edition (1716).

These lines to the Princess of Wales were first printed in 1716, together with the poem *To Sir Godfrey Kneller* (printed at p. 193 of this volume). They were reprinted without alteration in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works*, 1721.

To Her ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCESS of *WALES*,

With the Tragedy of *CATO*. *Nov.* 1714.

THE Muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of Liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for *Britannia*'s laws,
Engaged great *Cato* in her country's cause,
On You submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories, that our age adorn,
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage, and a doubtful throne;
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair PRINCESS, in your Off-spring smile
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly Daughter's triumphs we presage;
Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
And pity Monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.
Thou too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom *Albion*, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce, and captivate the fair.
O *England*'s younger hope! in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness, and the father's fire!
For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
Some *Carolina*, to heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the scepter'd rivals vainly sue,

Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
And slight th' Imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears opprest,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distrest:
To milder sounds each Muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude, and faith to Kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
And sooth the madding factions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teach the nation their new Monarch's praise,
Describe his awful look, and godlike mind,
And *Cæsar*'s power with *Cato*'s virtue join'd.
Mean-while, bright PRINCESS, who, with graceful ease
And native majesty, are form'd to please,
Behold those Arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great protectress fly!
Then shall they triumph, and the *British* stage
Improve her manners, and refine her rage,
More noble characters expose to view,
And draw her finisht heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse:
The deathless Muse with undiminisht rays
Through distant times the lovely dame conveys:
To *Gloriana Waller*'s harp was strung;
The Queen still shines, because the Poet sung.
Even all those graces, in your frame combin'd,
The common fate of mortal charms may find;
(Content our short-lived praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age,)
Unless some Poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

CATO.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*,

BY

His MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam, quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam partibus non semel fractis, nihilominùs inter ruinas publicas erectum.

Sen. de Divin. Prov.

His] Her, 1713.

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in *Cato*, the seventh edition, 1713.

The Verses to the Author of *Cato* were not printed until the seventh edn. of *Cato* (1713).

VERSES
TO THE
AUTHOR
OF THE
TRAGEDY of *CATO.*

While you the fierce divided Britons *awe,*
And Cato *with an equal virtue, draw,*
While Envy is it self in Wonder lost,
And Factions strive who shall applaud you most;
Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,
Who hopes himself, not you, to recommend,
And join th' applause which all the Learn'd bestow
On one, to whom a perfect work they owe.
To my * *light Scenes I once inscrib'd your name,*
And impotently strove to borrow fame:
Soon will that die, which adds thy name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a work of thine.

RICHARD STEELE.

Tho' Cato *shines in* Virgil's *epick song,*
Prescribing laws among th' Elysian *throng;*
Tho' Lucan's *verse, exalted by his name,*
O'er Gods themselves has rais'd the Heroe's fame;
The Roman *stage did ne'er his image see,*
Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;

---

* Tender Husband, *Dedicated to* Mr. Addison.

We hear his voice, asserting virtue's cause;
His fate renew'd our deep attention draws,
Excites by turns our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy scene appears.

On Tyber's *banks thy thought was first inspir'd;*
'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's *ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,*
Thy happy Muse this manly work design'd:
Or in a dream thou saw'st Rome's *Genius stand,*
And, leading Cato *in his sacred hand,*
Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praise.

'Tis done—the Heroe lives, and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the British *stage.*
Great Shakespear's *ghost, the solemn strain to hear,*
(Methinks I see the laurel'd Shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the Scene, and wond'ring view
His fav'rite Brutus *rival'd thus by you.*
Such Roman *greatness in each action shines,*
Such Roman *eloquence adorns your lines,*
That sure the Sybills *books this year foretold,*
And in some mystick leaf was seen inroll'd,
' Rome, *turn thy mournful eyes from* Africk's *shore,*
'Nor in her sands thy Cato's *tomb explore!*
'When thrice six hundred times the circling Sun
'His annual race shall thro' the Zodiack run,
'An Isle remote his monument shall rear,
'And every generous Briton *pay a tear.*

J. HUGHES.

WHAT do we see! is Cato then *become*
A greater name in Britain *than in* Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Tho' Lucan, Horace, Virgil *wrote before?*
How will Posterity this truth explain?
" Cato *begins to live in* Anna's *reign:*
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;

36. every] ev'ry, 1713 (7).

Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed Heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar *fought, and* Cato *bled for you.*

EDWARD YOUNG.

All Souls College,
Oxon.

'Tis nobly done thus to enrich the stage,
And raise the thoughts of a degenerate age,
To show, how endless joys from freedom spring:
How life in bondage is a worthless thing.
The inborn greatness of your soul we view,
You tread the paths frequented by the few.
With so much strength you write, and so much ease,
Virtue, and sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet crowds the sentiments of every line
Impartial clap'd, and own'd the work divine.
Even the sour Criticks, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
Finding the Heroe regularly rise,
Great, while he lives, but greater, when he dies,
Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the pleasures, which they felt.
Not so the Fair *their passions secret kept,*
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
When gloriously the blooming Marcus *dy'd,*
And Cato *told the Gods,* I'm satisfy'd.

See! how your lays the British *youth inflame!*
They long to shoot, and ripen into fame;
Applauding theatres disturb their rest,
And unborn Cato's *heave in every breast;*
Their nightly dreams their daily thoughts repeat,
And pulses high with fancy'd glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the Marathonian *spoils,*
The young Themistocles *vow'd equal toils;*

2. degenerate] degen'rate, 1713 (7).
9. every] ev'ry, 1713 (7).
11. Even] Ev'n, 1713 (7).
24. every] ev'ry, 1713 (7).

Did then his schemes of future honours draw
From the long triumphs which with tears he saw.

How shall I your unrival'd worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading circle of your fame!
We saw you the great William's *praise rehearse,*
And paint Britannia's *joys in* Roman *verse.*
We heard at distance soft, enchanting strains,
From blooming mountains, *and* Italian *Plains.*
Virgil *began in* English *dress to shine,*
His voice, his looks, his grandeur still divine.
From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
But brought the tuneful Ovid *to our view.*
Then, the delightful theme of every tongue,
Th' immortal Marlb'rough *was your daring song;*
From clime to clime the mighty victor flew,
From clime to clime as swiftly you pursue;
Still with the Heroe's glow'd the Poet's flame,
Still with his conquests you enlarg'd your fame.
With boundless raptures here the Muse could swell,
And on your Rosamond *for ever dwell:*
There opening sweets, and every fragrant flower
Luxuriant smile, a never-fading bower.
Next, human follies kindly to expose,
You change from numbers, but not sink in prose:
Whether in visionary scenes you play,
Refine our tastes, or laugh our crimes away.
Now, by the buskin'd Muse you shine confest,
The Patriot kindles in the Poet's breast.
Such energy of sense might pleasure raise,
Tho' unembellish'd with the charms of phrase:
Such charms of phrase would with success be crown'd,
Tho' nonsense flow'd in the melodious sound.
The chastest Virgin needs no blushes fear,
The Learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, hear.
The Libertine, in pleasures us'd to roul,
And idly sport with an immortal soul,

41. every] ev'ry, 1713 (7).
49. opening . . . every . . . flower] op'ning . . . ev'ry . . . Flow'r, 1713 (7).
50. bower] Bow'r, 1713 (7).

Here comes, and by the virtuous Heathen taught,
Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful thought.

When e'er you traverse vast Numidia's *plains,*
What sluggish Briton *in his Isle remains?*
When Juba *seeks the Tiger with delight,*
We beat the thicket, and provoke the fight.
By the description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
And in the chilling East-wind pant with heat.
What eyes behold not, how the stream refines,
'Till by degrees the floating mirrour shines?
While hurricanes in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,
We shrink with horror, and confess our fear,
And all the sudden sounding ruine hear.
When purple robes, distain'd with blood, deceive,
And make poor Marcia *beautifully grieve,*
When she her secret thoughts no more conceals,
Forgets the woman, and her flame reveals,
Well may the Prince exult with noble pride,
Not for his Libyan *crown, but* Roman *bride.*

But I in vain on single features dwell,
While all the parts of the fair piece excell,
So rich the store, so dubious is the feast,
We know not, which to pass, or which to taste.
The shining incidents so justly fall,
We may the whole new scenes of transport call.
Thus jewellers confound our wandering eyes,
And with variety of gemms surprise.
Here Saphires, *here the* Sardian Stone *is seen,*
The Topaz *yellow, and the* Jasper *green.*
The costly Brilliant *there, confus'dly bright,*
From numerous surfaces darts trembling light.
The different colours mingling in a blaze,
Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
In pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand ways.

L. EUSDEN.

Trinity College,
Cambridge.

91. wandering] wand'ring, 1713 (7).
97. different] diff'rent, 1713 (7).

Too long hath Love engross'd Britannia's *stage,*
And sunk to softness all our tragic rage;
By that alone did empires fall or rise,
And fate depended on a fair one's eyes:
The sweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.
You scorn to raise a grief thy self must blame,
Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame:
A Patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.

How do our souls with gen'rous pleasure glow!
Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
When thy firm Hero stands beneath the weight
Of all his sufferings venerably great;
Rome's *poor remains still shelt'ring by his side,*
With conscious virtue, and becoming pride.

The aged Oak thus rears his head in air,
His sap exhausted, and his branches bare;
'Midst storms and earthquakes he maintains his state,
Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight:
His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
And his old trunk projects an awful shade.

Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
Our Patriots sadden at his glorious woes,
Awhile they let the world's great bus'ness wait,
Anxious for Rome, *and sigh for* Cato's *fate.*
Here taught how ancient Heroes rose to fame,
Our Britons *crowd, and catch the* Roman *flame,*
Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
And Kings and Priests without a blush appear.

France *boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,*
Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
Alike to British *arms, and* British *wit:*
No more she'll wonder, (forc'd to do us right)
Who think like Romans, *could like* Romans *fight.*

7. You scorn] Thou scorn'st, 1713 (7).
8. steal] steal'st, 1713 (7).

Thy Oxford *smiles this glorious work to see,*
And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
Like old acquaintance at their native home,
In thee we find: each deed, each word exprest,
And every thought that swell'd a Roman *breast.*
We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
With Virgil's *judgment, and with* Lucan's *fire;*
We know thy worth, and, give us leave to boast,
We most admire, because we know thee most.

THO. TICKELL.

Queen's-College,
Oxon.

SIR,

WHEN your generous labour first I view'd,
And Cato's *hands in his own blood imbru'd;*
That scene of death so terrible appears,
My soul could only thank you with her tears.
Yet with such wond'rous art your skilful hand
Does all the passions of the soul command,
That even my grief to praise and wonder turn'd,
And envy'd the great death which first I mourn'd.

What pen but yours could draw the doubtful strife,
Of honour strugling with the love of life?
Describe the Patriot, obstinately good,
As hovering o'er eternity he stood:
The wide, th' unbounded ocean lay before
His piercing sight, and Heaven the distant shore.
Secure of endless bliss, with fearless eyes,
He grasps the dagger, and its point defies,
And rushes out of Life, to snatch the glorious prize.

How would old Rome *rejoice, to hear you tell*
How just her Patriot liv'd, how great he fell!

42. every] ev'ry, 1713 (7).
45. and, give] and—give, 1713 (7).
1. generous] gen'rous, 1713 (7).
12. hovering] hov'ring, 1713 (7).
14. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713 (7).

Recount his wond'rous probity and truth,
And form new Juba's *in the* British *youth.*
Their generous souls, when he resigns his breath,
Are pleas'd with ruine, and in love with death.
And when her conquering sword Britannia *draws,*
Resolve to perish, or defend her cause.
Now first on Albion's *theatre we see,*
A perfect image of what man should be;
The glorious character is now exprest,
Of virtue dwelling in a human breast.
Drawn at full length by your immortal lines,
In Cato's *soul, as in her Heaven she shines.*

DIGBY COTES.

All-Souls College,
Oxon.

Left with the Printer by an unknown hand.

Now we may speak, since Cato *speaks no more;*
'Tis praise at length, 'twas rapture all before;
When crowded theatres with Iös *rung*
Sent to the skies, from whence thy genius sprung:
Even civil rage awhile in thine was lost;
And factions strove but to applaud thee most:
Nor could enjoyment pall our longing taste;
But every night was dearer than the last.

As when old Rome *in a malignant hour*
Depriv'd of some returning conqueror,
Her debt of triumph to the dead discharg'd,
For fame, for treasure, and her bounds enlarg'd:
And, while his godlike figure mov'd along,
Alternate passions fir'd th' adoring throng;
Tears flow'd from every eye, and shouts from every tongue.

22. generous] gen'rous, 1713 (7).
24. conquering] conqu'ring, 1713 (7).
31. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713 (7).
5. Even] Ev'n, 1713 (7); awhile] a while, 1713 (7).

So in thy pompous lines has Cato *far'd,*
Grac'd with an ample, tho' a late reward:
A greater victor we in him revere;
A nobler triumph crowns his image here.

With wonder, as with pleasure, we survey
A theme so scanty wrought into a play;
So vast a pile on such foundations plac'd;
Like Ammon's *temple rear'd on* Libya's *waste:*
Behold its glowing paint! its easie weight!
Its nice proportions! and stupendous height!
How chaste the conduct, how divine the rage!
A Roman *Worthy on a* Grecian *stage!*

But where shall Cato's *praise begin or end;*
Inclin'd to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
The firmest Patriot, and the gentlest Friend?
How great his genius, when the traytor croud
Ready to strike the blow their fury vow'd;
Quell'd by his look, and listning to his lore,
Learn, like his passions, to rebel no more!
When, lavish of his boiling blood, to prove
The cure of slavish life, and slighted love,
Brave Marcus *new in early death appears,*
While Cato *counts his wounds, and not his years;*
Who, checking private grief, the publick mourns,
Commands the pity he so greatly scorns.
But when he strikes, (to crown his generous part)
That honest, staunch, impracticable heart;
No tears, no sobs pursue his parting breath;
The dying Roman *shames the pomp of death.*

O sacred Freedom, which the powers bestow
To season blessings, and to soften woe;
Plant of our growth, and aim of all our cares,
The toil of ages, and the crown of wars:
If, taught by thee, the Poet's wit has flow'd
In strains as precious as his Heroe's blood;
Preserve those strains, an everlasting charm
To keep that blood, and thy remembrance warm:

Be this thy guardian image still secure;
In vain shall force invade, or fraud allure;
Our great Palladium *shall perform its part,*
Fix'd and enshrin'd in every British *heart.*

The mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd;
And the true Poet is a public good.
This Britain *feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,*
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome *had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,*
Enflam'd her senate, and upheld her laws;
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And given the just success to Cato's *sword:*
O'er Cæsar's *arms your genius had prevail'd;*
And the Muse triumph'd, where the Patriot fail'd.

AMBR. PHILIPS.

8. given] giv'n, 1713 (7).

Text : from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the text in the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, seventh, and eighth editions of *Cato* (all printed in 1713).

The figure 1713 indicates all editions from the first to the eighth.

PROLOGUE,

By Mr. *POPE*.

Spoken by Mr. *WILKS*.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic-Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The Heroe's glory, or the Virgin's love;
In pitying Love we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as Patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman *drops from* British *eyes.*
Virtue confest in human shape he draws,
What Plato *thought, and God-like* Cato *was:*
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven it self surveys;
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state!
While Cato *gives his little Senate laws,*
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?

13. generous] gen'rous, 1713.
20. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
25. every] ev'ry, 1713.

Even when proud Cæsar *'midst triumphal cars,*
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome *her* Cato's *figure drawn in state,*
As her dead father's reverend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from every eye,
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome *ador'd,*
And honour'd Cæsar's *less than* Cato's *sword.*

[Britons *attend: be worth like this approv'd,*
And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato *view'd*
Rome *learning arts from* Greece, *whom she subdu'd.*
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French *translation, and* Italian *song:*
Dare to have sense your selves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone should please a British *ear,*
As Cato's *self had not disdain'd to hear.*

27. Even] Ev'n, 1713.
31. reverend] rev'rend. 1713.
33. every] ev'ry, 1713.

The list of *Dramatis Personæ* is the same in all editions up to Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works*, 1721, except in the one place noted.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

CATO	Mr. *Booth.*
Lucius, *a Senator*	Mr. *Keen.*
Sempronius, *a Senator*	Mr. *Mills.*
Juba, *Prince of* Numidia	Mr. *Wilks.*
Syphax, *General of the* Numidians . . .	Mr. *Cibber.*
Portius, } *Sons of* Cato	Mr. *Powell.*
Marcus, }	Mr. *Ryan.*
Decius, *Ambassador from* Cæsar . . .	Mr. *Bowman.*

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

WOMEN.

Marcia, *Daughter to* Cato	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Lucia, *Daughter to* Lucius	Mrs. *Porter.*

SCENE *a large Hall in the Governor's Palace of* Utica.

Mr. *Ryan*] Mr. *Rian,* 1713 (4) (5) (7) (8).

Text: from Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721), collated with the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, seventh, and eighth editions (all published in 1713). The text in Tickell is nearly the same as that in the seventh edn.

In the collation, 1713 indicates all editions from the first to the eighth. Where it is necessary to refer to a particular edition a figure is added, *e.g.* 1713 (5) indicates the fifth edn. Such a note as: 'Sempronius *solus*, 1713: *Enter* Sempronius 1713 (7)' means that all editions from the first to the fifth have 'Sempronius *solus*': but the seventh (and eighth) edns. have '*Enter* Sempronius.'

It should be noticed that the sixth edn. has not been collated. No copy could be found.

Cato was first printed in 1713, and eight or more "editions" were published in that year. The first five editions are nearly identical, except at Act V. Scene II. The eighth edition is identical with the seventh.

CATO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—PORTIUS, MARCUS.

Port. THE dawn is over-cast, the morning lours,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of *Cato* and of *Rome*—Our Father's Death
Would fill up all the guilt of Civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already *Cæsar*
Has ravaged more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:
Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
To form new battels, and support his crimes.
Ye Gods, what havock does Ambition make
Among your works!

Marc. Thy steddy temper, *Portius*,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and *Cæsar*,
In the calm lights of mild Philosophy;
I'm tortured, even to madness, when I think
On the proud victor: every time he's named
Pharsalia rises to my view!—I see
Th' insulting tyrant, prancing o'er the field
Strow'd with *Rome*'s citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His Horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blood!
Oh *Portius*, is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven,

1. lours] low'rs, 1713.
15. even] ev'n, 1713.
16. every] ev'ry, 1713.
18. tyrant, prancing] Tyrant prancing, 1713.
22. Heaven,] Heav'n, 1713.

Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?
Port. Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mixt with too much horrour to be envy'd:
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of Ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness!
His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round him;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and *Rome*.
His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.
Marc. Who knows not this? but what can *Cato* do
Against a world, a base degenerate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to *Cæsar*?
Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forms
A poor epitome of *Roman* greatness,
And, cover'd with *Numidian* guards, directs
A feeble army, and an empty senate,
Remnants of mighty battels fought in vain.
By Heavens, such virtues, join'd with such success,
Distract my very soul: Our father's fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.
Port. Remember what our father oft has told us:
The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors:
Our understanding traces 'em in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;
Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
Nor where the regular confusion ends.
Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease:
Oh *Portius*, didst thou taste but half the griefs
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.

30. sufferings] Suff'rings, 1713.
34. power] Pow'r, 1713.
37. degenerate] degen'rate, 1713 (7).
44. Heavens] Heav'ns, 1713.
48. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.

Passion unpity'd, and succesless love,
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
My other griefs. Were but my *Lucia* kind!—
Port. Thou see'st not that thy Brother is thy Rival:
But I must hide it, for I know thy temper.
[*Aside.*
Now, *Marcus*, now, thy virtue's on the proof:
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every nerve,
And call up all thy father in thy soul:
To quell the tyrant Love, and guard thy heart
On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
Would be a conquest worthy *Cato*'s son.
Marc. *Portius*, the counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
Bid me for honour plunge into a war
Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
Then shalt thou see that *Marcus* is not slow
To follow glory, and confess his father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse,
I feel it here: my resolution melts—
Port. Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* Prince!
With how much care he forms himself to glory,
And breaks the fierceness of his native temper
To copy out our Father's bright example.
He loves our sister *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
His eyes, his looks, his actions all betray it:
But still the smother'd fondness burns within him.
When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
The sense of honour and desire of fame
Drive the big passion back into his heart.
What! shall an *African*, shall *Juba*'s heir
Reproach great *Cato*'s son, and show the world
A virtue wanting in a *Roman* soul?
Marc. *Portius*, no more! your words leave stings behind 'em.
When-e'er did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, show

63. every] ev'ry, 1713.
77. every . . . every] ev'ry . . . ev'ry, 1713.

A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour?
Port. *Marcus*, I know thy gen'rous temper well;
Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
It strait takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.
Marc. A Brother's sufferings claim a Brother's pity.
Port. Heaven knows I pity thee: behold my eyes
Even whilst I speak—Do they not swim in tears?
Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.
Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow?
Port. O *Marcus*, did I know the way to ease
Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.
Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends!
Pardon a weak distemper'd soul that swells
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
The sport of passions:—but *Sempronius* comes:
He must not find this softness hanging on me.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

Sempronius, Portius.

Semp. Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd
Than executed. What means *Portius* here?
I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a language foreign to my heart. [*Aside.*

96. gen'rous] generous, 1713; gen'rous, 1713 (7).
97. th' appearance] the Appearance, 1713 (3) (4) (5).
99. sufferings] Suff'rings, 1713.
100. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
101. Even] Ev'n, 1713.
Sempronius, Portius] Not in 1713.
Semp.] Sempronius *solus*, 1713; *Enter* Sempronius, 1713 (7).
4. [*Aside*] Not in 1713.
Between 4 and 5.] Sempronius, Portius, 1713.

Good morrow *Portius!* let us once embrace,
Once more embrace; whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow should we thus express our friendship,
Each might receive a slave into his arms:
This Sun perhaps, this morning Sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on *Roman* liberty.
Port. My father has this morning call'd together
To this poor hall his little *Roman* Senate,
(The leavings of *Pharsalia*) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent
That bears down *Rome*, and all her gods, before it,
Or must at length give up the world to *Cæsar*.
Semp. Not all the pomp and majesty of *Rome*
Can raise her Senate more than *Cato*'s presence.
His virtues render our assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious fear,
And make even *Cæsar* tremble at the head
Of armies flush'd with conquest: O my *Portius*,
Could I but call that wondrous Man my Father,
Would but thy sister *Marcia* be propitious
To thy friend's vows: I might be bless'd indeed!
Port. Alas! *Sempronius*, would'st thou talk of love
To *Marcia*, whilst her father's life's in danger?
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling Vestal,
When she beholds the holy flame expiring.
Semp. The more I see the wonders of thy race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my *Portius!*
The world has all its eyes on *Cato*'s son.
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,
To make thy virtues, or thy faults, conspicuous.
Port. Well dost thou seem to check my lingring here
On this important hour—I'll strait away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet

5. Good morrow *Portius!*] *Semp.* Good Morrow *Portius!* 1713; Good morrow, *Portius*! 1713 (7).
21. even] ev'n, 1713.

In close debate to weigh th' events of war,
I'll animate the soldier's drooping courage,
With love of freedom, and contempt of life:
I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
And try to rouse up all that's *Roman* in 'em.
'Tis not in mortals to Command success,
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*; we'll Deserve it.
[*Exit.*

Semp. (*solus*). Curse on the Stripling! how he apes his Sire?
Ambitiously sententious!—but I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not; his *Numidian* genius
Is well disposed to mischief, were he prompt
And eager on it; but he must be spurr'd,
And every moment quickned to the course.
—*Cato* has us'd me ill: he has refused
His daughter *Marcia* to my ardent vows.
Besides, his baffled arms, and ruined cause,
Are bars to my ambition. *Cæsar*'s favour,
That show'rs down greatness on his friends, will raise me
To *Rome*'s first honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim in my reward his captive daughter.
But *Syphax* comes!——

Scene III.

Syphax, Sempronius.

Syph. —*Sempronius*, all is ready,
I've sounded my *Numidians*, man by man,
And find 'em ripe for a revolt: they all
Complain aloud of *Cato*'s discipline,
And wait but the command to change their master.
Semp. Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no time to waste;
Even whilst we speak, our Conqueror comes on,

51. every] ev'ry, 1713.
52. —*Cato*] *Cato*, 1713.
7. Even] Ev'n, 1713.

And gathers ground upon us every moment.
Alas! thou know'st not *Cæsar*'s active soul,
With what a dreadful course he rushes on
From war to war: in vain has Nature form'd
Mountains and oceans to oppose his passage;
He bounds o'er all, victorious in his march;
The *Alpes* and *Pyreneans* sink before him,
Through winds and waves and storms he works his way,
Impatient for the battel: one day more
Will set the Victor thundering at our gates.
But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba*?
That still would recommend thee more to *Cæsar*,
And challenge better terms.

Syph. Alas! he's lost,
He's lost, *Sempronius*; all his thoughts are full
Of *Cato*'s virtues:—but I'll try once more
(For every instant I expect him here)
If yet I can subdue those stubborn principles
Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,
That have corrupted his *Numidian* temper,
And struck th' infection into all his soul.

Semp. Be sure to press upon him every motive.
Juba's surrender, since his father's death,
Would give up *Africk* into *Cæsar*'s hands,
And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

Syph. But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your Senate
Is call'd together? Gods! thou must be cautious!
Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern
Our frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with art.

Semp. Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
My thoughts in passion ('tis the surest way;)
I'll bellow out for *Rome* and for my country,
And mouth at *Cæsar* 'till I shake the Senate.
Your cold hypocrisie's a stale device,
A worn-out trick: would'st thou be thought in earnest?

8. every] ev'ry, 1713.
17. thundering] thundring, 1713.
23. every] ev'ry, 1713.
28. every] ev'ry, 1713.

Cloath thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury!
Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey-hairs,
And teach the wily *African* deceit!
Semp. Once more, be sure to try thy skill on *Juba*.
Mean while I'll hasten to my *Roman* soldiers,
Inflame the mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their discontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd-for, and discharge themselves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we must work in haste:
O think what anxious moments pass between
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods.
Oh! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death!
Destruction hangs on every word we speak,
On every thought, 'till the concluding stroke
Determines all, and closes our design. [*Exit.*
Syph. (*solus*). I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason
This head-strong youth, and make him spurn at *Cato*.
The time is short, *Cæsar* comes rushing on us—
But hold! young *Juba* sees me, and approaches.

Scene IV.

Juba, Syphax.

Juba. *Syphax*, I joy to meet thee thus alone,
I have observed of late thy looks are fallen,
O'ercast with gloomy cares, and discontent;
Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy Prince?
Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sun-shine in my face,

55. every] ev'ry, 1713.
56. every] ev'ry, 1713.
2. fallen] fall'n, 1713.
8. Or] Nor, 1713.

When discontent sits heavy at my heart.
I have not yet so much the *Roman* in me.
Juba. Why do'st thou cast out such ungenerous terms
Against the Lords and Sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of *Africk*,
Amidst our barren rocks, and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the *Roman* name?
Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own *Numidia*'s tawny sons!
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a *Roman* arm?
Who like our active *African* instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled Elephant,
Loaden with war? these, these are arts, my Prince,
In which your *Zama* does not stoop to *Rome*.
Juba. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves.
A *Roman* soul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
And lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make Man mild, and sociable to Man;
To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts;
Th' embellishments of life: Virtues like these,
Make human nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.
Syph. Patience kind Heavens!—excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
This *Roman* polish, and this smooth behaviour,

11. ungenerous] ungen'rous, 1713.
13. them] 'em, 1713; them, 1713 (7).
35. liberal] lib'ral, 1713.
39. Heavens] Heav'ns, 1713: an old man's warmth] an old Man warmth, 1713 (7).

That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue;
In short, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the Gods design'd us?

Juba. To strike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to *Cato!*
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The *Roman* virtues lift up mortal man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an *African*
That traverses our vast *Numidian* deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock 'till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Juba. Thy prejudices, *Syphax*, won't discern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleasures, and the baits of sense;
Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majestick in his griefs, like *Cato?*
Heavens! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,

79. Heavens! with] Heav'ns, with, 1713.

He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings!
How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the weight upon him!
Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
I think the *Romans* call it *Stoicism.*
Had not your royal father thought so highly
Of *Roman* virtue, and of *Cato*'s cause,
He had not fallen by a slave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain
On *Africk*'s sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of *Numidia.*
Juba. Why do'st thou call my sorrows up afresh?
My Father's name brings tears into my eyes.
Syph. Oh! that you'd profit by your Father's ills!
Juba. What would'st thou have me do?
Syph. Abandon *Cato.*
Juba. *Syphax,* I should be more than twice an Orphan
By such a loss.
Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him Father. *Marcia*'s charms
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for *Cato.*
No wonder you are deaf to all I say.
Juba. *Syphax,* your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.
Syph. Sir, your great father never used me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender sorrows, and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated blessings,
Which you drew from him in your last farewel?
Still must I cherish the dear, sad, remembrance,
At once to torture, and to please my soul.
The good old King at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim-full of tears) then sighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my son!—his grief

80. sufferings] Suff'rings, 1713 (7).
87. fallen] fall'n, 1713; hand, inglorious] Hand inglorious, 1713.

Swell'd up so high, he could not utter more.
Juba. Alas, thy story melts away my soul.
That best of fathers! how shall I discharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him!
Syph. By laying up his counsels in your heart.
Juba. His counsels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, *Syphax*, chide me in severest terms,
Vent all thy passion, and I'll stand its shock,
Calm and unruffled as a summer-sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface.
Syph. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your safety.
Juba. I do believe thou would'st: but tell me how?
Syph. Fly from the fate that follows *Cæsar*'s foes.
Juba. My father scorn'd to do it.
Syph. And therefore dy'd.
Juba. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honour.
Syph. Rather say your love.
Juba. *Syphax*, I've promis'd to preserve my temper,
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame,
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?
Syph. Believe me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis easie to divert and break its force:
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of *Zama*'s royal court
Have faces flusht with more exalted charms;
The Sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
The pale unripen'd beauties of the *North*.
Juba. 'Tis not a sett of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin, that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her sex:

127. to do it] to do't, 1713.
133. tho'] 'tis, 1713; tho', 1713 (7).
134. 'Tis easie] But easie, 1713; 'Tis easie, 1713 (7).

True, she is fair, (Oh how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. *Cato*'s soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,
While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.
Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise!
But on my knees I beg you would consider—
Juba. Hah! *Syphax*, is't not she!—she moves this way:
And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius*'s fair daughter.
My heart beats thick—I pr'ythee *Syphax* leave me.
Syph. Ten thousand curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this woman with a single glance
Undo, what I've been labouring all this while.
[*Exit.*

Scene V.

Juba, Marcia, Lucia.

Juba. Hail charming Maid! how does thy beauty smooth
The face of war, and make even Horror smile!
At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;
I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' approach of *Cæsar*.
Marcia. I should be griev'd, young Prince, to think my presence
Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to arms,
While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.
Juba. O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind concerns
And gentle wishes follow me to battel!

Between 157 and 158.] *Enter* Marcia *and* Lucia, 1713.
163. labouring] lab'ring, 1713.
Scene V.] Not in 1713; in 1713 (7).
2. even] ev'n, 1713.

The thought will give new vigour to my arm,
Add strength and weight to my descending sword,
And drive it in a tempest on the foe.
Marcia. My prayers and wishes always shall attend
The friends of *Rome*, the glorious cause of virtue,
And men approv'd of by the Gods and *Cato*.
Juba. That *Juba* may deserve thy pious cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my life
His bright perfections, 'till I shine like him.
Marcia. My father never at a time like this
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste
Such precious moments.
Juba. Thy reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous maid; I'll hasten to my troops,
And fire their languid souls with *Cato*'s virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the field, when all
The war shall stand ranged in its just array,
And dreadful pomp; then will I think on thee!
O lovely Maid, then will I think on thee!
And, in the shock of charging hosts, remember
What glorious deeds should grace the man, who hopes
For *Marcia*'s love. [*Exit.*

Scene VI.

Lucia, Marcia.

Lucia. *Marcia*, you're too severe:
How could you chide the young good-natured Prince,
And drive him from you with so stern an air,
A Prince that loves and doats on you to death?
Marcia. 'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.
His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul
Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
I dare not trust my self to hear him talk.

15. prayers] Pray'rs, 1713 (7).
Scene VI. Lucia, Marcia] Not in 1713; in 1713 (7).

Lucia. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
And steel your heart to such a world of charms.
Marcia. How, *Lucia*! would'st thou have me sink away
In pleasing dreams, and lose my self in love,
When every moment *Cato*'s life's at stake?
Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head:
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it?
Lucia. Why have not I this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force?
Sure, Nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex:
Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.
Marcia. *Lucia*, disburthen all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retired distress;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee?
Lucia. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're *Marcia*'s brothers, and the sons of *Cato*.
Marcia. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes:
And often have reveal'd their passion to me.
But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most:
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.
Lucia. Which is it *Marcia* wishes for?
Marcia. For neither—
And yet for both—the youths have equal share
In *Marcia*'s wishes, and divide their sister:
But tell me, which of them is *Lucia*'s choice?
Lucia. *Marcia*, they both are high in my esteem,
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what—
Marcia. O *Lucia*, I'm perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother?

13. every] ev'ry, 1713.
22. even] ev'n, 1713.
36. tell me, which] tell me which, 1713.

Lucia. Suppose 'twere *Portius*, could you blame
my choice?
—O *Portius*, thou hast stol'n away my soul!
With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Marcus is over-warm, his fond complaints
Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
I hear him with a secret kind of horrour,
And tremble at his vehemence of temper.
Marcia. Alas poor youth! how can'st thou throw
him from thee?
Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee;
Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
He sends out all his soul in every word,
And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported,
Unhappy youth! how will thy coldness raise
Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!
I dread the consequence.
Lucia. You seem to plead
Against your brother *Portius*.
Marcia. Heaven forbid!
Had *Portius* been the unsuccessful lover,
The same compassion would have fall'n on him.
Lucia. Was ever virgin love distress'd like mine!
Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success,
Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
The sad effects that it would have on *Marcus*.
Marc. He knows too well how easily he's fired,
And would not plunge his brother in despair,
But waits for happier times, and kinder moments.
Lucia. Alas, too late I find my self involved
In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe,
Born to afflict my *Marcia*'s family,
And sow dissention in the hearts of brothers.

51. horrour] Dread, 1713; horrour, 1713 (7).
56. every] ev'ry, 1713.
61. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.

Tormenting thought! it cuts into my soul.
Marcia. Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th' event of things.
Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,
May still grow white, and smile with happier hours.

So the pure limpid stream when foul with stains,
Of rushing torrents, and descending rains,
Works it self clear, and as it runs, refines;
'Till by degrees, the floating mirrour shines,
Reflects each flow'r that on the border grows,
And a new Heaven in its fair bosom shows.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The* SENATE.

Semp. *Rome* still survives in this assembled Senate!
Let us remember we are *Cato*'s friends,
And act like men who claim that glorious title.
Luc. *Cato* will soon be here, and open to us
Th' occasion of our meeting. Heark! he comes!
[*A sound of trumpets.*
May all the guardian gods of *Rome* direct him!

Enter CATO.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council.
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And *Rome* attends her fate from our resolves:
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:
Pharsalia gave him *Rome*; *Egypt* has since
Received his yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæsar*'s.
Why should I mention *Juba*'s overthrow,
And *Scipio*'s death? *Numidia*'s burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree

81. white] bright, 1713.
81–2.] No space after 81, in 1713.
87. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
After 87, *End of the First Act* is added in 1713.

What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even *Libya*'s sultry desarts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts, are they still fixt
To hold it out, and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission?
Sempronius speak.
Semp. My voice is still for war.
Gods, can a *Roman* Senate long debate
Which of the two to chuse, slavery or death!
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, Fathers, rise! 'tis *Rome* demands your help;
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate! the corps of half her Senate
Manure the fields of *Thessaly*, while we
Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
Rouse up for shame! our brothers of *Pharsalia*
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battel!
Great *Pompey*'s shade complains that we are slow,
And *Scipio*'s ghost walks unrevenged amongst us!
Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides,
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those, who draw the sword
In *Rome*'s defence, entrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world with reason say
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,

18. even] ev'n, 1713.
25. slavery] Slav'ry, 1713.
36. deliberating] delib'rating, 1713.

To grace our fall, and make our ruine glorious?
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.
Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: *Scythia* mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of *Rome*:
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not *Cæsar*, but the Gods, my fathers,
The Gods declare against us, and repell
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battel,
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shown our love to *Rome*,
Now let us show submission to the Gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge our selves,
But free the common-wealth; when this end fails,
Arms have no further use: our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
And bids us not delight in *Roman* blood,
Unprofitably shed; what men could do
Is done already: Heaven and earth will witness,
If *Rome* must fall, that we are innocent.
Semp. This smooth discourse and mild behaviour oft
Conceal a traytor—something whispers me
All is not right—*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*.
[*Aside to* Cato.
Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident:
Immoderate valour swells into a fault,
And fear, admitted into publick counsels,
Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
Are grown thus desperate. We have bulwarks round us;

66. Heaven's] Heav'ns, 1713.
75. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
81. Immoderate] Immod'rate, 1713.
82. counsels] Councils, 1713.
85. desperate] desp'rate, 1713.

Within our walls are troops enured to toil
In *Africk*'s heats, and season'd to the sun;
Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
Ready to rise at its young Prince's call.
While there is hope, do not distrust the Gods;
But wait at least 'till *Cæsar*'s near approach
Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
Why should *Rome* fall a moment ere her time?
No, let us draw her term of freedom out
In its full length, and spin it to the last,
So shall we gain still one day's liberty;
And let me perish, but, in *Cato*'s judgment,
A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gates
Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arrived
From *Cæsar*'s camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
The *Roman* knight; he carries in his looks
Impatience, and demands to speak with *Cato*.
Cato. By your permission, fathers, bid him enter.
[*Exit* Marcus.
Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to *Cæsar*.
His message may determine our resolves.

SCENE II.

DECIUS, CATO, &c.

Dec. *Cæsar* sends health to Cato.—
Cato. Could he send it
To *Cato*'s slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
Are not your orders to address the Senate?
Dec. My business is with *Cato*: *Cæsar* sees

SCENE II. . . . &c.] Not in 1713. Stage direction is: *Enter* Decius; in 1713 (7) SCENE II. DECIUS, CATO.

The streights, to which you're driven; and, as he knows
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.
Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of *Rome:*
Would he save *Cato?* bid him spare his country.
Tell your Dictator this: and tell him, *Cato*
Disdains a life, which he has power to offer.
Dec. *Rome* and her Senators submit to *Cæsar*;
Her Generals and her Consuls are no more,
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæsar*'s friend?
Cato. Those very reasons, thou hast urged, forbid it.
Dec. *Cato,* I've orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from friend to friend:
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
And threatens every hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
Do but comply, and make your peace with *Cæsar.*
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on *Cato,*
As on the second of mankind.
Cato. No more!
I must not think of life on such conditions.
Dec. *Cæsar* is well acquainted with your virtues,
And therefore sets this value on your life:
Let him but know the price of *Cato*'s friendship,
And name your terms.
Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
Restore the common-wealth to liberty,
Submit his actions to the publick censure,
And stand the judgment of a Roman Senate.
Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his friend.
Dec. *Cato,* the world talks loudly of your wisdom—
Cato. Nay more, tho' *Cato*'s voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the guilty, and to vernish crimes,
My self will mount the *Rostrum* in his favour,

6. your] his, 1713; your, 1713 (7).
10. power] Pow'r, 1713; Power, 1713 (7).
12. Generals] Gen'rals, 1713.
19. every] ev'ry, 1713 (7).
35. vernish] varnish, 1713.

And strive to gain his pardon from the people.
Dec. A stile, like this, becomes a Conqueror.
Cato. *Decius*, a stile, like this, becomes a *Roman*.
Dec. What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæsar*'s foe?
Cato. Greater than *Cæsar*: he's a friend to virtue.
Dec. Consider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,
And at the head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the capitol,
With all the mouths of *Rome* to second you.
Cato. Let him consider that, who drives us hither:
'Tis *Cæsar*'s sword has made *Rome*'s Senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas, thy dazled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
But, by the Gods I swear, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that *Cæsar*.
Dec. Does *Cato* send this answer back to *Cæsar*,
For all his generous cares, and proffer'd friendship?
Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain:
Presumptuous man! the Gods take care of *Cato*.
Would *Cæsar* show the greatness of his soul?
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.
Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a Man. You rush on your destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassie,
All *Rome* will be in tears. [*Exit* Decius.

52–3. and crimes That] and Crimes, That, 1713.
59. generous] gen'rous, 1713.
62–3. his soul? Bid] his Soul, Bid, 1713; his Soul? Bid 1713 (7).
64. power] Pow'r, 1713.
67. You are a Man] That you're a Man, 1713; You are a Man, 1713 (7).

Scene III.

Sempronius, Lucius, Cato, &c.

Semp. *Cato*, we thank thee.
The mighty genius of immortal *Rome*
Speaks in thy voice, thy soul breathes liberty:
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.
Luc. The Senate ownes its gratitude to *Cato*,
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.
Semp. *Sempronius* gives no thanks on this account.
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is Life?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air
From time to time, or gaze upon the Sun;
'Tis to be Free. When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.
O could my dying hand but lodge a sword
In *Cæsar*'s bosom, and revenge my country,
By Heavens I could enjoy the pangs of death,
And smile in agony.
Luc. Others perhaps
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.
Semp. This sober conduct is a mighty virtue
In luke-warm Patriots.
Cato. Come! no more, *Sempronius*,
All here are friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker side,
By our divisions.
Semp. *Cato*, my resentments
Are sacrificed to *Rome*—I stand reproved.
Cato. Fathers, 'tis time you come to a resolve.
Luc. *Cato*, we all go into your opinion.
Cæsar's behaviour has convinced the Senate
We ought to hold it out 'till terms arrive.

Scene III. . . . &c.] Not in 1713; in 1713 (7) Scene III. Sempronius, Lucius, Cato.

17. Heavens] Heav'ns, 1713.

Semp. We ought to hold it out 'till death; but, *Cato*,
My private voice is drown'd amid the Senate's.
Cato. Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill
This little interval, this pause of life,
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful)
With resolution, friendship, *Roman* bravery,
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heaven may say, it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewel—The young *Numidian* Prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

Scene IV.

Cato, Juba.

Cato. *Juba*, the *Roman* Senate has resolv'd,
'Till time give better prospects, still to keep
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on *Cæsar*.
Juba. The resolution fits a *Roman* Senate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy patience,
And condescend to hear a young man speak.
My father, when some days before his death
He order'd me to march for *Utica*
(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)
Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged arms,
And, as his griefs gave way, my son, said he,
Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,
Be *Cato*'s friend, he'll train thee up to great
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.
Cato. *Juba*, thy father was a worthy Prince,
And merited, alas! a better fate;
But Heaven thought otherwise.

36. bravery] Brav'ry, 1713.
38. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
40.] 1713 adds *Ex. Senators.*
Scene IV. Cato, Juba] Not in 1713. Stage direction is, *Enter* Juba.
18. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.

Juba. My father's fate,
In spight of all the fortitude, that shines
Before my face, in *Cato*'s great example,
Subdues my soul, and fills my eyes with tears.
Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.
Juba. My father drew respect from foreign climes:
The Kings of *Africk* sought him for their friend;
Kings far remote, that rule, as fame reports,
Behind the hidden sources of the *Nile*,
In distant worlds, on t'other side the Sun:
Oft have their black ambassadors appeared,
Loaden with gifts, and fill'd the courts of *Zama*.
Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's greatness!
Juba. I would not boast the greatness of my father,
But point out new alliances to *Cato*.
Had we not better leave this *Utica*,
To arm *Numidia* in our cause, and court
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?
Did they know *Cato*, our remotest Kings
Would pour embattled multitudes about him;
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our plains,
Doubling the native horrour of the war,
And making death more grim.
Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the sword of *Cæsar*?
Reduced like *Hannibal*, to seek relief
From court to court, and wander up and down,
A vagabond in *Africk*!
Juba. *Cato*, perhaps
I'm too officious, but my forward cares
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.
Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.
But know, young Prince, that valour soars above
What the world calls misfortune and affliction.
These are not ills; else would they never fall
On Heaven's first favourites, and the best of men:
The Gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,

35. powerful] pow'rful, 1713.
53. Heaven's first favourites] Heav'ns first Fav'rites, 1713.

That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues, which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.
Juba. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for virtue!
And all my soul endeavours at perfection.
Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and toil,
Laborious virtues all? learn them from *Cato*:
Success and fortune must thou learn from *Cæsar*.
Juba. The best good fortune that can fall on *Juba*,
The whole success, at which my heart aspires,
Depends on *Cato*.
Cato. What does *Juba* say?
Thy words confound me.
Juba. I would fain retract them,
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.
Cato. Tell me thy wish, young Prince; make not my ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Juba. Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.
Cato. What can *Juba* ask
That *Cato* will refuse!
Juba. I fear to name it.
Marcia—inherits all her father's virtues.
Cato. What would'st thou say?
Juba. *Cato*, thou hast a daughter.
Cato. Adieu, young Prince: I would not hear a word
Should lessen thee in my esteem: remember
The hand of fate is over us, and Heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts:
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.

57. which] that, 1713; which, 1713 (5) (7).
77. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
80.] 1713 adds *Exit.*

Scene V.

Syphax, Juba.

Syph. How's this, my Prince! what, cover'd with confusion?
You look as if yon stern Philosopher
Had just now chid you.
Juba. *Syphax*, I'm undone!
Syph. I know it well.
Juba. *Cato* thinks meanly of me.
Syph. And so will all mankind.
Juba. I've opened to him
The weakness of my soul, my love for *Marcia*.
Syph. *Cato*'s a proper person to entrust
A love-tale with.
Juba. Oh, I could pierce my heart,
My foolish heart! was ever wretch like *Juba*?
Syph. Alas, my Prince, how are you changed of late!
I've known young *Juba* rise, before the Sun,
To beat the thicket where the Tiger slept,
Or seek the Lion in his dreadful haunts:
How did the colour mount into your cheeks,
When first you roused him to the chase! I've seen you,
Even in the *Libyan* Dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the rage
Of fangs and claws, and stooping from your Horse
Rivet the panting savage to the ground.
Juba. Pr'ythee, no more!
Syph. How would the old King smile
To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with gold,
And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoulders!
Juba. *Syphax*, this old man's talk (tho' honey flow'd

Scene V. Syphax, Juba] Not in 1713. Stage direction is, *Enter* Syphax; in 1713 (7) as above.
16. Even] Ev'n, 1713.

In every word) would now lose all its sweetness.
Cato's displeas'd, and *Marcia* lost for ever!
Syph. Young Prince, I yet could give you good advice.
Marcia might still be yours.
Juba. What say'st thou, *Syphax*?
By heavens, thou turn'st me all into attention.
Syph. *Marcia* might still be yours.
Juba. As how, dear *Syphax*?
Syph. *Juba* commands *Numidia*'s hardy troops,
Mounted on steeds, unused to the restraint
Of curbes or bittes, and fleeter than the winds:
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel up,
And bear her off.
Juba. Can such dishonest thoughts
Rise up in man! would'st thou seduce my youth
To do an act that would destroy my honour?
Syph. Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced men
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.
Juba. Would'st thou degrade thy Prince into a Ruffian?
Syph. The boasted Ancestors of these great men,
Whose virtues you admire, were all such Ruffians.
This dread of nations, this almighty *Rome*,
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds
All under Heaven, was founded on a Rape.
Your *Scipio*'s, *Cæsar*'s, *Pompey*'s, and your *Cato*'s,
(These Gods on earth) are all the spurious brood
Of violated maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.
Juba. *Syphax*, I fear that hoary head of thine
Abounds too much in our *Numidian* wiles.
Syph. Indeed, my Prince, you want to know the world;
You have not read mankind; your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a *Roman* soul,

24. every] ev'ry, 1713.
28. heavens] Heav'ns, 1713.
46. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.

Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of virtue.
Juba. If knowledge of the world makes man perfidious,
May *Juba* ever live in ignorance!
Syph. Go, go, you're young.
Juba. Gods, must I tamely bear
This arrogance unanswer'd! thou'rt a traitor,
A false old traitor.
Syph. I have gone too far. [*Aside.*
Juba. *Cato* shall know the baseness of thy soul.
Syph. I must appease this storm, or perish in it. [*Aside.*
Young Prince, behold these locks that are grown white
Beneath a helmet in your father's battels.
Juba. Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.
Syph. Must one rash word, th' infirmity of age,
Throw down the merit of my better years?
This the reward of a whole life of service!
—Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*
Juba. Is it because the throne of my fore-fathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that *Numidia*'s crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose head it shall enclose,
Thou thus presumest to treat thy Prince with scorn?
Syph. Why will you rive my heart with such expressions?
Does not old *Syphax* follow you to war?
What are his aims? why does he load with darts
His trembling hand, and crush beneath a cask
His wrinkled brows? what is it he aspires to;
Is it not this? to shed the slow remains,
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?
Juba. *Syphax*, no more! I would not hear you talk.
Syph. Not hear me talk! what, when my faith to *Juba*,
My royal master's son, is call'd in question?
My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my tongue,
And languish out old age in his displeasure.
Juba. Thou know'st the way too well into my heart,

I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.
Syph. What greater instance can I give? I've offer'd
To do an action, which my soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any price.
Juba. Was this thy motive? I have been too hasty.
Syph. And 'tis for this my Prince has called me traitor.
Juba. Sure thou mistakest; I did not call thee so.
Syph. You did indeed, my Prince, you called me traitor:
Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to *Cato*.
Of what, my Prince, would you complain to *Cato*?
That *Syphax* loves you, and would sacrifice
His life, nay more, his honour in your service.
Juba. *Syphax*, I know thou lov'st me, but indeed
Thy zeal for *Juba* carried thee too far.
Honour's a sacred tie, the law of Kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not:
It ought not to be sported with.
Syph. By Heavens
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me!
Alas, I've hitherto been used to think
A blind officious zeal to serve my King
The ruling principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a subject's heart.
Happy the people, who preserve their honour,
By the same duties, that oblige their Prince!
Juba. *Syphax*, thou now begin'st to speak thy self.
Numidia's grown a scorn among the nations
For breach of publick vows. Our *Punick* faith
Is infamous, and branded to a proverb.
Syphax, we'll join our cares, to purge away
Our country's crimes, and clear her reputation.

106. Heavens] Heav'ns, 1713.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, you make old *Syphax* weep
To hear you talk—but 'tis with tears of joy.
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brows,
Numidia will be blest by *Cato*'s lectures.
Juba. *Syphax*, thy hand! we'll mutually forget
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age:
Thy Prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy person.
If e'er the scepter comes into my hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.
Syph. Why will you overwhelm my age with kindness?
My joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.
Juba. *Syphax*, farewel, I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest occasion that may set me right
In *Cato*'s thoughts. I'd rather have that man
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.
Syph. (*solus*). Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both—A false old traitor!
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds:—
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine——

Scene VI.

Syphax, Sempronius.

Syph. All hail, *Sempronius*!
Well, *Cato*'s senate is resolv'd to wait
The fury of a siege, before it yields.
Semp. *Syphax*, we both were on the verge of fate:
Lucius declared for Peace, and terms were offer'd
To *Cato* by a messenger from *Cæsar*.
Should they submit, e'er our designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common wreck,

134.] 1713 adds *Exit.*

Scene VI. Syphax, Sempronius] Not in 1713. Stage direction is, *Enter* Sempronius; in 1713 (7) as above.

Lost in a general undistinguish'd ruine.
Syph. But how stands *Cato*?
Semp. Thou hast seen mount *Atlas*:
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its height.
Such is that haughty man; his towering soul,
'Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on *Cæsar*.
Syph. But what's this Messenger?
Semp. I've practis'd with him,
And found a means to let the victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his friends.
But let me now examine in my turn:
Is *Juba* fixt?
Syph. Yes,—but it is to *Cato*.
I've try'd the force of every reason on him,
Sooth'd and caress'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid safety, life, and interest in his sight,
But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.
Semp. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty figure in a triumph,
And serve to trip before the victor's chariot.
Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy *Juba*'s cause, and wishest *Marcia* mine.
Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have her!
Semp. *Syphax*, I love that woman; though I curse
Her and my self, yet spight of me, I love her.
Syph. Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a trifle.
But are thy troops prepared for a revolt?
Does the sedition catch from man to man,
And run among their ranks?
Semp. All, all is ready,
The factious leaders are our friends, that spread

14. towering] tow'ring, 1713.
21. Yes,—but] Yes, but 1713.
22. every] ev'ry, 1713.
24. interest] Int'rest, 1713.

Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers.
They count their toilsome marches, long fatigues,
Unusual fastings, and will bear no more
This medly of Philosophy and War.
Within an hour they'll storm the Senate-house.
Syph. Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian* troops
Within the square, to exercise their arms,
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.
I laugh to think how your unshaken *Cato*
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction
Pours in upon him thus from every side.
So, where our wide *Numidian* wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous hurricanes descend,
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away.
The helpless traveller, with wild surprize,
Sees the dry desart all around him rise,
And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

MARCUS *and* PORTIUS.

Marc. THANKS to my stars, I have not ranged about
The wilds of life, e'er I could find a friend;
Nature first pointed out my *Portius* to me,
And early taught me, by her secret force,
To love thy person, e'er I knew thy merit;
'Till, what was instinct, grew up into friendship.
Port. *Marcus*, the friendships of the world are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

57.] 1713 adds *Exeunt.*
After 57, *End of the Second Act* is added in 1713.
8. Confederacies] Confed'racies, 1713.

Marc. *Portius*, thou know'st my soul in all its weakness,
Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side,
Indulge me but in love, my other passions
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.
Port. When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to love.
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.
I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,
(I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its force,
'Till better times may make it look more graceful.
Marc. Alas; thou talk'st like one who never felt
Th' impatient throbbs and longings of a soul,
That pants, and reaches after distant good.
A lover does not live by vulgar time:
Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia*'s absence
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden;
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,
I'm ten times more undone; while hope and fear,
And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at once,
And with variety of pain distract me.
Port. What can thy *Portius* do to give thee help?
Marc. *Portius*, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's presence:
Then undertake my cause, and plead it to her
With all the strength and heats of eloquence
Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his bloom;
That he forgets his sleep, and loaths his food,
That youth, and health, and war are joyless to him;
Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,
And all the torments that thou seest me suffer.
Port. *Marcus*, I beg thee give me not an office,
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my temper.
Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my woes?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,
To raise me from amidst this plunge of sorrows?
Port. *Marcus*, thou canst not ask what I'd refuse.

But here believe me I've a thousand reasons——
Marc. I know thou'lt say my passion's out of season,
That *Cato's* great example and misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my thoughts.
But what's all this to one who loves like me!
Oh *Portius, Portius,* from my soul I wish
Thou didst but know thy self what 'tis to love!
Then wouldst thou pity and assist thy brother.
Port. What should I do! if I disclose my passion
Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,
The world will call me false to a friend and brother.
[*Aside.*
Marc. But see where *Lucia,* at her wonted hour,
Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! observe her, *Portius*!
That face, that shape, those eyes, that Heaven of beauty!
Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st.
Port. She sees us, and advances—
Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius,*
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

Scene II.

Lucia, Portius.

Lucia. Did not I see your brother *Marcus* here?
Why did he fly the place, and shun my presence?
Port. Oh, *Lucia,* language is too faint to show
His rage of love; it preys upon his life;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies:
His passions and his virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a tumult,

62. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
66.] 1713 adds *Exit.*
Scene II. Lucia, Portius] Not in 1713. Stage direction is, *Enter* Lucia; in 1713 (7) as above.

That the whole man is quite disfigur'd in him.
Heavens! would one think 'twere possible for love
To make such ravage in a noble soul!
Oh, *Lucia*, I'm distrest! my heart bleeds for him;
Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy presence,
A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smilest upon me.
Lucia. How wilt thou guard thy honour, in the shock
Of love and friendship! think betimes, my *Portius*,
Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure
Our mutual bliss, would raise to such a height
Thy brother's griefs, as might perhaps destroy him.
Port. Alas, poor youth! what dost thou think, my *Lucia*?
His generous, open, undesigning heart
Has beg'd his rival to sollicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a denial,
But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy hours,
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon us—
Lucia. No, *Portius*, no! I see thy sister's tears,
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves.
And, *Portius*, here I swear, to Heaven I swear,
To Heaven, and all the powers that judge mankind,
Never to mix my plighted hands with thine,
While such a cloud of mischiefs hangs about us,
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out
From all my thoughts, as far—as I am able.
Port. What hast thou said! I'm thunder-struck! —recall
Those hasty words, or I am lost for ever.
Lucia. Has not the Vow already pass'd my lips?

9. Heavens] Heav'ns, 1713.
12. Even] Ev'n, 1713.
21. generous] gen'rous, 1713.
25. glimmering] glimm'ring, 1713.
31. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
32. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
32. powers] Pow'rs, 1713.

The Gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heaven.
May all the vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd heads, o'erwhelm me, if I break it!
Port. Fixt in astonishment, I gaze upon thee;
Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful looks: a monument of wrath!
Lucia. At length I've acted my severest part,
I feel the woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my heart! my tears will flow,
But oh I'll think no more! the hand of fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.
Port. Hard-hearted, cruel maid!
Lucia. Oh stop those sounds,
Those killing sounds! why dost thou frown upon me?
My blood runs cold, my heart forgets to heave,
And life it self goes out at thy displeasure.
The Gods forbid us to indulge our loves,
But oh! I cannot bear thy hate, and live!
Port. Talk not of love, thou never knew'st its force,
I've been deluded, led into a dream
Of fancied bliss. Oh *Lucia*, cruel maid!
Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with death, still sounds
In my stunn'd ears. What shall I say or do?
Quick, let us part! perdition's in thy presence,
And horror dwells about thee!—hah, she faints!
Wretch that I am! what has my rashness done!
Lucia, thou injur'd innocence! thou best
And loveliest of thy sex! awake, my *Lucia*,
Or *Portius* rushes on his sword to join thee.
—Her imprecations reach not to the tomb,
They shut not out society in death—
But hah! she moves! life wanders up and down
Through all her face, and lights up every charm.
Lucia. O *Portius*, was this well!—to frown on her
That lives upon thy smiles! to call in doubt

After 42, Stage direction, *After a Pause*, 1713.
44. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
55. it self] its self, 1713.
72. every] ev'ry, 1713 (5) (7).

The faith of one expiring at thy feet,
That loves thee more than ever woman lov'd!
—What do I say? my half-recover'd sense
Forgets the Vow in which my soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us! we must part.
Port. Name not the word, my frighted thoughts run back,
And startle into madness at the sound.
Lucia. What would'st thou have me do? consider well
The train of ills our love would draw behind it.
Think, *Portius*, think, thou seest thy dying brother
Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with blood,
Storming at heaven and thee! thy awful Sire
Sternly demands the cause, th' accursed cause,
That robs him of his son! poor *Marcia* trembles,
Then tears her hair, and frantick in her griefs
Calls out on *Lucia*! what could *Lucia* answer?
Or how stand up in such a scene of sorrow!
Port. To my confusion, and eternal grief,
I must approve the sentence that destroys me.
The mist, that hung about my mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the terrors that thy Vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms.
Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! thou art all divine!
Lucia. *Portius*, no more! thy words shoot through my heart,
Melt my resolves, and turn me all to love.
Why are those tears of fondness in thy eyes?
Why heaves thy heart? why swells thy soul with sorrow?
It softens me too much—farewel, my *Portius*,
Farewel, though death is in the word, For-ever!
Port. Stay, *Lucia*, stay! what dost thou say? For-ever?
Lucia. Have I not sworn? if, *Portius*, thy success

86. heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
98. Loveliest] Lovely'st, 1713; Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.

Must throw thy brother on his fate, farewell,
Oh, how shall I repeat the word! For-ever!
Port. Thus o'er the dying lamp th' unsteady flame
Hangs quivering on a point, leaps off by fits,
And falls again, as loath to quit its hold.
—Thou must not go, my soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.
Lucia. If the firm *Portius* shake
To hear of parting, think what *Lucia* suffers!
Port. 'Tis true; unruffled and serene I've met
The common accidents of life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for storm of ills falls on me,
It beats down all my strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.
Lucia. What dost thou say? not part?
Hast thou forgot the Vow that I have made?
Are there not heavens, and gods, and thunder, o'er us!
—But see! thy brother *Marcus* bends this way!
I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell,
Farewell, and know thou wrong'st me, if thou think'st
Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

Scene III.

Marcus, Portius.

Marc. *Portius,* what hopes? how stands she? am I doom'd
To life or death?
Port. What would'st thou have me say?
Marc. What means this pensive posture? thou appear'st
Like one amazed and terrified.
Port. I've reason.

112. quivering] quiv'ring, 1713.
123. heavens] Heav'ns, 1713.
127.] 1713 adds *Exit.*
Scene III. Marcus, Portius] Not in 1713. Stage direction is, *Enter* Marcus. In 1713 (7) as above.

Marc. Thy down-cast looks, and thy disorder'd thoughts
Tell me my fate. I ask not the success
My cause has found.
Port. I'm griev'd I undertook it.
Marc. What? does the barbarous maid insult my heart,
My aking heart! and triumph in my pains?
That I could cast her from my thoughts for-ever?
Port. Away! you're too suspicious in your griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.
Marc. Compassionates my pains, and pities me!
What is compassion when 'tis void of love!
Fool that I was to chuse so cold a friend
To urge my cause! Compassionates my pains!
Pr'ythee what art, what rhetorick did'st thou use
To gain this mighty boon? She pities me!
To one that asks the warm return of love,
Compassion's cruelty, 'tis scorn, 'tis death—
Port. *Marcus*, no more! have I deserv'd this treatment?
Marc. What have I said! O *Portius*, O forgive me!
A soul exasperated in ills falls out
With every thing, its friend, its self—but hah!
What means that shout, big with the sounds of war?
What new alarm?
Port. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the winds, and comes more full upon us.
Marc. Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in battel!
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy disdain
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me ease.
Port. Quick, let us hence; who knows if *Cato*'s life
Stand sure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my heart
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for glory.

18. rhetorick] Rhet'rick, 1713.
20. return] Returns, 1713.
24. exasperated] exasp'rated, 1713.
25. every] ev'ry, 1713.

Scene IV.

Sempronius *with the leaders of the mutiny.*

Semp. At length the winds are rais'd, the storm blows high,
Be it your care, my friends, to keep it up
In its full fury, and direct it right,
'Till it has spent it self on *Cato*'s head.
Mean while I'll herd among his friends, and seem
One of the number, that what e'er arrive,
My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.
1 *Leader.* We all are safe, *Sempronius* is our friend,
Sempronius is as brave a man as *Cato.*
But heark! he enters. Bear up boldly to him;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast.
This day will end our toils, and give us rest!
Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our friend.

Scene V.

Cato, Sempronius, Lucius, Portius, Marcus, &c.

Cato. Where are these bold intrepid sons of war,
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,
And to their General send a brave defiance?
Semp. Curse on their dastard souls, they stand astonish'd! [*Aside.*
Cato. Perfidious men! and will you thus dishonour
Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?
Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for *Rome,*
Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,

Scene IV. Sempronius *with the leaders of the mutiny*] *Exeunt. Enter* Sempronius *with the Leaders of the Mutiny,* 1713.

7.] 1713 (5, 7) add *Exit.*

Scene V. Cato, Sempronius, Lucius, Portius, Marcus, &c.] *Enter* Cato, Sempronius, Lucius, Portius, *and* Marcus, 1713; in 1713 (7) as above.

Drew you thus far; but hopes to share the spoil
Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?
Fired with such motives you do well to join
With *Cato*'s foes, and follow *Cæsar*'s banners.
Why did I 'scape th' invenom'd Aspic's rage,
And all the fiery monsters of the desart,
To see this day? why could not *Cato* fall
Without your guilt? behold, ungrateful men,
Behold my bosom naked to your swords,
And let the man that's injured strike the blow.
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater ills than *Cato*?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,
Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares!
Painful pre-eminence!
Semp. By heavens they droop!
Confusion to the villains! all is lost. [*Aside.*
Cato. Have you forgotten *Libya*'s burning waste,
Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,
Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,
When life was hazarded in every step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious march,
When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream
You sunk the river with repeated draughts,
Who was the last in all your host that thirsted?
Semp. If some penurious source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full helmet up to *Cato*,
Did he not dash th' untasted moisture from him?
Did not he lead you through the mid-day Sun,
And clouds of dust? did not his temples glow
In the same sultry winds, and scorching heats?
Cato. Hence worthless men! hence! and complain to *Cæsar*
You could not undergo the toils of war,
Nor bear the hardships that your leader bore.
Luc. See, *Cato*, see, th' unhappy men! they weep!

13. th' invenom'd] the invenom'd, 1713.
23. heavens] Heav'ns, 1713.
29. every] ev'ry, 1713.

Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime,
Appear in every look, and plead for mercy.
Cato. Learn to be honest men, give up your leaders,
And pardon shall descend on all the rest.
Semp. *Cato,* commit these wretches to my care.
First let 'em each be broken on the rack,
Then, with what life remains, impaled and left
To writhe at leasure round the bloody stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the southern wind.
The partners of their crime will learn obedience,
When they look up and see their fellow-traitors
Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the Sun.
Luc. *Sempronius,* why, why wilt thou urge the fate
Of wretched men ?
Semp. How ! would'st thou clear rebellion !
Lucius (good man) pities the poor offenders,
That would imbrue their hands in *Cato*'s blood.
Cato. Forbear, *Sempronius !*—see they suffer death,
But in their deaths remember they are Men.
Strain not the laws to make their tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degenerate age requires
Severity, and justice in its rigour ;
This awes an impious, bold, offending world,
Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.
When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,
The Gods behold their punishment with pleasure,
And lay th' uplifted thunder-bolt aside.
Semp. *Cato,* I execute thy will with pleasure.
Cato. Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down,
From age to age, by your renown'd Fore-fathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood)
O let it never perish in your hands !
But piously transmit it to your children.
Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

46. every] ev'ry, 1713. 56. blackening] black'ning, 1713.
64. degenerate] degen'rate, 1713 (7).
74. generous] gen'rous, 1713. 81.] 1713 adds *Exe.* Cato, *&c.*

Scene VI.

Sempronius *and the leaders of the mutiny.*

1 Leader. *Sempronius,* you have acted like your self,
One would have thought you had been half in earnest.
Semp. Villain, stand off! base groveling worthless wretches,
Mongrils in faction, poor faint-hearted traitors!
2 *Leader.* Nay, now you carry it too far, *Sempronius*:
Throw off the mask, there are none here but friends.
Semp. Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume
To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,
They're thrown neglected by: but if it fails,
They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.
Here, take these factious monsters, drag 'em forth
To sudden death.

Enter Guards.

1 *Leader.* Nay, since it comes to this—
Semp. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their tongues,
Least with their dying breath they sow sedition.

Scene VII.

Syphax *and* Sempronius.

Syph. Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an after-game to play:

Scene VI.] Not in 1713.
3. groveling] grov'ling, 1713.
Scene VII. Syphax *and* Sempronius] Not in 1713. Stage direction is, *Exeunt Guards with the Leaders. Enter* Syphax; 1713 (7) has [*Exeunt Guards with the Leaders.* Scene VII., &c., as above.
1. prov'd] proved, 1713.

My troops are mounted; their *Numidian* steeds
Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desart:
Let but *Sempronius* head us in our flight,
We'll force the gate where *Marcus* keeps his guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our passage.
A day will bring us into *Cæsar*'s camp.
Semp. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my purpose:
Marcia, the charming *Marcia*'s left behind!
Syph. How? will *Sempronius* turn a woman's slave!
Semp. Think not thy friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly warmth, and tenderness of love.
Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty maid,
And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.
Syph. Well said! that's spoken like thy self, *Sempronius*.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly force?
Semp. But how to gain admission? for access
Is given to none but *Juba*, and her brothers.
Syph. Thou shalt have *Juba*'s dress, and *Juba*'s guards:
The doors will open, when *Numidia*'s Prince
Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.
Semp. Heavens what a thought is there! *Marcia*'s my own!
How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,
When I behold her struggling in my arms,
With glowing beauty, and disorder'd charms,
While fear and anger, with alternate grace,
Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!
So *Pluto*, seiz'd of *Proserpine*, convey'd
To hell's tremendous gloom th' affrighted maid,
There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,
Nor envy'd *Jove* his sun-shine and his skies.

25. Heavens what] Heav'ns, what, 1713.
After 34, *End of the Third Act* is added in 1713.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

Lucia. Now tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy soul,
If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman
To suffer greater ills than *Lucia* suffers?
Marcia. O *Lucia*, *Lucia*, might my big-swoln heart
Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow:
Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace
With all thy woes, and count out tear for tear.
Lucia. I know thou'rt doom'd alike, to be belov'd
By *Juba*, and thy father's friend *Sempronius*;
But which of these has power to charm like *Portius!*
Marcia. Still must I beg thee not to name *Sempronius?*
Lucia, I like not that loud boisterous man;
Juba to all the bravery of a Heroe
Adds softest love, and more than female sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our sex,
Any of woman-kind, but *Marcia*, happy.
Lucia. And why not *Marcia?* come, you strive in vain
To hide your thoughts from one, who knows too well
The inward glowings of a heart in love.
Marcia. While *Cato* lives, his daughter has no right
To love or hate, but as his choice directs.
Lucia. But should this father give you to *Sempronius?*
Marcia. I dare not think he will: but if he should—
Why wilt thou add to all the griefs I suffer
Imaginary ills, and fancy'd tortures?
I hear the sound of feet! they march this way!
Let us retire, and try if we can drown
Each softer thought in sense of present danger.

4. big-swoln] big swoln, 1713; big-swoln, 1713 (7).
12. boisterous] boist'rous, 1713.
13. bravery] Brav'ry, 1713.

When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spight of all the virtue we can boast)
The woman that deliberates is lost.

Scene II.

Sempronius, *dress'd like* Juba, *with* Numidian *guards.*

Semp. The Deer is lodg'd. I've track'd her to her covert.
Be sure you mind the Word, and when I give it,
Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey.
Let not her cries or tears have force to move you.
—How will the young *Numidian* rave, to see
His mistress lost; if aught could glad my soul,
Beyond th' enjoyment of so bright a prize,
'Twould be to torture that young gay Barbarian.
—But heark, what noise! death to my hopes! 'tis he,
'Tis *Juba*'s self! there is but one way left—
He must be murder'd, and a passage cut
Through those his guards.—Hah, dastards, do you tremble!
Or act like men, or by yon' azure Heaven—

Enter Juba.

Juba. What do I see? who's this that dares usurp
The guards and habit of *Numidia*'s Prince?
Semp. One that was born to scourge thy arrogance,
Presumptuous youth!
Juba. What can this mean? *Sempronius!*
Semp. My sword shall answer thee. Have at thy heart.

Scene II. Sempronius, *dress'd like* Juba, *with* Numidian *guards*] Not in 1713. Stage direction has [*Exeunt. Enter* Sempronius, . . . *Guards*; in 1713 (7) Scene II. *Enter* Sempronius . . . Guards.
13. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
15. habit] Habits, 1713.

Juba. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous man! [Semp. *falls. His guards surrender.*

Semp. Curse on my stars! am I then doom'd to fall
By a boy's hand? disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian dress, and for a worthless woman?
Gods, I'm distracted! this my close of life!
O for a peal of thunder that would make
Earth, sea, and air, and Heaven, and *Cato* tremble!
[*Dies.*

Juba. With what a spring his furious soul broke loose,
And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!
Hence let us carry off those slaves to *Cato*,
That we may there at length unravel all
This dark design, this mystery of fate.

SCENE III.

LUCIA *and* MARCIA.

Lucia. Sure 'twas the clash of swords; my troubled heart
Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its sorrows,
It throbs with fear, and akes at every sound.
O *Marcia*, should thy brothers for my sake!—
I die away with horror at the thought.

Marcia. See, *Lucia*, see! here's blood! here's blood and murder!
Hah! a *Numidian*! Heavens preserve the Prince:
The face lies muffled up within the garment.
But hah! death to my sight! a diadem,
And purple robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!

19. barbarous] barbrous, 1713; barbarous, 1713 (5).
25. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
27. quivering] quiv'ring, 1713.

SCENE III. LUCIA *and* MARCIA] Not in 1713. Stage direction has [*Exit* Juba *with Prisoners*, &c. *Enter* Lucia *and* Marcia; 1713 (7) has [*Exit* . . . &c. SCENE III. *Enter* . . . Marcia.

3. every] ev'ry, 1713.
7. Heavens] Heav'ns, 1713 (7).

Juba, the loveliest youth that ever warm'd
A Virgin's heart, *Juba* lies dead before us!
Lucia. Now, *Marcia*, now call up to thy assistance
Thy wonted strength, and constancy of mind;
Thou can'st not put it to a greater tryal.
Marcia. *Lucia*, look there, and wonder at my patience.
Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted!
Lucia. What can I think or say to give thee comfort?
Marcia. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills:
Behold a sight, that strikes all comfort dead.

Enter JUBA *listning.*

I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair,
That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.
Juba. What do I hear? and was the false *Sempronius*
That best of men? O had I fallen like him,
And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy!
Lucia. Here will I stand, companion in thy woes,
And help thee with my tears; when I behold
A loss like thine, I half forget my own.
Marcia. 'Tis not in fate to ease my tortur'd breast.
This empty world, to me a joyless desart,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.
Juba. I'm on the rack! was he so near her heart?
Marcia. Oh he was all made up of love and charms,
Whatever maid could wish, or man admire:
Delight of every eye! when he appear'd,
A secret pleasure gladned all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd
To hear his virtues, and old age grew wise.
Juba. I shall run mad——
Marcia. O *Juba! Juba! Juba!*
Juba. What means that voice? did she not call on *Juba?*

26. fallen] fall'n, 1713.
37. every] ev'ry, 1713.

Marcia. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.
Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,
Amidst its agonies, remember'd *Marcia*,
And the last words he utter'd call'd me Cruel!
Alas, he knew not, hapless youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole soul was full of love and *Juba?*
Juba. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What *Marcia* thinks! all is *Elisium* round me!
Marcia. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of men!
Nor modesty nor virtue here forbid
A last embrace, while thus——
Juba. See, *Marcia*, see, [*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy *Juba* lives! he lives to catch
That dear embrace, and to return it too
With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.
Marcia. With pleasure and amaze, I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a dream! dead and alive at once!
If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?
Juba. A wretch,
Disguised like *Juba* on a curs'd design.
The tale is long, nor have I heard it out.
Thy father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,
But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee,
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,
Am rapt with joy to see my *Marcia*'s tears.
Marcia. I've been surprized in an unguarded hour,
But must not now go back: the love, that lay
Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through all
Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre,
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.
Juba. I'm lost in ecstasie! and dost thou love,
Thou charming maid?
Marcia. And dost thou live to ask it?
Juba. This, this is life indeed! life worth preserving,

54. [*Throwing himself before her*] Not in 1713; in 1713 (7).
67. rapt] wrap'd, 1713; wrapp'd, 1713 (7).

Such life as *Juba* never felt 'till now!
Marcia. Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know my self how much I lov'd thee.
Juba. O fortunate mistake!
Marcia. O happy *Marcia*!
Juba. My joy! my best beloved! my only wish!
How shall I speak the transport of my soul!
Marcia. *Lucia,* thy arm! Oh let me rest upon it!—
The vital blood, that had forsook my heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—
O Prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But fate has wrested the confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour,
Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,
And make the gods propitious to our love.
Juba. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all
Thy past unkindness. I absolve my stars.
What though *Numidia* add her conquer'd towns
And provinces to swell the victor's triumph!
Juba will never at his fate repine;
Let *Cæsar* have the world, if *Marcia*'s mine.

Scene IV.—*A March at a Distance.*

Cato *and* Lucius.

Luc. I stand astonisht! what, the bold *Sempronius*!
That still broke foremost through the crowd of Patriots,
As with a hurricane of zeal transported,
And virtuous ev'n to madness——
Cato. Trust me, *Lucius,*
Our civil discords have produced such crimes,

After 90, 1713 has [*Ex.* Marc. *and* Luc.
Scene IV. . . . *and* Lucius] 1713 has *Exit. A March at a Distance.* Enter . . . Lucius.

Such monstrous crimes, I am surprized at nothing.
—O *Lucius*, I am sick of this bad world!
The day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where *Portius* comes! what means this haste?
Why are thy looks thus changed?
Port. My heart is griev'd.
I bring such news as will afflict my father.
Cato. Has *Cæsar* shed more *Roman* blood?
Port. Not so.
The traytor *Syphax*, as within the square
He exercised his troops, the signal given,
Flew off at once with his *Numidian* horse
To the south gate, where *Marcus* holds the watch.
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain,
He tost his arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay and perish like *Sempronius*.
Cato. Perfidious men! but haste my son, and see
Thy brother *Marcus* acts a *Roman*'s part.
—*Lucius*, the torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to force: the conquer'd world
Is *Cæsar*'s: *Cato* has no business in it.
Luc. While pride, oppression, and injustice reign,
The world will still demand her *Cato*'s presence.
In pity to mankind, submit to *Cæsar*,
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.
Cato. Would *Lucius* have me live to swell the number
Of *Cæsar*'s slaves, or by a base submission
Give up the cause of *Rome*, and own a tyrant?
Luc. The victor never will impose on *Cato*
Ungen'rous terms. His enemies confess
The virtues of humanity are *Cæsar*'s.
Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his country.
Such popular humanity is treason——
But see young *Juba!* the good youth appears

14. given] giv'n, 1713.
After 21, 1713 has [*Exit* Portius.

Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.
Luc. Alas, poor Prince! his fate deserves compassion.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy presence, *Cato.*
Cato. What's thy crime?
Juba. I'm a *Numidian.*
Cato. And a brave one too.
Thou hast a *Roman* soul.
Juba. Hast thou not heard
Of my false countrymen?
Cato. Alas, young Prince,
Falshood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes—*Rome* has its *Cæsars.*
Juba. 'Tis gen'rous thus to comfort the distrest.
Cato. 'Tis just to give applause where 'tis deserv'd;
Thy virtue, Prince, has stood the test of fortune,
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight.
Juba. What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd heart
O'erflows with secret joy: I'd rather gain
Thy praise, O *Cato,* than *Numidia*'s empire.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Port. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother *Marcus*—
Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?
Port. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes.

45. every] ev'ry, 1713.
54. *Re-enter* PORTIUS] *Enter* PORTIUS *hastily,* 1713.
57. given] giv'n, 1713.

'Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.
Cato. I'm satisfy'd.
Port. Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierc'd through the false heart of *Syphax.*
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traytor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.
Cato. Thanks to the Gods! my boy has done his duty.
—*Portius*, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urne near mine.
Port. Long may they keep asunder!
Luc. O *Cato*, arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corps of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarm'd,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.
Cato (*meeting the corps*). Welcome my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody coarse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
—Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blush'd if *Cato*'s house had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.
—*Portius*, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.
Juba. Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*
Cato. Alas my friends!
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, *Rome* is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!
Juba. Behold that upright man! *Rome* fills his eyes
With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.
[*Aside.*

Cato. Whate'er the *Roman* virtue has subdu'd,
The Sun's whole course, the day and year, are *Cæsar*'s.
For him the self-devoted *Decii* dy'd,
The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipio*'s conquer'd:
Even *Pompey* fought for *Cæsar.* Oh my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The *Roman* empire fallen! O curst ambition!
Fallen into *Cæsar*'s hands! our great Fore-fathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.
Juba. While *Cato* lives, *Cæsar* will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.
Cato. *Cæsar* ashamed! has not he seen *Pharsalia*!
Luc. *Cato,* 'tis time thou save thy self and us.
Cato. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say I conquer'd *Cato.*
But oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
'Tis now, O *Cæsar,* I begin to fear thee.
Luc. *Cæsar* has mercy, if we ask it of him.
Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, *Cato* did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain *Numidia,*
Or seek the conqueror?—
Juba. If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may heaven abandon *Juba!*
Cato. Thy virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; At *Rome,* hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been *Cato*'s friend.

102. Even] Ev'n, 1713 (7).
104. fallen] fall'n, 1713.
105. fallen] fall'n, 1713.
111. on me, I'm out] on me. I'm out, 1713.
112. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
113. I] I've, 1713.
After 121, 1713 has: That I my self, with Tears, request it of him.
126. heaven] Heav'n, 1713.

Portius, draw near! My son, thou oft hast seen
Thy Sire engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou see'st me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the *Sabine* field,
Where the great *Censor* toil'd with his own hands.
And all our frugal Ancestors were blest
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retired, pray for the peace of *Rome*:
Content thy self to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
Port. I hope, my father does not recommend
A life to *Portius*, that he scorns himself.
Cato. Farewel, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepared by my command,
(Their sails already opening to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wisht-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewel!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where *Cæsar* never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm Patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care)
Tho' still, by faction, vice, and fortune, crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

133. overpower'd] overpow'r'd, 1713.
146. Who dare] That dares, 1713; who dare, 1713 (7).
148. opening] op'ning, 1713.
154. *Pointing to his dead son.*] *Pointing to the Body of his dead Son*, 1713, placed in the margin after 155; in 1713 (7) as above.
After 160, *End of the Fourth Act* is added in 1713.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—CATO solus, *sitting in a thoughtful posture: In his hand* Plato's *book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.*

IT must be so—*Plato*, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on her self, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven it self, that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful, thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lyes before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where!—This world was made for *Cæsar*.
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end 'em.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,

8. heaven] Heav'n, 1713.

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harrass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Scene II.

Cato, Portius.

Cato. But hah! how's this, my son? why this intrusion?
Were not my orders that I would be private?
Why am I disobey'd?
Port. Alas, my father!
What means this sword? this instrument of death?
Let me convey it hence!
Cato. Rash youth, forbear!
Port. O let the prayers, th' entreaties of your friends,
Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from you.
Cato. Would'st thou betray me? would'st thou give me up
A slave, a captive, into *Cæsar*'s hands?
Retire, and learn obedience to a father,
Or know, young man!—

38. offering] off'ring, 1713; heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
40. indifferent] indiff'rent, 1713.
Scene II. Cato, Portius] Not in 1713. Stage direction has, *Enter* Portius.
6. prayers] Pray'rs, 1713.

Port. Look not thus sternly on me;
You know I'd rather die than disobey you.
Cato. 'Tis well! again I'm master of my self.
Now, *Cæsar*, let thy troops beset our gates,
And barr each avenue, thy gathering fleets
O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;
Cato shall open to himself a passage,
And mock thy hopes—
Port. O Sir, forgive your son,
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father!
How am I sure it is not the last time
I e'er shall call you so! be not displeased,
O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you
To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul!
Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.
[*Embracing him.*
Weep not, my son. All will be well again.
The righteous gods, whom I have sought to please,
Will succour *Cato*, and preserve his children.
Port. Your words give comfort to my drooping heart.
Cato. *Portius*, thou may'st rely upon my conduct.
Thy father will not act what misbecomes him.
But go, my son, and see if aught be wanting
Among thy father's friends; see them embarked;
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend them.
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and asks
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.
Port. My thoughts are more at ease, my heart revives.

11–18. (From 'Look not thus sternly on me;' to 'And mock thy hopes—')] Not in 1713 (1) (2); added in (3) and subsequent editions.*
15. gathering] gath'ring, 1713 (3) (4) (5) (7).
16. every] ev'ry, 1713 (3) (4) (5) (7).
After 36] 1713 has [*Exit.*

* The copy of the '3rd edn.' in the Bodleian Library does not contain these lines; but they are in the '3rd edn.' in the British Museum.

Scene III.

Portius *and* Marcia.

Port. O *Marcia*, O my sister, still there's hope!
Our father will not cast away a life
So needful to us all, and to his country.
He is retired to rest, and seems to cherish
Thoughts full of peace. He has dispatcht me hence
With orders, that bespeak a mind composed,
And studious for the safety of his friends.
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.
Marcia. O ye immortal powers, that guard the just,
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul
With easie dreams; remember all his virtues!
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

Scene IV.

Lucia *and* Marcia.

Lucia. Where is your father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato?*
Marcia. *Lucia*, speak low, he is retired to rest.
Lucia, I feel a gently-dawning hope
Rise in my soul. We shall be happy still.
Lucia. Alas, I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In every view, in every thought I tremble!
Cato is stern, and awful as a God,
He knows not how to wink at humane frailty,
Or pardon weakness, that he never felt.

Scene III. Portius *and* Marcia] Not in 1713. Stage direction has, *Enter* Marcia; 1713 (7) as above.

After 8, *Exit*, 1713 (1–5).

9. just] Good, 1713 (1) (2).

Scene IV. Lucia *and* Marcia] Not in 1713. Stage direction has, *Enter* Lucia.

Marcia. Though stern and awful to the foes of *Rome*,
He is all goodness, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compassionate, and gentle to his friends.
Fill'd with domestick tenderness, the best,
The kindest father! I have ever found him
Easie, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.
Lucia. 'Tis his consent alone can make us blest.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplext, distress.
The cruel hand of fate, that has destroy'd
Thy brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament—
Marcia. And ever shall lament, unhappy youth!
Lucia. Has set my soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my Vow. But who knows *Cato*'s thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of thy self?
Marcia. Let him but live! commit the rest to heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man!
O *Marcia*, I have seen thy godlike father:
Some power invisible supports his soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him:
I saw him stretcht at ease, his fancy lost
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch,
He smiled, and cry'd, *Cæsar* thou canst not hurt me.
Marcia. His mind still labours with some dreadful thought.
Luc. *Lucia*, why all this grief, these floods of sorrow?
Dry up thy tears, my child, we all are safe
While *Cato* lives—his presence will protect us.

26. heaven] Heav'n, 1713 (7).
29. power] Pow'r, 1713.
31. fallen] fall'n, 1713.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. *Lucius*, the horsemen are return'd from viewing
The number, strength, and posture of our foes,
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.
On the high point of yon bright western tower
We kenn them from afar, the setting Sun
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd helmets
And covers all the field with gleams of fire.
Luc. *Marcia*, 'tis time we should awake thy father,
Cæsar is still disposed to give us terms,
And waits at distance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy looks speak somewhat of importance.
What tidings dost thou bring? methinks I see
Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.
Port. As I was hasting to the port, where now
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,
Accuse the ling'ring winds, a sail arrived
From *Pompey*'s son, who through the realms of *Spain*
Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.
Were *Cato* at their head, once more might *Rome*
Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.
But heark! what means that groan! O give me way,
And let me fly into my father's presence.
Luc. *Cato*, amidst his slumbers, thinks on *Rome*,
And in the wild disorder of his soul
Mourns o'er his country—hah! a second groan!—
Heaven guard us all—
Marcia. Alas, 'tis not the voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing pain,
'Tis death is in that sound—

After 61. [*Exit*, 1713 (7).
65. Heaven] Heav'n, 1713.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Port. O sight of woe!
O *Marcia*, what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fallen upon his sword—
Luc. O *Portius*,
Hide all the horrours of thy mournful tale,
And let us guess the rest.
Port. I've raised him up,
And placed him in his chair, where pale, and faint,
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from him,
Demands to see his friends. His servants weeping,
Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.
[*The back Scene opens, and discovers* Cato.
Marcia. O heaven assist me in this dreadful hour
To pay the last sad duties to my father.
Juba. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O *Cæsar!*
Luc. Now is *Rome* fallen indeed!—
[Cato *brought forward in his chair.*
Cato. Here set me down—
Portius come near me—are my friends embark'd?
Can any thing be thought of for their service?
Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.
—O *Lucius*, art thou here?—thou art too good!—
Let this our friendship live between our children;
Make *Portius* happy in thy daughter *Lucia.*
Alas poor man, he weeps!—*Marcia*, my daughter—
—O bend me forward!—*Juba* loves thee, *Marcia.*
A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* survived,
Would not have match'd his Daughter with a King,
But *Cæsar*'s arms have thrown down all distinction;
Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a *Roman.*—

69. fallen] fall'n, 1713.
74. His servants weeping] His weeping Servants, 1713 (1) (2), beginning a new line; in 1713 (3) * and subsequent editions these words are part of l. 74.
76. heaven] Heav'n, 1713.
79. fallen] fall'n, 1713.

* Brit. Mus. copy: the Bodleian copy has the same arrangement as in the 2nd edn. (cf. note, p. 413).

—I'm sick to death—O when shall I get loose
From this vain world, th' abode of guilt and sorrow
—And yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas, I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not!—
The best may erre, but you are good, and—oh! [*Dies.*

Luc. There fled the greatest soul that ever warm'd
A *Roman* breast; O *Cato!* O my friend!
Thy will shall be religiously observ'd.
But let us bear this awful corps to *Cæsar*,
And lay it in his sight, that it may stand
A fence betwixt us and the victor's wrath;
Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his friends.
From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
'Tis this that shakes our country with alarms,
And gives up *Rome* a prey to *Roman* arms,
Produces fraud, and cruelty, and strife,
And robs the Guilty world of *Cato*'s life.

96. powers] Powr's, 1713.
112.] 1713 adds [*Exeunt Omnes.*
After 112, *End of the Fifth Act* is added in 1713.

EPILOGUE

By Dr. *GARTH.*

Spoken by Mrs. *PORTER.*

What odd fantastick things we women do!
Who wou'd not listen when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost;
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves—you may:
Be spiteful—and believe the thing we say,
We hate you when you're easily said nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you your selves would chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and six.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms;
What pains to get the gawdy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Even churches are no sanctuaries now:

13. *form'd as*] *form'd, as,* 1713.
22. *power*] *Pow'r,* 1713 (7)

There, golden idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in its chains.
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time,
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia *find a* Cato's *son.*

After 40, FINIS is added in 1713.

Text: from the first edition of *The Drummer*, 1716, collated with the second edition, of 1722, and the third edition of the same year. Neither the second nor the third edition shows any material difference from the first, except in the Preface.

The Drummer was not reprinted in Tickell's edn. of Addison's *Works* (1721).

The title-page opposite is reproduced, on a smaller scale, from the first edition.

For a discussion of this play, see the Introduction to this edition (Vol. III.). Steele's Dedication to Congreve of the second edition of *The Drummer* will also be found in Vol. III.

THE

DRUMMER;

OR, THE

HAUNTED-HOUSE.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*,

BY

His MAJESTY's Servants.

——*Falsis terroribus implet*
Ut magus—— Hor.

Joseph Addison esq;

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonson* at *Shakespear's-Head*, over-against *Katharine-Street* in the *Strand*. MDCCXVI.

THE
PREFACE.

Having recommended this Play to the Town, and delivered the Copy of it to the Bookseller, I think my self oblig'd to give some Account of it.

It had been some Years in the Hands of the Author, and falling under my Perusal, I thought so well of it that I persuaded him to make some Additions and Alterations to it, and let it appear upon the Stage. I own I was very highly pleased with it, and lik'd it the better, for the want of those studyed Similes and Repartees, which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our Plays, to indulge and gain upon a false Taste that has prevailed for many Years in the *British* Theatre; I believe the Author would have condescended to fall into this Way a little more than he has, had he before the writing of it been often present at Theatrical Representations. I was confirmed in my Thoughts of the Play, by the Opinion of better Judges to whom it was Communicated, who observed that the Scenes were drawn after *Moliere*'s Manner, and that an easie and natural Vein of Humour ran through the whole.

I do not question but the Reader will discover this, and see many Beauties that escape the Audience; the

Title, 1722 (3)] PREFACE *to the* FIRST EDITION.
6. some] a few, 1722 (3).
14. condescended to fall] fallen, 1722 (3).
15. of it been] of it, been, 1722 (3).
16. Representations, and observ'd the Effect that such Ornaments generally have upon the Town. 1722 (3).
19. drawn] written very much, 1722 (3).

Touches being too delicate for every Taste in a Popular Assembly. My Brother-Sharers were of Opinion, at the first reading of it, that it was like a Picture in which the Strokes were not strong enough to appear at a Distance. As it is not in the common way of Writing, the Approbation was at first Doubtful, but has risen every time it has been Acted, and has given an Opportunity in several of its Parts for as just and good Action as ever I saw on the Stage.

The Reader will consider that I speak here, not as the Author, but as the Patentee. Which is, perhaps, the Reason why I am not diffuse in the Praises of the Play, least I should seem like a Man who cries up his own Wares only to draw in Customers.

Richard Steele.

27. appear] appear with advantage, 1722 (3).

33–4.] Omit 'not as the Author,' 1722 (3).

34.] . . . Patentee, for which Reason I forbear being more particular in the Character of this Play, least I should appear like one, who cries up the Wares of his own Shop to draw in Customers. 1722 (3).

PROLOGUE.

In this grave Age, when Comedies are few,
We crave your Patronage for one that's New;
Tho' 'twere poor Stuff, yet bid the Author fair,
And let the Scarceness recommend the Ware.
Long have your Ears been filled with Tragick Parts,
Blood and Blank-Verse have harden'd all your Hearts;
If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party Stroaks,
Round-Heads *and* Wooden-Shooes *are standing Jokes;*
The same Conceit gives Claps and Hisses Birth,
You're grown such Politicians in your Mirth!
For once we try (tho' 'tis, I own, unsafe)
To please you All, and make both Parties laugh.
Our Author, anxious for his Fame to Night,
And bashful in his First Attempt to write,
Lies cautiously obscure and unreveal'd,
Like Ancient Actors in a Masque conceal'd.
Censure, when no Man knows who writes the Play,
Were much good Malice merely thrown away.
The mighty Criticks will not blast, for Shame,
A raw young Thing, who dares not tell his Name:
Good-natur'd Judges will th' unknown defend,
And fear to blame, least they shou'd hurt a friend:
Each Wit may praise it, for his own dear Sake,
And hint He writ it, if the Thing shou'd take.
But, if you're rough, and use him like a Dog,
Depend upon it—He'll remain Incog.
If you shou'd hiss, he swears He'll hiss as high,
And, like a Culprit, joyn the Hue-and-Cry.
If Cruel Men are still averse to spare
These Scenes, they fly for Refuge to the Fair.

Title 1722 (3)] PROLOGUE. Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

Tho' with a Ghost our Comedy be heighten'd,
Ladies upon my Word you shan't be frighten'd;
O, 'tis a Ghost that scorns to be uncivil,
A well-spread, lusty, Jointure-hunting Devil;
An Am'orous Ghost, that's faithful, fond and true,
Made up of Flesh and Blood—as much as you.
Then every Evening come in Flocks, undaunted,
We never think this House is too much Haunted.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir George Truman,	Mr. *Wilks.*
Tinsel,	Mr. *Cibber.*
Fantome *the Drummer,*	Mr. *Mills.*
Vellum, *Sir* George Truman's *Steward,*	Mr. *Johnson.*
Butler,	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Coachman,	Mr. *Miller.*
Gardiner,	Mr. *Norris.*
Lady Truman,	Mrs. *Oldfield.*
Abigal,	Mrs. *Saunders.*

After *Dramatis Personæ* insert MEN, and after Gardiner, Mr. *Norris* insert WOMEN, 1722 (3).

Text : see note, p. 422.

THE

DRUMMER;

OR, THE

HAUNTED-HOUSE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Great Hall.*

Enter the BUTLER, COACHMAN, *and* GARDINER

But. THERE came another Coach to Town last Night, that brought a Gentleman to enquire about this strange Noise, we hear in the House. This Spirit will bring a power of Custom to the *George*——If so be he continues his Pranks, I design to sell a Pot of Ale, and set up the Sign of the Drum.

Coach. I'll give Madam warning, that's flat——I've always liv'd in Sober Families. I'll not disparage my self to be a Servant in a House that is haunted.

Gard. I'll e'en marry *Nell*, and rent a bit of Ground of my own, if both of you leave Madam; not but that Madam's a very good Woman—if Mrs. *Abigal* did not spoil her—come, here's her Health.

But. It's a very hard thing to be a Butler in a House, that is disturb'd. He made such a Racket in the Cellar last Night, that I'm afraid he'll sower all the Beer in my Barrels.

Coach. Why then, *John*, we ought to take it off as fast as we can. Here's to you——He rattled so loud under the Tiles last Night, that I verily thought the House wou'd

have fallen over our Heads. I durst not go up into the Cock-Loft this Morning, if I had not got one of the Maids to go along with me.

Gard. I thought I heard him in one of my Bed-Posts ——I marvel, *John*, how he gets into the House when all the Gates are shut.

But. Why look ye *Peter*, your Spirit will creep you into an Augre-Hole :——he'll whisk ye through a Key-Hole, without so much as justling against one of the Wards.

Coach. Poor Madam is mainly frighted that's certain, and verily believes 'tis my Master that was kill'd in the last Campaign.

But. Out of all manner of Question, *Robin*, 'tis Sir *George*. Mrs. *Abigal* is of Opinion it can be none but his Honour ; he always lov'd the Wars, and you know was mightily pleas'd from a Child with the Musick of a Drum.

Gard. I wonder his Body was never found after the Battle.

But. Found ! why, ye Fool, is not his Body here about the House ? Dost thou think he can beat his Drum without Hands and Arms ?

Coach. 'Tis Master as sure as I stand here alive, and I verily believe I saw him last Night in the Town-Close.

Gard. Ay ! how did he appear ?

Coach. Like a White-Horse.

But. Pho, *Robin*, I tell ye he has never appear'd yet but in the Shape of the Sound of a Drum.

Coach. This makes one almost afraid of one's own Shadow. As I was walking from the Stable t'other Night without my Lanthorn, I fell a-cross a Beam, that lay in my way, and Faith my Heart was in my Mouth——I thought I had stumbled over a Spirit.

But. Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a Straw ; why, a Spirit is such a little little Thing, that I have heard a Man, who was a great Scholar, say, that he'll dance ye a *Lancashire* Horn-Pipe upon the point of a Needle——As I sat in the Pantry last Night counting my Spoons, the Candle methought burnt blue, and the spay'd Bitch look'd as if she saw something.

Coach. Ay poor Cur, she's almost frighten'd out of her Wits.

Gard. Ay I warrant ye, she hears him many a time and often when we don't.

But. My lady must have him Laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

Gard. I fancy, when one goes to Market, one might hear of some body that can make a Spell.

Coach. Why may not the Parson of our Parish lay him ?

But. No, no, no, our Parson cannot lay him.

Coach. Why not he as well as another Man ?

But. Why, ye Fool, he is not qualified—He has not taken the Oaths.

Gard. Why, d'ye think, *John*, that the Spirit wou'd take the Law of him ?——faith, I cou'd tell you one way to drive him off.

Coach. How's that ?

Gard. I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*]——I fancy Mrs. *Abigal* might Scold him out of the House.

Coach. Ay, she has a Tongue that would drown his Drum, if any thing cou'd.

But. Pugh, this is all froth ! you understand nothing of the Matter——the next time it makes a Noise, I tell you what ought to be done,——I wou'd have the Steward speak Latin to it.

Coach. Ay that wou'd do, if the Steward had but Courage.

Gard. There you have it——He's a fearful Man. If I had as much Learning as he, and I met the Ghost, I'd tell him his own ! but alack what can one of us poor Men do with a Spirit, that can neither Write nor Read ?

But. Thou art always cracking and boasting, *Peter*, thou dost not know what Mischief it might do thee, if such a silly Dog as thee should offer to speak to it. For ought I know, he might flea thee alive, and make Parchment of thy Skin to cover his Drum with.

Gard. A Fidlestick ! tell not me——I fear nothing ; not I ! I never did harm in my Life, I never committed Murder.

But. I verily believe thee, keep thy Temper, *Peter* ; after Supper we'll drink each of us a double Mug, and then let come what will.

Gard. Why that's well said *John*, an honest Man that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear——Here's to ye—— why how if he shou'd come this Minute, here wou'd I stand. Ha! what Noise is that?

But. & Coach. Ha! where?

Gard. The Devil! the Devil! Oh, no; 'tis Mrs. *Abigal.*

But. Ay faith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. *Abigal!* a good Mistake! 'tis Mrs. *Abigal.*

Enter ABIGAL.

Ab. Here are your drunken Sots for you! Is this a time to be guzling, when Gentry are come to the House! why don't You lay your Cloth? How come You out of the Stables? Why are not You at work in your Garden?

Gard. Why, yonder's the fine *Londoner* and Madam fetching a walk together, and me-thought they look'd as if they should say they had rather have my Room than my Company.

But. And so forsooth being all three met together, we are doing our Endeavours to drink this same Drummer out of our Heads.

Gard. For you must know, Mrs. *Abigal*, we are all of Opinion that one can't be a Match for him, unless one be as Drunk as a Drum.

Coach. I am resolved to give Madam Warning to hire herself another Coachman; for I came to serve my Master, d'ye see, while he was alive, but do suppose that he has no further occasion for a Coach, now he Walks.

But. Truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I must needs say, that this same Spirit is a very odd sort of a Body, after all, to fright Madam and his old Servants at this rate.

Gard. And truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I must needs say, I serv'd my Master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no Man living (that is, no Man that is not living) without double Wages.

Ab. Ay, 'tis such Cowards as you that go about with Idle Stories, to disgrace the House, and bring so many Strangers about it; you first frighten your selves, and then your Neighbours.

Gard. Frighten'd! I scorn your Words. Frighten'd quoth-a!

Ab. What you Sot ! are you grown Pot-valiant ?

Gard. Frighten'd with a Drum ! that's a good one ! it will do us no harm, I'll answer for it. It will bring no Blood-shed along with it, take my Word. It sounds as like a Train-Band Drum as ever I heard in my Life.

But. Prithee, *Peter*, don't be so presumptuous.

Ab. Well, these drunken Rogues take it as I cou'd wish. [*Aside.*

Gard. I scorn to be frightned, now I am in for't ; if old *Dub-a-dub* shou'd come into the Room, I wou'd take him——

But. Prithee hold thy Tongue.

Gard. I would take him——

[*The Drum beats, the* Gard. *endeavours to get off, and falls.*

But. & Coach. Speak to it, Mrs. *Abigal.*

Gard. Spare my Life, and take all I have.

Coach. Make off, make off, good Butler, and let us go hide our selves in the Cellar. [*They all run off.*

ABIGAL *sola.*

Ab. So, now the Coast is clear, I may venture to call out my Drummer.——But first let me shut the Door, lest we be surpriz'd. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome !* [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out, the Enemy's fled——I must speak with you immediately——don't stay to beat a Parley.

[*The back Scene opens and discovers* Fantome *with a Drum.*

Fan. Dear Mrs. *Nabby*, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast manag'd this thing so well, that I cou'd take thee in my Arms, and kiss thee——if my Drum did not stand in my way.

Ab. Well, O' my Conscience, you are the merriest Ghost ! and the very Picture of Sir *George Truman.*

Fan. There you flatter me, Mrs. *Abigal* ; Sir *George* had that freshness in his Looks, that we Men of the Town cannot come up to.

Ab. Oh ! Death may have alter'd you, you know—besides, you must consider, you lost a great deal of Blood in the Battle.

Fan. Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this Cut cross my Forehead will keep me in Countenance.

Ab. 'Tis just such a one as my Master receiv'd from a cursed *French* trooper, as my Lady's Letter inform'd her.

Fan. It happens luckily that this Suit of Cloaths of Sir *George*'s fits me so well,—I think I can't fail hitting the Air of a Man with whom I was so long acquainted.

Ab. You are the very Man—I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

Fan. But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

Ab. Pray what good did your being visible do you? the fair Mr. *Fantome* thought no Woman cou'd withstand him——But when you were seen by my Lady in your proper Person, after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you cou'd say, she very civilly dismiss'd you for the sake of this empty, noisy Creature *Tinsel*. She fancies you have been gone from hence this Fortnight.

Fan. Why really I love thy Lady so well, that tho' I had no hopes of gaining her for my self, I cou'd not bear to see her given to another, especially to such a Wretch as *Tinsel*.

Ab. Well, tell me truly Mr. *Fantome*, have not you a great Opinion of my Fidelity to my dear Lady, that I wou'd not suffer her to be deluded in this manner, for less than a Thousand Pound?

Fan. Thou art always reminding me of my Promise——thou shalt have it, if thou canst bring our Project to bear; do'st not know that Stories of Ghosts and Apparitions generally end in a Pot of Money?

Ab. Why, truly now Mr. *Fantome*, I shou'd think my self a very bad Woman, if I had done what I do, for a Farthing less.

Fan. Dear *Abigal*, how I admire thy Virtue!

Ab. No, no, Mr. *Fantome*, I defy the worst of my Enemies to say I love Mischief for Mischief sake.

Fan. But is thy Lady perswaded that I am the Ghost of her deceased Husband?

Ab. I endeavour to make her believe so, and tell her

every time your Drum rattles, that her Husband is chiding her for entertaining this new Lover.

Fan. Prithee make use of all thy Art, for I am tir'd to Death with strowling round this wide Old House, like a Rat behind a Wainscot.

Ab. Did not I tell you, 'twas the purest place in the World for you to play your Tricks in; there's none of the Family that knows every Hole and Corner in it, besides my self.

Fan. Ah Mrs. *Abigal*! you have had your Intrigues.—

Ab. For you must know when I was a romping young Girl I was a mighty lover of *Hide and Seek.*

Fan. I believe, by this Time, I am as well acquainted with the House as your self.

Ab. You are very much mistaken, Mr. *Fantome*; but no matter for that; here is to be your Station to Night. This is the Place unknown to any one living besides my self, since the Death of the Joyner; who, you must understand, being a Lover of mine, contriv'd the Wainscot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I design'd it for a Wardrobe for my Lady's cast cloaths. Oh! the Stomachers, Stays, Pettycoats, Commodes, lac'd Shooes, and good things that I have had in it!——pray take care you don't break the Cherry-Brandy Bottle, that stands up in the Corner.

Fan. Well Mrs. *Abigal,* I hire your Closet of you, but for this one Night—a thousand Pound you know is a very good Rent.

Ab. Well, get you gone; you have such a way with you there's no denying you any thing!

Fan. I'm a thinking how *Tinsel* will stare, when he sees me come out of the Wall: for I am resolved to make my Appearance to Night.

Ab. Get you in, get you in, my Lady's at the Door.

Fan. Pray take care she does not keep me up so late, as she did last Night; or depend upon it I'll beat the Tattoo.

Ab. I'm undone, I'm undone—[*As he is going in*] Mr. *Fantome,* Mr. *Fantome,* you have put the thousand Pound Bond into my Brother's Hands.

Fan. Thou shalt have it, I tell thee, thou shalt have it.
[Fantome *goes in.*

Ab. No more Words——Vanish, Vanish.

Enter LADY.

Ab. (*opening the Door*). Oh, dear Madam, was it you that made such a knocking ? my Heart does so beat—I vow you have frighted me to Death—I thought verily it had been the Drummer.

Lady. I have been showing the Garden to Mr. *Tinsel*; he's most insufferably witty upon us about this Story of the Drum.

Ab. Indeed, Madam, he's a very loose Man ! I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor Master from resting in his Grave.

Lady. Well ! an *infidel* is such a Novelty in the Country, that I am resolv'd to divert my self a Day or two at least with the Oddness of his Conversation.

Ab. Ah, Madam ! the Drum begun to beat in the House as soon as ever this Creature was admitted to visit you. All the while Mr. *Fantome* made his Addresses to you, there was not a Mouse stirring in the Family more than us'd to be—

Lady. This Baggage has some Design upon me, more than I can yet discover. [*aside*]—Mr. *Fantome* was always thy Favourite.

Ab. Ay, and shou'd have been yours too, by my Consent ! Mr. *Fantome* was not such a slight fantastick thing as this is.—Mr. *Fantome* was the best-built Man one shou'd see in a Summer's Day ! Mr. *Fantome* was a Man of Honour, and lov'd you ! Poor Soul ! how has he sigh'd when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted Lady.—Well ! I had as lief as a thousand Pound, you wou'd marry Mr. *Fantome !*

Lady. To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough till I found he lov'd me so much. But Mr. *Tinsel* makes his Court to me with so much Neglect and Indifference, and with such an agreeable Sauciness—Not that I say I'll marry him.

Ab. Marry him, quoth-a ! no, if you should, you'll be

awaken'd sooner than married Couples generally are—You'll quickly have a Drum at your Window.

Lady. I'll hide my Contempt of *Tinsel* for once, if it be but to see what this Wench drives at. [*Aside.*

Ab. Why, suppose your Husband, after this fair Warning he has given you, shou'd sound you an Alarm at Midnight; then open your Curtains with a Face as pale as my Apron, and cry out with a hollow Voice, What dost thou do in Bed with this Spindle-shank'd Fellow?

Lady. Why wilt thou needs have it to be my Husband? he never had any reason to be offended at me. I always lov'd him while he was living, and shou'd prefer him to any Man, were he so still. Mr. *Tinsel* is indeed very idle in his Talk, but I fancy, *Abigal*, a discreet Woman might reform him.

Ab. That's a likely matter indeed; did you ever hear of a Woman who had Power over a Man, when she was his Wife, that had none while she was his Mistress! Oh! there's nothing in the World improves a Man in his Complaisance like Marriage!

Lady. He is indeed, at present, too familiar in his Conversation.

Ab. Familiar! Madam, in Troth he's down-right rude.

Lady. But that you know, *Abigal*, shows he has no Dissimulation in him—Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave Subjects.

Ab. Grave Subjects! he jests upon the Church.

Lady. But that you know, *Abigal*, may be only to show his Wit—Then it must be own'd he is extreamly Talkative.

Ab. Talkative d'ye call it! he's down-right Impertinent.

Lady. But that you know, *Abigal*, is a Sign he has been us'd to good Company——Then indeed he is very positive.

Ab. Positive! Why he contradicts you in every thing you say.

Lady. But then you know, *Abigal*, he has been educated at the Inns of Court.

Ab. A blessed Education indeed! it has made him forget his Catechism!

Lady. You talk as if you hated him.

Ab. You talk as if you lov'd him.

Lady. Hold your Tongue! here he comes.

Enter TINSEL.

Tin. My dear Widow!

Ab. My dear Widow! marry come up! [*Aside.*

Lady. Let him alone, *Abigal*; so long as he does not call me My dear Wife, there's no Harm done.

Tin. I have been most ridiculously diverted since I left you——Your Servants have made a Convert of my Booby. His Head is so filled with this foolish Story of a Drummer, that I expect the Rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a Message by Moon-light.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinsel*, what a Loss of Billet-doux would that be to many a fine Lady!

Ab. Then you still believe this to be a foolish Story? I thought my Lady had told you, that she had heard it her self.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Why, you would not perswade us out of our Senses?

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. There's Manners for you, Madam. [*Aside.*

Lady. Admirably rally'd! that Laugh is unanswerable! Now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon me, if I should tell you I heard it no longer ago than last Night.

Tin. Fancy!

Lady. But what if I should tell you my Maid was with me!

Tin. Vapours! Vapours! Pray, my dear Widow, will you answer me one Question?——Had you ever this Noise of a Drum in your Head, all the while your Husband was living?

Lady. And pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, will you let me ask you another Question? Do you think we can Hear in the Country, as well as you do in Town?

Tin. Believe me, Madam, I could prescribe you a Cure for these Imaginations.

Ab. Don't tell my Lady of Imaginations, Sir, I have heard it my self.

Tin. Hark thee, Child——art thou not an old Maid?

Ab. Sir, if I am, it is my own Fault.

Tin. Whims! Freaks! Megrims! indeed Mrs. *Abigal.*

Ab. Marry, Sir, by your Talk one would believe you thought every thing that was good is a Megrim.

Lady. Why truly I don't very well understand what you meant by your Doctrine to me in the Garden just now, that every thing we saw was made by Chance.

Ab. A very pretty Subject indeed for a Lover to divert his Mistress with.

Lady. But I suppose that was only a Taste of the Conversation you would entertain me with after Marriage.

Tin. Oh, I shall then have time to read you such Lectures of Motions, Atoms, and Nature—that you shall learn to think as Freely as the best of us, and be convinced in less than a Month, that all about us is Chance-work.

Lady. You are a very complaisant Person indeed; and so you would make your Court to me, by perswading me that I was made by Chance!

Tin. Ha, ha, ha! well said, my Dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky Hit, that's certain!

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel,* where did you learn this odd way of talking?

Tin. Ah, Widow, 'tis your Country Innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

Lady. Tho' you give no Credit to Stories of Apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as Spirits!

Tin. Simplicity!

Ab. I fancy you don't believe Women have Souls, d'ye Sir?

Tin. Foolish enough!

Lady. I vow, Mr. *Tinsel,* I'm afraid malicious People will say I'm in Love with an Atheist.

Tin. Oh, my Dear, that's an old-fashion'd Word——I'm a Free-thinker, Child.

Ab. I am sure you are a Free-speaker!

Lady. Really, Mr. *Tinsel,* considering that you are so fine a Gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this Learning! I wonder it has not spoil'd your Breeding.

Tin. To tell you the Truth, I have not time to look into these dry Matters my self, but I am convinc'd by four or five learned Men, whom I sometimes over-hear at a Coffee-house I frequent, that our Fore-fathers were a

Pack of Asses, that the World has been in an Error for some Thousands of Years, and that all the People upon Earth, excepting those two or three worthy Gentlemen, are impos'd upon, cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozl'd—

Ab. Madam, how can you hear such a Profligate? he talks like the *London* Prodigal.

Lady. Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no such things as Spirits, a Woman has no Occasion for marrying ——She need not be afraid to lye by her self.

Tin. Ah! my Dear! are Husbands good for nothing but to frighten away Spirits? Dost thou think I could not instruct thee in several other Comforts of Matrimony?

Lady. Ah! but you are a Man of so much Knowledge, that you would always be laughing at my Ignorance—— You learned Men are so apt to despise one!

Tin. No, Child! I'd teach thee my Principles, thou should'st be as wise as I am——in a Week's time.

Lady. Do you think your Principles would make a Woman the better Wife?

Tin. Prithee, Widow, don't be queer.

Lady. I love a gay Temper, but I would not have you rally things that are serious.

Tin. Well enough faith! where's the Jest of rallying anything else!

Ab. Ah, Madam, did you ever hear Mr. *Fantome* talk at this Rate? [*Aside.*

Tin. But where's this Ghost! this Son of a Whore of a Drummer? I'd fain hear him methinks.

Ab. Pray, Madam, don't suffer him to give the Ghost such ill Language, especially when you have Reason to believe it is my Master.

Tin. That's well enough faith, *Nab*; dost thou think thy Master is so unreasonable, as to continue his Claim to his Relict after his Bones are laid? Pray, Widow, remember the Words of your Contract, you have fulfill'd them to a Tittle——Did not you marry Sir *George* to the Tune of *'till death us do part*?

Lady. I must not hear Sir *George*'s Memory treated in so slight a Manner——This Fellow must have been at some Pains to make himself such a finish'd Coxcomb.

[*Aside.*

Tin. Give me but Possession of your Person, and I'll whirle you up to Town for a Winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a Country Lady come to *London* with frightful Stories of the Hall-House being haunted, of Fairies, Spirits, and Witches; that by the time she had seen a Comedy, play'd at an Assembly, and ambled in a Ball or two, has been so little afraid of Bugbears, that she has ventur'd home in a Chair at all Hours of the Night.

Ab. Hum——Sauce-box. [*Aside.*

Tin. 'Tis the Solitude of the Country that creates these Whimsies; there was never such a thing as a Ghost heard of at *London*, except in the Play-house——Oh we'd pass all our time in *London*. 'Tis the Scene of Pleasure and Diversions, where there's something to amuse you every Hour of the Day. Life's not Life in the Country.

Lady. Well then, you have an Opportunity of showing the Sincerity of that Love to me which you profess. You may give a Proof that you have an Affection to my Person, not my Jointure.

Tin. Your Jointure! how can you think me such a Dog! But, Child, won't your Jointure be the same thing in *London* as in the Country?

Lady. No, you're deceiv'd! You must know it is settled on me by Marriage-Articles, on Condition that I live in this old Mansion-House, and keep it up in Repair.

Tin. How!

Ab. That's well put, Madam.

Tin. Why faith I have been looking upon this House, and think it is the prettiest Habitation I ever saw in my Life.

Lady. Ay, but then this cruel Drum!

Tin. Something so venerable in it!

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

Tin. For my part, I like this *Gothick* Way of Building better than any of your new Orders———it wou'd be a thousand pities it shou'd fall to Ruin.

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

Tin. How pleasantly we two could pass our Time in this delicious Situation. Our Lives wou'd be a continued Dream of Happiness. Come, faith, Widow, let's go upon the Leads, and take a View of the Country.

Lady. Ay, but the Drum! the Drum!

Tin. My Dear, take my Word for 't 'tis all Fancy: Besides, shou'd he drum in thy very Bed-Chamber, I shou'd only hug thee the closer.

Clasp'd in the Folds of Love, I'd meet my Doom,
And act my Joys, tho' Thunder shook the Room.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—SCENE *opens, and discovers* Vellum *in his Office, and a Letter in his Hand.*

Vel. THIS Letter astonisheth; may I believe my own Eyes——or rather my Spectacles——*To* Humphrey Vellum *Esq; Steward to the Lady* Truman.

Vellum,

I Doubt not but you will be glad to hear your Master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an Hour. The Report of my being slain in the Netherlands, *has, I find, produced some Disorders in my Family. I am now at the* George-Inn: *If an old Man with a grey Beard, in a black Cloak, enquires after you, give him Admittance. He passes for a Conjurer, but is really*

Your Faithful Friend,
G. Truman.

P.S. *Let this be a Secret, and you shall find your Account in it.*

This amazeth me! and yet the Reasons why I should believe he is still living are manifold——First, Because this has often been the Case of other Military Adventurers.

Secondly, Because the News of his Death was first publish'd in *Dier*'s *Letter.*

Thirdly, Because this Letter can be written by none but himself——I know his Hand, and manner of Spelling.

Fourthly,——

Enter BUTLER.

But. Sir, here's a strange old Gentleman that asks for you; he says he's a Conjurer, but he looks very suspicious; I wish he ben't a Jesuit.

Vel. Admit him immediately.

But. I wish he ben't a Jesuit; but he says he's nothing but a Conjurer.

Vel. He says right——He is no more than a Conjurer. Bring him in and withdraw. [*Exit* Butler.

And Fourthly, As I was saying, Because———

Enter BUTLER *with* SIR GEORGE.

But. Sir, here is the Conjurer.——What a devilish long Beard he has! I warrant it has been growing these hundred Years. [*Aside. Exit.*

Sir G. Dear *Vellum*, you have receiv'd my Letter: But before we proceed lock the Door.

Vel. It is his Voice. [*Shuts the Door.*

Sir G. In the next place help me off with this cumbersome Cloak.

Vel. It is his Shape.

Sir G. So, now lay my Beard upon the Table.

Vel. [*After having look'd on Sir* George *thro' his Spectacles*]. It is his Face, every Lineament!

Sir G. Well now, I have put off the Conjurer and the old Man, I can talk to thee more at my Ease.

Vel. Believe me, my good Master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the Day you were born. Your Name was, in all the News-Papers, in the List of those that were slain.

Sir G. We have not Time to be particular. I shall only tell thee in general, that I was taken Prisoner in the Battle, and was under close Confinement for several Months. Upon my Release, I was resolv'd to surprize my Wife with the News of my being alive. I know, *Vellum*, you are a Person of so much Penetration, that I need not use any further Arguments to convince you that I am so.

Vel. I am—and moreover, I question not but your good Lady will likewise be convinced of it. Her Ho-nour is a discerning Lady.

Sir G. I'm only afraid she shou'd be convinc'd of it to her Sorrow. Is not she pleas'd with her imaginary Widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the Report of my Death?

Vel. Sorely.

Sir G. How long did her Grief last ?

Vel. Longer than I have known any Widow's—at least three Days.

Sir G. Three Days, sayst thou ? Three whole Days ? I'm afraid thou flatterest me !——O Woman ! Woman !

Vel. Grief is twofold.

Sir G. This Blockhead is as methodical as ever——but I know he's honest. [*Aside.*

Vel. There is a real Grief, and there is a methodical Grief ; she was drown'd in Tears till such time as the Taylor had made her Widow's Weeds——Indeed they became her.

Sir G. Became her ! And was that her Comfort ? Truly a most seasonable Consolation !

Vel. But I must needs say she paid a due Regard to your Memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw Company.

Sir G. That was kind indeed ! I find she griev'd with a great deal of Good-Breeding. But how comes this Gang of Lovers about her ?

Vel. Her Jointure is considerable.

Sir G. How this Fool torments me ! [*Aside.*

Vel. Her Person is amiable——

Sir G. Death ! [*Aside.*

Vel. But her Character is unblemish'd. She has been as virtuous in your Absence as a *Penelope*——

Sir G. And has had as many Suitors.

Vel. Several have made their Overtures.

Sir G. Several !

Vel. But she has rejected all.

Sir G. There thou reviv'st me——But what means this *Tinsel* ? Are his Visits acceptable ?

Vel. He is young.

Sir G. Does she listen to him ?

Vel. He is gay.

Sir G. Sure she could never entertain a Thought of marrying such a Coxcomb !

Vel. He is not ill made.

Sir G. Are the Vows and Protestations that past between us come to this ! I can't bear the Thought

of it! Is *Tinsel* the Man design'd for my worthy Successor?

Vel. You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen Months.——

Sir G. Was there ever such a Dog? [*Aside.*

Vel. And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir *G. Truman*—meaning your Ho-nour.

Sir G. I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this Story of the *Drummer* before I discover my self to her. I have put on this Habit of a Conjurer, in order to introduce my self. It must be your Business to recommend me as a most profound Person, that by my great Knowledge in the curious Arts can silence the *Drummer*, and dispossess the House.

Vel. I am going to lay my Accounts before my Lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her Ho-nour to admit the Tryal of your Art.

Sir G. I have scarce heard of any of these Stories that did not arise from a Love Intrigue——Amours raise as many Ghosts as Murders.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* endeavours to perswade us, that 'tis your Ho-nour who troubles the House.

Sir G. That convinces me 'tis a Cheat; for I think, *Vellum*, I may be pretty well assur'd it is not me.

Vel. I am apt to think so truly. Ha—ha—ha!

Sir G. Abigal had always an Ascendant over her Lady, and if there is a Trick in this Matter, depend upon it she is at the Bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this Ghost be not one of *Abigal*'s Familiars.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* has of late been very mysterious.

Sir G. I fancy, *Vellum*, thou could'st worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an Amour between you.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* hath her Allurements, and she knows I have pick'd up a Competency in your Ho-nour's Service.

Sir G. If thou ha'st, all I ask of thee in return is, that thou would'st immediately renew thy Addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a Silver Tongue, *Vellum*, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a Woman, that she'll like thee the better for giving her the Pleasure of telling a Secret. In short,

wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the Advice which thou givest me.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* was never deaf to me, when I talked upon that Subject. I will take an Opportunity of addressing my self to her in the most pathetick Manner.

Sir G. In the mean time lock me up in your Office, and being me word what Success you have——Well, sure I am the first that ever was employ'd to lay himself.

Vel. You act indeed a three-fold Part in this House; you are a Ghost, a Conjurer, and my Ho-noured Master Sir *George Truman;* he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

Sir G. O, Mr. *Vellum,* with all my Heart. You know I love you Men of Wit and Humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou do'st thy Business. [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, *Vellum,* your Commission is two-fold, first to gain Admission for me to your Lady, and secondly to get the Secret out of *Abigal.*

Vel. It sufficeth.

The Scene shuts.

Enter LADY *sola.*

Lady. Women who have been happy in a first Marriage, are the most apt to venture upon a second. But for my part, I had a Husband so every way suited to my Inclinations, that I must entirely forget him, before I can like another Man. I have now been a Widow but fourteen Months, and have had twice as many Lovers, all of 'em profest Admirers of my Person, but passionately in love with my Jointure. I think it is a Revenge I owe my Sex to make an Example of this worthless Tribe of Fellows, who grow impudent, dress themselves fine, and fancy we are oblig'd to provide for 'em. But of all my Captives, Mr. *Tinsel* is the most extraordinary in his kind. I hope the Diversion I give myself with him is unblameable. I'm sure 'tis necessary to turn my Thoughts off from the Memory of that dear Man, who has been the greatest Happiness and Affliction of my Life. My Heart would be a Prey to Melancholy, if I did not find these innocent Methods of relieving it. But here comes *Abigal.* I must teaze the Baggage, for I find she has taken it into her Head that I am entirely at her Disposal.

Enter ABIGAL.

Ab. Madam! Madam! yonder's Mr. *Tinsel* has as good as taken Possession of your House. Marry, he says, he must have Sir *George*'s Apartment enlarg'd; for truly, says he, I hate to be straiten'd. Nay, he was so impudent as to show me the Chamber where he intends to consummate, as he calls it.

Lady. Well! he's a wild Fellow.

Ab. Indeed he's a very sad Man, Madam.

Lady. He's young, *Abigal*; 'tis a thousand Pities he should be lost; I should be mighty glad to reform him.

Ab. Reform him! marry hang him!

Lady. Has not he a great deal of Life?

Ab. Ay, enough to make your Heart ake.

Lady. I dare say thou think'st him a very agreeable Fellow.

Ab. He thinks himself so, I'll answer for him.

Lady. He's very good-natur'd!

Ab. He ought to be so, for he's very silly.

Lady. Dost thou think he loves me?

Ab. Mr. *Fantome* did I am sure.

Lady. With what Raptures he talk'd!

Ab. Yes, but 'twas in Praise of your Jointure-House.

Lady. He has kept bad Company.

Ab. They must be very bad indeed, if they were worse than himself.

Lady. I have a strong Fancy a good Woman might reform him.

Ab. It wou'd be a fine Experiment, if it shou'd not succeed.

Lady. Well, *Abigal*, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the Steward, I have no further Occasion for you at present. [*Exit* Abigal.

Enter VELLUM.

Vel. Madam, is your Ho-nour at Leisure to look into the Accounts of the last Week? They rise very high—Housekeeping is chargeable in a House that is haunted.

Lady. How comes that to pass? I hope the Drum neither eats nor drinks? But read your Account, *Vellum*.

Vel. (*putting on and off his Spectacles in this Scene*) A Hogshead and a Half of Ale—it is not for the Ghost's Drinking—But your Ho-nour's Servants say they must have something to keep up their Courage against this strange Noise. They tell me they expect a double Quantity of Malt in their Small-Beer so long as the House continues in this Condition.

Lady. At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the Year round, I'll answer for 'em. But go on.

Vel. Item, Two Sheep, and a—Where is the Ox?—Oh, here I have him—and an Ox—Your Ho-nour must always have a Piece of cold Beef in the House for the Entertainment of so many Strangers, who come from all Parts to hear this Drum. *Item,* Bread, ten Peck-Loaves—They cannot eat Beef without Bread——*Item,* three Barrels of Table Beer—They must have Drink with their Meat.

Lady. Sure no Woman in *England* has a Steward that makes such ingenious Comments on his Works. [*Aside.*

Vel. Item, to Mr. *Tinsel*'s Servants five Bottles of Port Wine——It was by your Ho-nour's Order——*Item,* three Bottles of Sack for the use of Mrs. *Abigal.*

Lady. I suppose that was by Your own Order.

Vel. We have been long Friends, we are your Ho-nour's Ancient Servants, Sack is an Innocent Cordial, and gives her Spirit to chide the Servants, when they are tardy in their Bus'ness! he, he, he! pardon me for being Jocular.

Lady. Well, I see you'll come together at last.

Vel. Item, a dozen Pound of Watch-Lights for the Use of the Servants.

Lady. For the Use of the Servants! What, are the Rogues afraid of sleeping in the Dark? What an unfortunate Woman am I! This is such a particular Distress, it puts me to my Wits End. *Vellum,* what wou'd you advise me to do?

Vel. Madam, your Ho-nour has two Points to consider. *Imprimis,* To retrench these Extravagant Expences, which so many Strangers bring upon you.——*Secondly,* To clear the House of this Invisible Drummer.

Lady. This learned Division leaves me just as wise as I was. But how must we bring these two Points to bear?

Vel. I beseech your Ho-nour to give me the hearing.

Lady. I do. But prithee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

Vel. I will be concise. There is a certain Person arrived this Morning, an aged Man of a venerable Aspect, and of a long hoary Beard, that reacheth down to his Girdle. The common People call him a Wizard, a White-Witch, a Conjurer, a Cunning-Man, a Necromancer, a——

Lady. No matter for his Titles. But what of all this ?

Vel. Give me the hearing, good my Lady ! He pretends to great Skill in the Occult Sciences, and is come hither upon the rumor of this *Drum*. If one may believe him, he knows the Secret of laying Ghosts, or of quieting Houses that are haunted.

Lady. Pho, these are Idle Stories to amuse the Country People, this can do us no good.

Vel. It can do us no harm, my Lady.

Lady. I dare say thou do'st not believe there is any thing in it thy self.

Vel. I cannot say, I do ; there is no danger however in the Experiment. Let him try his Skill ; if it shou'd succeed, we are rid of the Drum ; if it shou'd not, we may tell the World that it has, and by that means at least get out of this Expensive way of living ; so that it must turn to your Advantage one way or another.

Lady. I think you argue very rightly. But where is the Man ? I would fain see him. He must be a Curiosity.

Vel. I have already discours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my Office, half an Hour hence. He asks nothing for his Pains, till he has done his Work ;——no Cure, no Mony.

Lady. That Circumstance, I must confess, wou'd make one believe there is more in his Art than one wou'd imagine. Pray *Vellum* go and fetch him hither immediately.

Vel. I am gone. He shall be forth-coming forthwith.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter BUTLER, COACHMAN, *and* GARDINER.

But. Rare News, my Lads, rare News !

Gard. What's the Matter ? hast thou got any more Vales for us ?

But. No, 'tis better than that.

Coach. Is there another Stranger come to the House?

But. Ay, such a Stranger as will make all our Lives easy.

Gard. What! is he a Lord?

But. A Lord! No, nothing like it,——He's a Conjurer.

Coach. A Conjurer! what, is he come a wooing to my Lady?

But. No, no, you Fool, he's come a purpose to lay the Spirit.

Coach. Ay marry that's good News indeed; But where is he?

But. He's lock'd up with the Steward in his Office, they are laying their Heads together very close. I fancy they are casting a Figure.

Gard. Prithee *John*, what sort of a Creature is a Conjurer?

But. Why he's made much as other Men are, if it was not for his long grey Beard.

Coach. Look ye *Peter*, it stands with reason, that a Conjurer shou'd have a long grey Beard—for did ye ever know a Witch that was not an Old Woman?

Gard. Why! I remember a Conjurer once at a Fayr, that to my thinking was a very Smock-fac'd Man, and yet he spew'd out fifty Yards of green Ferret. I fancy, *John*, if thou'dst get him into the Pantry and give him a Cup of Ale, he'd shew us a few Tricks. Do'st think we cou'd not persuade him to swallow one of thy Case-Knives for his Diversion? He'll certainly bring it up again.

But. Peter! thou art such a Wise-acre! Thou do'st not know the Difference between a Conjurer and a Jugler. This Man must be a very great Master of his Trade. His Beard is at least half a Yard long, he's dress'd in a strange dark Cloak, as black as a Cole, your Conjurer always goes in Mourning.

Gard. Is he a Gentleman, had he a Sword by his Side?

But. No, no, he's too grave a Man for that, a Conjurer is as grave as a Judge,——but he had a long white Wand in his Hand.

Coach. You may be sure there's a good deal of Vertue in that Wand——I fancy 'tis made out of Witch Elm.

Gard. I warrant you if the Ghost appears, he'll whisk ye

that Wand before his Eyes, and strike you the Drum-stick out of his Hand.

But. No ; the Wand, look ye, is to make a Circle, and if he once gets the Ghost in a Circle, then he has him—let him get out again if he can. A Circle, you must know, is a Conjurer's Trap.

Coach. But what will he do with him, when he has him there ?

But. Why then he'll overpower him with his Learning.

Gard. If he can once compass him, and get him in Lobs-Pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard Words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good Behaviour, for a Thousand Years.

Coach. Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his Grave again with a Flea in his Ear, I warrant him.

But. No, no, I wou'd advise Madam to spare no Cost. If the Conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the Ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the Red-Sea——and then he's laid for ever.

Coach. Ay marry, that wou'd spoil his Drum for him.

Gard. Why, *John*, there must be a power of Spirits in that same Red-Sea——I warrant ye they are as plenty as Fish.

Coach. Well, I wish after all that he may not be too hard for the Conjurer ; I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

Gard. I wish the Spirit may not carry a Corner of the House off with him.

But. As for that, *Peter*, you may be sure that the Steward has made his Bargain with the Cunning-Man beforehand, that he shall stand to all Costs, and Damages——But hark ! yonder's Mrs. *Abigal*, we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

Gard. Ay Lads ! if we could get Mrs. *Abigal* well laid too—we shou'd lead merry Lives.

For to a Man like me that's Stout and Bold,
A Ghost is not so dreadful as a Scold.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—SCENE *opens, and discovers Sir* GEORGE *in* VELLUM's *Office.*

Sir G. I Wonder I don't hear of *Vellum* yet. But I know his Wisdom will do nothing rashly. The Fellow has been so us'd to Form in Business, that it has infected his whole Conversation. But I must not find Fault with that punctual and exact Behaviour which has been of so much Use to me ; my Estate is the better for it.

[*Enter* Vellum.]

Well *Vellum*, I'm impatient to hear your Success.

Vel. First, let me lock the Door.

Sir. G. Will your Lady admit me ?

Vel. If this Lock is not mended soon, it will be quite spoiled.

Sir G. Prithee let the Lock alone at present, and answer me.

Vel. Delays in Business are dangerous——I must send for the Smith next Week——and in the mean time will take a minute of it.

Sir G. But what says your Lady ?

Vel. This Pen is naught, and wants mending—My Lady, did you say ?

Sir G. Does she admit me ?

Vel. I have gain'd Admission for you as a Conjurer.

Sir G. That's enough! I'll gain admission for my self as a Husband. Does she believe there's any thing in my Art ?

Vel. It is hard to know what a Woman believes.

Sir G. Did she ask no Questions about me ?

Vel. Sundry.——She desires to talk with you her self, before you enter upon your Business.

Sir G. But when ?

Vel. Immediately. This Instant.

Sir G. Pugh. What hast thou been doing all this while ! Why didst not tell me so ? Give me my Cloak—Have you yet met with *Abigal* ?

Vel. I have not yet had an Opportunity of talking

with her. But we have interchanged some languishing Glances.

Sir G. Let thee alone for that *Vellum*, I have formerly seen thee ogle her through thy Spectacles. Well! This is a most Venerable Cloak. After the business of this Day is over, I'll make thee a Present of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

Vel. He, he, he! wou'd you make a Conjurer of your Steward?

Sir G. Prithee don't be Jocular, I'm in haste. Help me on with my Beard.

Vel. And what will your Ho-nour do with your cast Beard?

Sir G. Why, faith, thy Gravity wants only such a Beard to it; if thou would'st wear it with the Cloak, thou would'st make a most compleat Heathen Philosopher. But where's my Wand?

Vel. A fine taper Stick! It is well chosen. I will keep this till you are Sheriff of the County. It is not my custome to let any thing be lost.

Sir G. Come *Vellum*, lead the way. You must introduce me to your Lady. Thou'rt the fittest Fellow in the World to be a Master of the Ceremonies to a Conjurer.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ABIGAL *crossing the Stage*, TINSEL *following.*

Tin. Nabby, Nabby, whither so fast Child?

Ab. Keep your Hands to your self. I'm going to call the Steward to my Lady.

Tin. What? Goodman *Two fold*? I met him walking with a strange old Fellow yonder. I suppose he belongs to the Family too. He looks very antique. He must be some of the Furniture of this old Mansion-House.

Ab. What does the Man mean? Don't think to palm me, as you do my Lady.

Tin. Prithee, *Nabby*, tell me one thing; What's the reason thou art my Enemy?

Ab. Marry, because I'm a Friend to my Lady.

Tin. Dost thou see any thing about me thou dost not like? Come hither, Hussy, give me a Kiss. Don't be ill-natur'd.

Ab. Sir, I know how to be civil. [*Kisses her.*]—This Rogue will carry off my Lady, if I don't take care. [*Aside.*

Tin. Thy Lips are as soft as Velvet, *Abigal.* I must get thee a Husband.

Ab. Ay, now you don't speak idly, I can talk to you.

Tin. I have one in my Eye for thee. Dost thou love a young lusty Son of a Whore ?

Ab. Laud, how you talk !

Tin. This is a thundering Dog.

Ab. What is he ?

Tin. A private Gentleman.

Ab. Ay, where does he live ?

Tin. In the Horse-Guards—But he has one Fault I must tell thee of. If thou can'st bear with that, he's a Man for thy purpose.

Ab. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, what may that be ?

Tin. He's but five and twenty Years Old.

Ab. 'Tis no matter for his Age, if he has been well educated.

Tin. No Man better, Child ; he'll tye a Wigg, toss a Die, make a Pass, and swear with such a Grace, as wou'd make thy Heart leap to hear him.

Ab. Half these Accomplishments will do, provided he has an Estate—Pray what has he ?

Tin. Not a Farthing.

Ab. Pax on him, what do I give him the hearing for ! [*Aside.*

Tin. But as for that I wou'd make it up to him.

Ab. How ?

Tin. Why look ye, Child, as soon as I have married thy Lady, I design to discard this old Prig of a Steward, and to put this honest Gentleman, I am speaking of, into his place.

Ab. (*aside*). This Fellow's a Fool—I'll have no more to say to him.—Hark ! my Lady's a coming !

Tin. Depend upon it, *Nab*, I'll remember my Promise.

Ab. Ay, and so will I too—to your Cost. [*Aside.*

[*Exit* Abigal.

Tin. My Dear is purely fitted up with a Maid—But I shall rid the House of her.

Enter LADY.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinsel*, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an Entertainment, that won't be disagreeable to a Man of Wit and Pleasure of the Town.—There may be something diverting in a Conversation between a Conjurer, and this conceited Ass. [*Aside.*

Tin. She loves me to Distraction, I see that. [*Aside.*] —Prithee, Widow, explain thy self.

Lady. You must know here is a strange sort of a Man come to Town, who undertakes to free the House from this Disturbance. The Steward believes him a Conjurer.

Tin. Ay; thy Steward is a deep one!

Lady. He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd Figure of a Man.

Tin. Oh! I warrant you he has study'd the Black Art! Ha, ha, ha! Is not it an *Oxford* Scholar?—Widow, thy House is the most extraordinarily inhabited of any Widow's this Day in Christendom.—I think thy four chief Domesticks are—a wither'd *Abigal*—a superannuated Steward,—a Ghost—and a Conjurer.

Lady (*mimicking* Tinsel). And you wou'd have it inhabited by a Fifth, who is a more extraordinary Person than any of all these Four.

Tin. It's a sure Sign a Woman loves you, when she imitates your Manner. [*aside*]—Thou'rt very smart, my Dear. But, see! smoak the Doctor.

Enter VELLUM, *and Sir* GEORGE *in his Conjurer's Habit.*

Vel. I will introduce this profound Person to your Ladyship, and then leave him with you—Sir, this is her Ho-nour.

Sir G. I know it well. [*Exit* Vellum.

[*Aside, walking in a musing Posture.*] That dear Woman! The Sight of her un-mans me. I cou'd weep for Tenderness, did not I, at the same time, feel an Indignation rise in me, to see that Wretch with her: And yet I cannot but smile to see her in the Company of her first and second Husband at the same time.

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel* do You speak to him; you are us'd to the Company of Men of Learning.

Tin. Old Gentleman, thou dost not look like an Inhabitant of this World; I suppose thou art lately come down from the Stars. Pray what News is stirring in the *Zodiac*?

Sir G. News that ought to make the Heart of a Coward tremble. *Mars* is now entering into the first House, and will shortly appear in all his Domal Dignities——

Tin. Mars? Prithee Father Grey-beard explain thy self.

Sir G. The Entrance of *Mars* into his House, portends the Entrance of a Master into this Family——and that soon.

Tin. D'ye hear that, Widow? The Stars have cut me out for thy Husband. This House is to have a Master, and that soon—Hark thee, old *Gadbury*, is not *Mars* very like a young Fellow call'd *Tom Tinsel*?

Sir G. Not so much as *Venus* is like this Lady.

Tin. A Word in your Ear, Doctor; these two Planets will be in Conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

Sir G. (*aside, walking disturb'd*). Curse on this impertinent Fop! I shall scarce forbear discovering my self ——Madam, I am told that your House is visited with strange Noises.

Lady. And I am told that you can quiet them. I must confess I had a Curiosity to see the Person I had heard so much of; and, indeed, your Aspect shows that you have had much Experience in the World. You must be a very aged Man.

Sir G. My Aspect deceives you; What do you think is my real Age?

Tin. I shou'd guess thee within three Years of *Methuselah.* Prithee tell me, Was't not thou born before the Flood?

Lady. Truly I shou'd guess you to be in your second or third Century. I warrant you, you have Great Grandchildren with Beards of a Foot long.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! If there be Truth in Man, I was but five and thirty last *August.* O! the Study of the Occult Sciences makes a Man's Beard grow faster than you wou'd imagine.

Lady. What an Escape you have had, Mr. *Tinsel*, that you were not bred a Scholar!

Tin. And so I fancy, Doctor, thou think'st me an illiterate Fellow, because I have a smooth Chin?

Sir G. Hark ye, Sir, a Word in your Ear. You are a Coxcomb, by all the Rules of Physiognomy: But let that be a Secret between you and me. [*Aside to* Tinsel.

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel*, what is it the Doctor whispers?

Tin. Only a Compliment, Child, upon two or three of my Features. It does not become Me to repeat it.

Lady. Pray, Doctor, examine this Gentleman's Face, and tell me his Fortune.

Sir G. If I may believe the Lines of his Face, he likes it better than I do, or——than you do, fair Lady.

Tin. Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a Cheat.

Lady. For my part I believe he's a Witch—go on Doctor.

Sir G. He will be cross'd in Love; and that soon.

Tin. Prithee, Doctor, tell us the Truth. Dost not thou live in *Moor-Fields*?

Sir G. Take my Word for it, thou shalt never live in my Lady *Truman*'s Mansion-House.

Tin. Pray, old Gentleman, hast thou never been pluck'd by the Beard when thou wert saucy?

Lady. Nay Mr. *Tinsel*, you are angry! do you think I wou'd marry a Man that dares not have his Fortune told?

Sir G. Let him be angry—I matter not—He is but short-liv'd. He will soon die of——

Tin. Come, come, speak out, old *Hocus*, he, he, he! this Fellow makes me burst with Laughing. [*Forces a Laugh.*

Sir G. He will soon die of a Fright——or of the——let me see your Nose——Ay—'tis so!

Tin. You Son of a Whore! I'll run ye through the Body. I never yet made the Sun shine through a Conjurer——

Lady. Oh, fy. Mr. *Tinsel!* you will not kill an old Man?

Tin. An old Man! The Dog says he's but Five and thirty.

Lady. Oh, fy; Mr. *Tinsel*, I did not think you could have been so passionate; I hate a passionate Man. Put up your Sword, or I must never see you again.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jest, my Dear. I had a mind to have made an Experiment upon the Doctor's Body. I wou'd but have drill'd a little Eyelet-hole in it, and have seen whether he had Art enough to close it up again.

Sir G. Courage is but ill shown before a Lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this Arm can wield other Weapons besides this Wand.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Well, learned Sir, you are to give a Proof of your Art, not of your Courage. Or if you will show your Courage, let it be at Nine a Clock——for that is the time the Noise is generally heard.

Tin. And look ye, old Gentleman, if thou dost not do thy Business well, I can tell thee by the little Skill I have, that thou wilt be toss'd in a Blanket before Ten. We'll do our Endeavour to send thee back to the Stars again.

Sir G. I'll go and prepare my self for the Ceremonies ——And, Lady, as you expect they shou'd succeed to your Wishes, treat that Fellow with the Contempt he deserves.

[*Exit* Sir G.

Tin. The sauciest Dog I ever talk'd with in my whole Life!

Lady. Methinks he's a diverting Fellow; one may see he's no Fool.

Tin. No Fool! Ay but thou dost not take him for a Conjurer.

Lady. Truly I don't know what to take him for; I am resolv'd to employ him however. When a Sickness is desperate, we often try Remedies that we have no great Faith in.

Enter ABIGAL.

Ab. Madam, the Tea is ready in the Parlour as you ordered.

Lady. Come, Mr. *Tinsel,* we may there talk of this Subject more at leisure. [*Exeunt* Lady *and* Tinsel.

ABIGAL (*sola*).

Sure never any Lady had such Servants as mine has! Well, if I get this Thousand Pound, I hope to have some of my own. Let me see, I'll have a pretty tight

Girl——just such as I was ten Years ago (I'm afraid I may say twenty) she shall dress me and flatter me——for I will be flatter'd, that's pos! My Lady's cast Suits will serve her after I have given them the wearing. Besides, when I am worth a Thousand Pound, I shall certainly carry off the Steward——Madam *Vellum*!—how prettily that will sound! here, bring out Madam *Vellum*'s Chaise—Nay, I do not know but it may be a Chariot—It will break the Attorney's Wife's Heart—for I shall take place of every Body in the Parish but my Lady. If I have a Son, he shall be call'd *Fantome*. But see Mr. *Vellum*, as I could wish. I know his Humour, and will do my utmost to gain his Heart.

Enter VELLUM, *with a Pint of Sack.*

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal*, don't I break in upon you unseasonably?

Ab. Oh, No, Mr. *Vellum*, your Visits are always seasonable.

Vel. I have brought with me a Taste of fresh Canary, which I think is delicious.

Ab. Pray set it down——I have a Dram-Glass just by— [*Brings in a Rummer.* I'll pledge you; my Lady's good Health.

Vel. And your own with it—sweet Mrs. *Abigal*.

Ab. Pray, good Mr. *Vellum*, buy me a little Parcel of this Sack, and put it under the Article of Tea—I would not have my Name appear to it.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal*, your Name seldom appears in my Bills—and yet—if you will allow me a merry Expression ——You have been always in my Books, Mrs. *Abigal*. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Vellum*, you are such a dry jesting Man!

Vel. Why truly, Mrs. *Abigal*, I have been looking over my Papers—and I find you have been a long time my Debtor.

Ab. Your Debtor! For what, Mr. *Vellum*?

Vel. For my Heart, Mrs. *Abigal*——And our Accounts will not be balanc'd between us, 'till I have yours in Exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! You are the most gallant Dun, Mr. *Vellum.*

Vel. But I am not us'd to be paid by Words only, Mrs. *Abigal*; when will you be out of my Debt?

Ab. Oh, Mr. *Vellum*, you make one blush——My humble Service to you.

Vel. I must answer you, Mrs. *Abigal*, in the Country Phrase——*Your love is sufficient.* Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I must own I love a merry Man!

Vel. Let me see, how long is it, Mrs. *Abigal*, since I first broke my Mind to you——It was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi*——We have convers'd together these fifteen Years—and yet, Mrs. *Abigal*, I must drink to our better Acquaintance. He, he, he—Mrs. *Abigal*, you know I am naturally jocose.

Ab. Ah, you Men love to make Sport with us silly Creatures.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal*, I have a Trifle about me, which I wou'd willingly make you a Present of. It is indeed but a little Toy.

Ab. You are always exceedingly obliging.

Vel. It is but a little Toy—scarce worth your Acceptance.

Ab. Pray do not keep me in Suspense; what is it, Mr. *Vellum*?

Vel. A Silver Thimble.

Ab. I always said Mr. *Vellum* was a generous Lover.

Vel. But I must put it on my self, Mrs. *Abigal*——You have the prettiest Tip of a Finger——I must take the Freedom to salute it.

Ab. Oh fye! you make me asham'd, Mr. *Vellum*; how can you do so? I protest I am in such a Confusion.—

[*A feign'd Struggle.*

Vel. This Finger is not the Finger of Idleness; it bears the honourable Scars of the Needle——But why are you so cruel as not to pare your Nails?

Ab. Oh, I vow you press it so hard! pray give me my Finger again.

Vel. This Middle Finger, Mrs. *Abigal*, has a pretty Neighbour——A Wedding Ring would become it mightily—He, he, he.

Ab. You're so full of your Jokes. Ay, but where must I find one for it ?

Vel. I design this Thimble only as the Forerunner of it, they will set off each other, and are——indeed a twofold Emblem. The first will put you in mind of being a good Huswife, and the other of being a good Wife. Ha, ha, ha !

Ab. Yes, yes, I see you laugh at me.

Vel. Indeed I am serious.

Ab. I thought you had quite forsaken me——I am sure you cannot forget the many repeated Vows and Promises you formerly made me.

Vel. I shou'd as soon forget the Multiplication Table.

Ab. I have always taken your part before my Lady.

Vel. You have so, and I have *Item'd* it in my Memory.

Ab. For I have always look'd upon your Interest as my own.

Vel. It is nothing but your Cruelty can hinder them from being so.

Ab. I must strike while the Iron's hot. [*Aside.*]—Well, Mr. *Vellum,* there is no refusing you, you have such a bewitching Tongue !

Vel. How ? Speak that again !

Ab. Why then in plain *English* I love you.

Vel. I'm Overjoy'd !

Ab. I must own my Passion for you.

Vel. I'm Transported ! [*Catches her in his Arms.*

Ab. Dear, Charming Man !

Vel. Thou Summ Total of all my Happiness ! I shall grow Extravagant ! I can't forbear !——to drink thy vertuous Inclinations in a Bumper of Sack. Your Lady must make haste, my Duck, or we shall provide a young Steward to the Estate, before she has an Heir to it——prithee my Dear, doe's she intend to Marry Mr. *Tinsel* ?

Ab. Marry him ! my Love, No, no ! we must take care of that ! there wou'd be no staying in the House for us if she did. That young Rake-Hell wou'd send all the old Servants a Grazing. You and I shou'd be discarded before the Honey Moon was at an End.

Vel. Prithee, sweet one, does not this Drum put the Thoughts of Marriage out of her Head ?

Ab. This Drum, my Dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no less than a Thousand Pound in our way.

Vel. Ay, sayst thou so, my Turtle ?

Ab. Since we are now as good as Man and Wife—I mean almost as good as Man and Wife——I ought to conceal nothing from you.

Vel. Certainly my Dove, not from thy Yoke-Fellow, thy Help-Mate, thy own Flesh and Blood !

Ab. Hush ! I hear Mr. *Tinsel*'s Laugh, my Lady and he are a coming this way ; if you will take a turn without, I'll tell you the whole Contrivance.

Vel. Give me your Hand, Chicken.

Ab. Here take it, you have my Heart already.

Vel. We shall have much Issue. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Enter* VELLUM *and* BUTLER.

Vel. John, I have certain Orders to give you——and therefore be attentive.

But. Attentive ! Ay, let me alone for that.——I suppose he means being Sober. [*Aside.*

Vel. You know I have always recommended to you a Method in your Business, I wou'd have your Knives and Forks, your Spoons and Napkins, your Plate and Glasses, laid in a Method.

But. Ah, Master *Vellum,* you are such a sweet-spoken Man, it does one's Heart good to receive your Orders.

Vel. Method, *John,* makes Business easie, it banishes all Perplexity and Confusion out of Families.

But. How he talks ! I cou'd hear him all Day.

Vel. And now *John,* let me know whether your Table-linnen, your Side-Board, your Cellar, and every thing else within your Province, are properly and methodically dispos'd for an Entertainment this Evening.

But. Master *Vellum,* they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's Warning. But pray Sir, is this Entertainment to be made for the Conjurer ?

Vel. It is, *John*, for the Conjurer, and yet it is not for the Conjurer.

But. Why, look you Master *Vellum*, if it is for the Conjurer, the Cook-Maid shou'd have Orders to get him some Dishes to his Palate. Perhaps he may like a little Brimstone in his Sauce.

Vel. This Conjurer, *John*, is a complicated Creature, an Amphibious Animal, a Person of a Two-fold Nature——But he eats and drinks like other Men.

But. Marry, Master *Vellum*, he shou'd eat and drink as much as two other Men, by the Account you give of him.

Vel. Thy Conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double Man, ha, ha, ha!

But. Ha! I understand you, He's one of your Hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

Vel. He is Married, and he is not Married——He hath a Beard, and he hath no Beard. He is Old, and he is Young.

But. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Master *Vellum*, you cou'd make a Riddle. The same Man Old and Young! How do you make that out, Master *Vellum*?

Vel. Thou hast heard of a Snake casting his Skin, and recovering his Youth. Such is this Sage Person.

But. Nay 'tis no wonder a Conjurer shou'd be like a Serpent.

Vel. When he has thrown aside the old Conjurer's Slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young Gentleman as ever was seen in this House.

But. Does he intend to sup in his Slough?

Vel. That Time will show.

But. Well, I have not a Head for these things. Indeed, Mr. *Vellum*, I have not understood one Word you have said this half Hour.

Vel. I did not intend thou shou'dst——But to our Business—Let there be a Table spread in the Great-Hall. Let your Pots and Glasses be wash'd, and in a Readiness. Bid the Cook provide a plentiful Supper, and see that all the Servants be in their best Liveries.

But. Ay! now I understand every Word you say. But I wou'd rather hear you talk a little in that t'other Way.

Vel. I shall explain to thee what I have said by and by ——Bid *Susan* lay two Pillows upon your Lady's Bed.

But. Two Pillows! Madam won't sleep upon 'em both! She is not a double Woman too?

Vel. She will sleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. *Abigal*, I think I hear her chiding the Cook-Maid.

But. Then I'll away, or it will be my Turn next; She, I am sure, speaks plain *English*, one may easily understand every Word She says. [*Exit* Butler.

VELLUM *solus.*

Vel. Servants are good for nothing, unless they have an Opinion of the Person's Understanding who has the Direction of them.——But see Mrs. *Abigal*! she has a bewitching Countenance, I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good Earnest.

Enter ABIGAL.

Ab. Ha! Mr. *Vellum.*

Vel. What brings my Sweet one hither?

Ab. I am coming to speak to my Friend behind the Wainscot. It is fit, Child, he shou'd have an Account of this Conjurer, that he may not be surpriz'd.

Vel. That wou'd be as much as thy Thousand Pound is worth.

Ab. I'll speak low—Walls have Ears.

[*Pointing at the Wainscot.*

Vel. But heark you Ducklin! be sure you do not tell him that I am let into the Secret.

Ab. That's a good one indeed! as if I shou'd ever tell what passes between you and me.

Vel. No, no, my Child, that must not be; he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

Ab. You will always be waggish.

Vel. Adieu, and let me hear the result of your Conference.

Ab. How can you leave one so soon? I shall think it an Age till I see you again.

Vel. Adieu my pretty one.

Ab. Adieu sweet Mr. *Vellum.*

Vel. My pretty one.—— [*As he is going off.*

Ab. Dear Mr. *Vellum!*
Vel. My pretty one! [*Exit* Vellum.

ABIGAL *sola.*

Ab. I have him—if I can but get this Thousand Pound.
[Fantome *gives three Raps upon his Drum behind the Wainscot.*
Ab. Ha. Three Raps upon the Drum! the Signal Mr. *Fantome* and I agreed upon, when he had a mind to speak with me. [Fantome *raps again.*
Ab. Very well, I hear you; come Fox, come out of your Hole.

SCENE *opens, and* FANTOME *comes out.*

Ab. You may leave your Drum in the Ward-robe, till you have Occasion for it.
Fan. Well, Mrs. *Abigal,* I want to hear what is a doing in the World.
Ab. You are a very inquisitive Spirit. But I must tell you, if you do not take care of your self, you will be Laid this Evening.
Fan. I have overheard something of that Matter. But let me alone for the Doctor——I'll engage to give a good Account of Him. I am more in pain about *Tinsel.* When a Lady's in the Case, I'm more afraid of one Fop than twenty Conjurers.
Ab. To tell you truly, he presses his Attacks with so much Impudence, that he has made more Progress with my Lady in two Days, than you did in two Months.
Fan. I shall attack her in another manner, if thou canst but procure me another Interview. There's nothing makes a Lover so keen, as being kept up in the Dark.
Ab. Pray no more of your distant Bows, your respectful Compliments——Realy, Mr. *Fantome,* you're only fit to make Love a-cross a Tea-Table.
Fan. My dear Girl, I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good Advice.
Ab. Ay, now I have some Hopes of you; but why don't you do so to my Lady?
Fan. Child, I always thought your Lady lov'd to be treated with Respect.

Ab. Believe me, Mr. *Fantome,* there is not so great a difference between Woman and Woman, as you imagine. You see *Tinsel* has nothing but his Sauciness to recommend him.

Fan. Tinsel is too great a Coxcomb to be capable of Love—And let me tell thee, *Abigal,* a Man, who is sincere in his Passion, makes but a very awkward Profession of it —But I'll mend my Manners.

Ab. Ay, or you'll never gain a Widow——Come, I must tutor you a little; suppose me to be my Lady, and let me see how you'll behave your self.

Fan. I'm afraid, Child, we han't time for such a piece of Mummery.

Ab. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your Part well.

Fan. Why then, dear Mrs. *Ab*—— I mean my Lady *Truman.*

Ab. Ay! But you han't saluted me.

Fan. That's right; Faith I forgot that Circumstance. [*Kisses her.*] *Nectar* and *Ambrosia!*

Ab. That's very well———

Fan. How long must I be condemn'd to languish! when shall my Sufferings have an end! My Life! my Happiness, my All is wound up in you——

Ab. Well! why don't you squeeze my Hand?

Fan. What, thus?

Ab. Thus? Ay——Now throw your Arm about my Middle; Hug me closer.—You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a Volley of Rapture and Nonsense, till you are out of Breath.

Fan. Transport and Extasy! where am I!—my Life, my Bliss!—I rage, I burn, I bleed, I dye.

Ab. Go on, go on.

Fan. Flames and Darts—Bear me to the gloomy Shade, Rocks and Grottoes—Flowers, *Zephyrs,* and purling Streams.

Ab. Oh! Mr. *Fantome,* you have a Tongue wou'd undo a Vestal! You were born for the Ruin of our Sex.

Fan. This will do then, *Abigal?*

Ab. Ay, this is talking like a Lover. Tho' I only represent my Lady, I take a Pleasure in hearing you.

Well, o' my Conscience when a Man of Sense has a little Dash of the Coxcomb in him, no Woman can resist him. Go on at this rate, and the Thousand Pound is as good as in my Pocket.

Fan. I shall think it an Age till I have an Opportunity of putting this Lesson in Practice.

Ab. You may do it soon, if you make good Use of your Time; Mr. *Tinsel* will be here with my Lady at Eight, and at Nine the Conjurer is to take you in Hand.

Fan. Let me alone with both of them.

Ab. Well! fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd. Get into your Box, and I'll endeavour to dispose every thing in your Favour. [Fantome *goes in.* *Exit* Abigal.

Enter VELLUM.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* is withdrawn.——I was in hopes to have heard what pass'd between her and her invisible Correspondent.

Enter TINSEL.

Tin. *Vellum! Vellum!*

Vel. [*Aside*]. *Vellum!* We are methinks very familiar; I am not us'd to be call'd so by any but their Ho-nours—What wou'd you, Mr. *Tinsel*?

Tin. Let me beg a Favour of thee, old Gentleman.

Vel. What is that, good Sir?

Tin. Prithee run and fetch me the Rent-roll of thy Lady's Estate.

Vel. The Rent-roll?

Tin. The Rent-roll? Ay, the Rent-roll! dost not understand what that means?

Vel. Why? have you Thoughts of purchasing of it?

Tin. Thou hast hit it, old Boy; that is my very Intention.

Vel. The Purchase will be considerable.

Tin. And for that reason I have bid thy Lady very high—She is to have no less for it than this entire Person of mine.

Vel. Is your whole Estate Personal, Mr. *Tinsel*—he, he, he!

Tin. Why, you queer old Dog, you don't pretend to jest, d'ye? Look ye, *Vellum*, if you think of being con-

tinued my Steward, you must learn to walk with your Toes out.

Vel. (*Aside*). An insolent Companion!

Tin. Thou'rt confounded rich, I see, by that Dangling of thy Arms.

Vel. (*Aside*). An ungracious Bird!

Tin. Thou shalt lend me a couple of Thousand Pounds.

Vel. (*Aside*). A very Profligate!

Tin. Look ye, *Vellum*, I intend to be kind to you—— I'll borrow some Mony of you.

Vel. I cannot but smile to consider the Disappointment this young Fellow will meet with; I will make my self merry with him. [*Aside.*] And so, Mr. *Tinsel*, you promise you will be a very kind Master to me? [*Stifling a Laugh.*

Tin. What will you give for a Life in the House you live in?

Vel. What do you think of Five Hundred Pounds?—— Ha, ha, ha!

Tin. That's too little.

Vel. And yet it is more than I shall give you——And I will offer you two Reasons for it.

Tin. Prithee what are they?

Vel. First, because the Tenement is not in your Disposal; and Secondly, because it never will be in your Disposal; and so fare you well, good Mr. *Tinsel.* Ha, ha, ha! You will pardon me for being jocular.

[*Exit* Vellum.

Tin. This Rogue is as saucy as the Conjurer; I'll be hang'd if they are not a-kin.

Enter LADY.

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel!* what, all alone? You Free-thinkers are great Admirers of Solitude.

Tin. No faith, I have been talking with thy Steward; a very grotesque Figure of a Fellow, the very Picture of one of our Benchers. How can you bear his Conversation?

Lady. I keep him for my Steward, and not my Companion. He's a sober Man.

Tin. Yes, yes, he looks like a Put——a queer old Dog, as ever I saw in my Life: We must turn him off, Widow. He cheats thee confoundedly, I see that.

Lady. Indeed you're mistaken, he has always had the Reputation of being a very honest Man.

Tin. What? I suppose he goes to Church.

Lady. Goes to Church! so do you too, I hope.

Tin. I wou'd for once, Widow, to make sure of you.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinsel*, a Husband who would not continue to go thither, wou'd quickly forget the Promises he made there.

Tin. Faith very innocent and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, Widow, thou wou'dst [not] for the World marry a Sabbath-breaker!

Lady. Truly they generally come to a bad End. I remember the Conjurer told you, you were short-liv'd.

Tin. The Conjurer! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Indeed you're very witty!

Tin. Indeed you're very handsome. [*Kisses her Hand.*

Lady. I wish the fool does not love me! [*Aside.*

Tin. Thou art the Idol I adore. Here must I pay my Devotion——Prithee, Widow, hast thou any Timber upon thy Estate?

Lady. The most impudent Fellow I ever met with. [*Aside.*

Tin. I take Notice thou hast a great deal of old Plate here in the House, Widow.

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel*, you are a very observing Man.

Tin. Thy large Silver Cistern would make a very good Coach, and half a Dozen Salvers that I saw on the Side-board, might be turn'd into six as pretty Horses as any that appear in the Ring.

Lady. You have a very good Fancy, Mr. *Tinsel*——What pretty Transformations you could make in my House—But I'll see where 'twill end. [*Aside.*

Tin. Then I observe, Child, you have two or three Services of gilt Plate; we'd eat always in China, my Dear.

Lady. I perceive you are an excellent Manager——How quickly you have taken an Inventory of my Goods!

Tin. Now hark ye, Widow, to show you the Love that I have for you——

Lady. Very well, let me hear.

Tin. You have an old-fashion'd Gold Caudle-Cup, with the Figure of a Saint upon the Lid on't.

Lady. I have, what then ?

Tin. Why look ye, I'd sell the Caudle-Cup with the old Saint for as much Money as they'd fetch, which I wou'd convert into a Diamond Buckle, and make you a Present of it.

Lady. Oh you are generous to an Extravagance. But pray, Mr. *Tinsel,* don't dispose of my Goods before you are sure of my Person. I find you have taken a great Affection to my Moveables.

Tin. My Dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

Lady. I see you do, Sir, you need not make any Protestations upon that Subject.

Tin. Pho, pho, my Dear, we are growing Serious ; and, let me tell you, that's the very next Step to being Dull. Come, that pretty Face was never made to look grave with.

Lady. Believe me, Sir, whatever you may think, Marriage is a serious Subject.

Tin. For that very Reason, my Dear, let us get over it as fast as we can.

Lady. I should be very much in haste for a Husband, if I married within fourteen Months after Sir *George*'s Decease.

Tin. Pray, my Dear, let me ask you a Question ; Do'st not thou think that Sir *George* is as dead at present, to all Intents and Purposes, as he will be a Twelve-month hence ?

Lady. Yes, but Decency ! Mr. *Tinsel*——

Tin. Or do'st thou think thou'lt be more a Widow then, than thou art now ?

Lady. The World would say I never lov'd my First Husband.

Tin. Ah, my Dear, they wou'd say you lov'd your Second ; and they wou'd own I deserv'd it, for I shall love thee most inordinately.

Lady. But what wou'd People think ?

Tin. Think ! why they wou'd think thee the Mirrour of Widowhood.—That a Woman shou'd live fourteen whole Months after the Decease of her Spouse, without having engaged herself. Why, about Town, we know many a Woman of Quality's Second Husband several Years before the Death of the First.

Lady. Ay, I know you Wits have your common-place Jests upon us poor Widows.

Tin. I'll tell you a Story, Widow; I know a certain Lady, who considering the Craziness of her Husband, had, in case of Mortality, engaged her self to two young Fellows of my Acquaintance. They grew such desperate Rivals for her, while her Husband was alive, that one of them pink'd the t'other in a Duel. But the good Lady was no sooner a Widow, but what did my Dowager do? Why faith, being a Woman of Honour, she married a Third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first Promise.

Lady. And this is a true Story upon your own Knowledge?

Tin. Every Tittle, as I hope to be marry'd, or never believe *Tom Tinsel.*

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel,* do you call this talking like a Wit, or like a Rake?

Tin. Innocent enough, he, he, he! Why! where's the Difference, my Dear?

Lady. Yes, Mr. *Tinsel,* the only Man I ever lov'd in my Life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

Tin. Nay now you grow vapourish; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'st the Drum by and by.

Lady. If you had been here last Night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

Tin. About this time, say'st thou? Come faith, for the Humour's sake, we'll sit down and listen.

Lady. I will, if you'll promise to be serious.

Tin. Serious! never fear me, Child. Ha, ha, ha! Do'st not hear him?

Lady. You break your Word already. Pray, Mr. *Tinsel,* do you laugh to show your Wit or your Teeth?

Tin. Why, both! my Dear.——I'm glad, however, that she has taken notice of my Teeth. [*Aside.*] But you look serious, Child; I fancy thou hear'st the Drum, do'st not?

Lady. Don't talk so rashly!

Tin. Why, my Dear, you cou'd not look more frighted if you had *Lucifer*'s Drum-Major in your House.

Lady. Mr. *Tinsel,* I must desire to see you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of Talking.

Tin. Child, I thought I had told you what is my Opinion of Spirits, as we were drinking a dish of Tea but just now.——There is no such thing I give thee my Word.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinsel*, your Authority must be of great weight to those that know you.

Tin. For my part, Child, I have made my self easy in those Points.

Lady. Sure nothing was ever like this Fellow's Vanity, but his Ignorance. [*Aside.*

Tin. I'll tell thee what now, Widow——I wou'd engage by the help of a white Sheet and a penny-worth of Link in a dark Night, to frighten you a whole Country Village out of their Senses, and the Vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark! what Noise is that! Heaven defend us! this is more than Fancy.

Lady. It beats more terrible than ever.

Tin. 'Tis very dreadful! What a Dog have I been to speak against my Conscience, only to show my Parts!

Lady. It comes nearer and nearer. I wish you have not anger'd it by your foolish Discourse.

Tin. Indeed, Madam, I did not speak from my Heart; I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmless Raillery.

Lady. Harmless, d'ye call it? it beats hard by us, as if it wou'd break through the Wall.

Tin. What a Devil had I to do with a white Sheet?

[*Scene opens, and discovers* Fantome.

Mercy on us! it appears.

Lady. Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himself, 'tis Sir *George*! 'tis my Husband. [*She faints.*

Tin. Now wou'd I give Ten Thousand Pound that I were in Town. [Fantome *advances to him Drumming.* I beg Ten Thousand Pardons. I'll never talk at this rate any more. [Fantome *still advances Drumming.* By my Soul, Sir *George*, I was not in earnest [*falls on his knees*] have Compassion on my Youth, and consider I am but a Coxcomb—[Fantome *points to the Door.*] But see he waves me off——ay with all my Heart——What a Devil had I to do with a white Sheet? [*He steals off the Stage, mending his Pace as the Drum beats.*

Fan. The Scoundrel is gone, and has left his Mistress behind him. I'm mistaken if he makes Love in this House

any more. I have now only the Conjurer to deal with. I don't question but I shall make his Reverence scamper as fast as the Lover. And then the Day's my own. But the Servants are coming. I must get into my Cup-board.

[*He goes in.*

Enter ABIGAL *and Servants.*

Ab. Oh my poor Lady! This wicked Drum has frighted Mr. *Tinsel* out of his Wits, and my Lady into a Swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the fresh Air and she'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my Lady, but 'tis all for her Good: and I know her so well, that she wou'd not be angry with me, if she knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her Friends shou'd blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my Hand upon my Purse, and tell 'em,
'Twas for a thousand Pound and Mr. Vellum.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Enter Sir* GEORGE *in his Conjurer's Habit, the* BUTLER *marching before him with two large Candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little Table, and another a Chair.*

But. AN'T please your Worship, Mr. *Conjurer,* the Steward has given all of us Orders to do whatsoever you shall bid us, and to pay you the same Respect, as if you were our Master.

Sir G. Thou say'st well.

Gard. An't please your Conjurership's Worship, shall I set the Table down here?

Sir G. Here, *Peter.*

Gard. Peter!—he knows my Name by his Learning.

[*Aside.*

Coach. I have brought you, Reverend Sir, the largest Elbow Chair in the House; 'tis that the Steward sits in when he holds a Court.

Sir G. Place it there.

But. Sir, will you please to want any thing else ?

Sir G. Paper, and a Pen and Ink.

But. Sir, I believe we have Paper that is fit for your Purpose ! My Lady's mourning Paper, that is black'd at the Edges—Wou'd you chuse to write with a Crow Quill ?

Sir G. There is none better.

But. Coachman, go fetch the Paper and Standish out of the little Parlour.

Coach. (*to Gard.*). *Peter*, prithee do thou go along with me——I'm afraid——You know I went with you last Night into the Garden, when the Cook-Maid wanted a handful of Parsley.

But. Why, you don't think I'll stay with the Conjurer by myself !

Gard. Come, we'll all three go and fetch the Pen and Ink together. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir G. solus. There's nothing, I see, makes such strong Alliances as Fear. These Fellows are all enter'd into a Confederacy against the Ghost. There must be abundance of Business done in the Family at this rate. But here comes the Triple-Alliance. Who cou'd have thought these three Rogues cou'd have found each of 'em an Employment in fetching a Pen and Ink !

Enter GARDINER *with a Sheet of Paper*, COACHMAN *with a Standish, and* BUTLER *with a Pen.*

Gard. Sir, there is your Paper.

Coach. Sir, there is your Standish.

But. Sir, there is your Crow-quill Pen——I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aside.*

Gard. [*Aside*]. He forgets that he's to make a Circle——Doctor, shall I help you to a Bit of Chalk ?

Sir G. It is no matter.

But. Look ye, Sir, I show'd you the Spot where he's heard oftenest, if your Worship can but ferret him out of that old Wall in the next Room——

Sir G. We shall try.

Gard. That's right, *John*. His Worship must let fly all his Learning at that old Wall.

But. Sir, if I was worthy to advise you, I wou'd have a

Bottle of good *October* by me. Shall I set a Cup of old Stingo at your Elbow ?

Sir G. I thank thee—we shall do without it.

Gard. John, he seems a very good-natur'd Man for a Conjurer.

But. I'll take this Opportunity of enquiring after a Bit of Plate I have lost. I fancy, whilst he is in my Lady's Pay, one may hedge in a Question or two into the Bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your Ear ?

Sir G. What wouldst thou ?

But. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I lost one of my Silver Spoons last Week.

Sir G. Mark'd with a Swan's Neck—

But. My Lady's Crest ! He knows every thing. [*Aside.*] How wou'd your Worship advise me to recover it again ?

Sir G. Hum !

But. What must I do to come at it ?

Sir G. Drink nothing but Small-Beer for a Fortnight—

But. Small Beer ! Rot-gut !

Sir G. If thou drink'st a single Drop of Ale before fifteen Days are expir'd—it is as much—as thy Spoon—is worth.

But. I shall never recover it that way ; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aside.*

Coach. D'ye mind how they whisper ?

Gard. I'll be hang'd if he be not asking him something about *Nell*—

Coach. I'll take this Opportunity of putting a Question to him about poor *Dobbing* : I fancy he cou'd give me better Council than the Farrier.

But. (*to Gard.*). A prodigious Man ! he knows every thing : Now is the time to find out thy Pick-ax.

Gard. I have nothing to give him : Does not he expect to have his Hand cross'd with Silver ?

Coach. (*to Sir G.*). Sir, may a Man venture to ask you a Question ?

Sir G. Ask it.

Coach. I have a poor Horse in the Stable that's bewitch'd—

Sir G. A bay Gelding.

Coach. How cou'd he know that ?— [*Aside.*

Sir G. Bought at *Banbury.*

Coach. Whew——so it was o' my conscience. [*Whistles.*

Sir G. Six Year old last *Lammas.*

Coach. To a Day. [*Aside.*] Now, Sir, I wou'd know whether the poor Beast is bewitch'd by Goody *Crouch* or Goody *Flye?*

Sir G. Neither.

Coach. Then it must be Goody *Gurton*! for she is the next oldest Woman in the Parish.

Gard. Ha'st thou done, *Robin?*

Coach. (*to Gard.*). He can tell thee any thing.

Gard. (*to Sir G.*). Sir, I wou'd beg to take you a little further out of hearing—

Sir G. Speak.

Gard. The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in Love at the same time with a certain Person.

Sir G. A Woman.

Gard. How cou'd he know that? [*Aside.*

Sir G. Go on.

Gard. This Woman has lately had two Children at a Birth.

Sir G. Twins.

Gard. Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aside.*

Sir G. Proceed.

Gard. Now, because I us'd to meet her sometimes in the Garden, she has laid them both——

Sir G. To Thee.

Gard. What a Power of Learning he must have! he knows every thing. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Ha'st thou done?

Gard. I wou'd desire to know whether I am really Father to them both.

Sir G. Stand before me, let me survey thee round.

[*Lays his Wand upon his Head and makes him turn about.*

Coach. Look yonder, *John*, the silly Dog is turning about under the Conjurer's Wand. If he has been saucy to him, we shall see him puff'd off in a Whirlwind immediately.

Sir G. Twins do'st thou say? [*Still turning him.*

Gard. Ay, are they both mine d'ye think?

Sir G. Own but one of them.

Gard. Ah, but Mrs. *Abigal* will have me take care of them both——she's always for the Butler——If my poor Master Sir *George* had been alive, he wou'd have made him go Halves with me.

Sir G. What, was Sir *George* a kind Master ?

Gard. Was he ! ay, my Fellow-Servants will bear me Witness.

Sir G. Did ye love Sir *George* ?

But. Every Body lov'd him——

Coach. There was not a dry Eye in the Parish at the News of his Death——

Gard. He was the best Neighbour——

But. The kindest Husband——

Coach. The truest Friend to the Poor——

But. My good Lady took on mightily, we all thought it wou'd have been the Death of her——

Sir G. I protest these Fellows melt me ! I think the time long till I am their Master again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aside.*

Enter VELLUM.

Vel. Have you provided the Doctor ev'ry thing he has Occasion for ? if so,—you may depart.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir G. I can as yet see no hurt in my Wife's Behaviour ; but still have some certain Pangs and Doubts, that are natural to the Heart of a fond Man. I must take the Advantage of my Disguise to be thoroughly satisfied. It wou'd neither be for her Happiness, nor mine, to make my self known to her till I am so [*Aside.*] Dear *Vellum* ! I am impatient to hear some News of my Wife, how does she after her Fright ?

Vel. It is a Saying somewhere in my Lord *Coke*, that a Widow——

Sir G. I ask of my Wife, and thou talk'st to me of my Lord *Coke*——prithee tell me how she does, for I am in Pain for her.

Vel. She is pretty well recover'd. Mrs. *Abigal* has put her in good Heart ; and I have given her great hopes from your Skill.

Sir G. That I think cannot fail, since thou hast got

this Secret out of *Abigal*! But I could not have thought my Friend *Fantome* would have served me thus——

Vel. You will still fancy you are a living Man——

Sir G. That he shou'd endeavour to Ensnare my Wife—

Vel. You have no Right in her, after your Demise Death extinguishes all Property,—*Quoad hanc*—It is a Maxim in the Law.

Sir G. A Pox on your Learning! Well, but what is become of *Tinsel?*

Vel. He rush'd out of the House, call'd for his Horse, clap'd Spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time, than I—can—tell—ten.

Sir G. This is Whimsical enough! my Wife will have a quick Succession of Lovers, in one Day——*Fantome* has driven out *Tinsel*, and I shall drive out *Fantome*.

Vel. Ev'n as one Wedge driveth out another——he, he, he! you must pardon me for being Jocular.

Sir G. Was there ever such a provoking Blockhead! but he means me well.—Well! I must have Satisfaction of this Traitour *Fantome*; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my House, in a manner that shall throw Shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives.—You must remember, *Vellum*, you have abundance of Business upon your Hands, and I have but just time to tell it you over, all I require of you is Dispatch, therefore hear me.

Vel. There is nothing more requisite in Business than Dispatch——

Sir G. Then hear me.

Vel. It is indeed the Life of Business——

Sir G. Hear Me then, I say.

Vel. And as one has rightly observed, the Benefit that attends it is four-fold. First——

Sir G. There is no bearing this! Thou art a going to describe Dispatch, when thou shouldst be practising it.

Vel. But your Ho-nour will not give me the hearing——

Sir G. Thou wilt not give me the hearing. [*Angrily.*

Vel. I am still.

Sir G. In the First place, you are to lay my Wigg, Hat, and Sword ready for me in the Closet, and one of my

Scarlet Coats. You know how *Abigal* has described the Ghost to you.

Vel. It shall be done.

Sir G. Then you must remember, whilst I am laying this Ghost, you are to prepare my Wife for the Reception of her real Husband; tell her the whole Story, and do it with all the Art you are Master of, that the Surprise may not be too great for her.

Vel. It shall be done—But since her Ho-nour has seen this Apparition, she desires to see you once more, before you encounter it.

Sir G. I shall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent Rogue *Tinsel.* I hope thou hast not told *Abigal* any thing of the Secret.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigal* is a Woman; there are many Reasons why she shou'd not be acquainted with it: I shall only mention Six——

Sir G. Hush, here she comes! Oh my Heart!

Enter LADY *and* ABIGAL.

Sir G. (*Aside, while* Vellum *talks in dumb Show to Lady.*) O that lov'd Woman! How I long to take her in my Arms! If I find I am still Dear to her Memory, it will be a return to Life indeed! But I must take care of indulging this Tenderness, and put on a Behaviour more suitable to my present Character.

[*Walks at a distance in a pensive Posture, waving his Wand.*

Lady (*to* Vellum). This is surprizing indeed! So all the Servants tell me; They say he knows every thing that has happen'd in the Family.

Ab. (*aside*). A parcel of credulous Fools! they first tell him their Secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit* Vellum, *exchanging fond Looks with* Abigal.

Lady. Learned Sir, may I have some Conversation with you, before you begin your Ceremonies?

Sir G. Speak! But hold—first let me feel your Pulse?

Lady. What can you learn from that?

Sir G. I have already learn'd a Secret from it, that will astonish you.

Lady. Pray, what is it ?

Sir G. You will have a Husband within this half Hour.

Ab. (*aside*). I'm glad to hear that——He must mean Mr. *Fantome*; I begin to think there's a good deal of Truth in his Art.

Lady. Alas ! I fear you mean I shall see Sir *George*'s Apparition a second time.

Sir G. Have Courage, you shall see the Apparition no more. The Husband I mention shall be as much alive as I am.

Ab. Mr. *Fantome* to be sure. [*Aside.*

Lady. Impossible ! I lov'd my first too well.

Sir G. You cou'd not love the first better than you will love the second.

Ab. (*aside*). I'll be hang'd if my dear Steward has not instructed him ; he means Mr. *Fantome* to be sure ; the Thousand Pound is our own !

Lady. Alas ! you did not know Sir *George.*

Sir G. As well as I do my self——I saw him with you in the red Damask Room, when he first made Love to you ; your Mother left you together, under Pretence of receiving a Visit from Mrs. *Hawthorn*, on her Return from *London.*

Lady. This is astonishing !

Sir G. You were a great Admirer of a single Life for the first half Hour ; your Refusals then grew still fainter and fainter. With what Extasy did Sir *George* kiss your Hand, when you told him you shou'd always follow the Advice of your *Mamma !*

Lady. Every Circumstance to a Tittle !

Sir G. Then, Lady ! the Wedding Night ! I saw you in your white Sattin Night-gown ; you wou'd not come out of your Dressing-Room, till Sir *George* took you out by Force. He drew you gently by the Hand——You struggled——but he was too strong for you——You blush'd, He——

Lady. Oh ! stop there ! go no farther !——He knows every thing. [*Aside.*

Ab. Truly, Mr. *Conjurer*, I believe you have been a Wagg in your Youth.

Sir G. Mrs. *Abigal*, you know what your good Word cost Sir *George*, a Purse of Broad Pieces, Mrs. *Abigal*——

Ab. The Devil's in him. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, since you have told so far, you should tell my Lady that I refus'd to take them.

Sir G. 'Tis true, Child, he was forc'd to thrust them into your Bosome.

Ab. This Rogue will mention the Thousand Pound, if I don't take care. [*Aside.*] Pray, Sir, tho' you are a Conjurer, methinks you need not be a Blab——

Lady. Sir, since I have now no Reason to doubt of your Art, I must beseech you to treat this Apparition gently——It has the resemblance of my deceas'd Husband; if there be any undiscover'd Secret, any thing that troubles his Rest, learn it of him.

Sir G. I must to that End be sincerely informed by you, whether your Heart be engaged to another; Have not you receiv'd the Addresses of many Lovers since his Death?

Lady. I have been oblig'd to receive more Visits, than have been agreeable.

Sir G. Was not *Tinsel* welcome?——I'm afraid to hear an Answer to my own Question. [*Aside.*

Lady. He was well recommended.

Sir G. Racks! [*Aside.*

Lady. Of a good Family.

Sir G. Tortures! [*Aside.*

Lady. Heir to a considerable Estate!

Sir G. Death! [*Aside.*] And you still love him?—— I'm Distracted! [*Aside.*

Lady. No, I despise him. I found he had a design upon my Fortune, was Base, Profligate, Cowardly, and ev'ry thing that cou'd be expected from a Man of the vilest Principles!——

Sir G. I'm Recover'd.

Ab. Oh, Madam, had you seen how like a Scoundrel he look'd when he left your Ladyship in a Swoon. Where have you left my Lady? says I. In an Elbow-Chair, Child, says he. And where are you going? says I. To Town, Child, says he: For to tell thee truly, Child, says

he, I don't care for living under the same Roof with the Devil, says he.

Sir G. Well, Lady, I see nothing in all this, that may hinder Sir *George*'s Spirit from being at Rest.

Lady. If he knows any thing of what passes in my Heart, he cannot but be satisfy'd of that Fondness which I bear to his Memory. My Sorrow for him is always fresh when I think of him. He was the kindest, truest, tenderest ——Tears will not let me go on——

Sir G. This quite o'erpowers me——I shall discover my self before my time. [*Aside.*]——Madam, you may now retire and leave me to my self.

Lady. Success attend you!

Ab. I wish Mr. *Fantome* gets well off from this old Don—I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt* Lady *and* Abigal.

Sir GEORGE *Solus.*

Sir G. My Heart is now at Ease, she is the same dear Woman I left her——Now for my Revenge upon *Fantome.* ——I shall cut the Ceremonies short——A few Words will do his Business——Now let me seat my self in form—— A good easy Chair for a Conjurer this!——Now for a few Mathematical Scratches——a good lucky Scrawl, that—— faith I think it looks very Astrological—These two or three magical Pot-hooks about it, make it a compleat Conjurer's Scheme. [*Drum beats.*] Ha, ha, ha, Sir, are you there? Enter Drummer. Now must I pore upon my Paper.

Enter FANTOME, *beating his Drum.*

Sir G. Prithee don't make a Noise, I'm busy. [Fantome *beats.*]

Sir G. A pretty March! prithee beat that over again.

[*He beats and advances.*

Sir G. (*Rising*). Ha! you're very perfect in the Step of a Ghost. You stalk it Majestically. [Fantome *advances.*]

Sir G. How the Rogue stares, he acts it to Admiration; I'll be hang'd if he has not been practising this half hour in Mrs. *Abigal*'s Wardrobe. [Fantome *starts, gives a rap upon his Drum.*]

Sir G. Prithee don't play the Fool! [Fantome *beats.*]

Sir G. Nay, nay, enough of this good Mr. *Fantome.*

Fan. (*aside*). Death! I'm discover'd. This Jade *Abigal* has betray'd me.

Sir G. Mr. *Fantome,* upon the Word of an Astrologer, your Thousand Pound Bribe will never gain my Lady *Truman.*

Fan. 'Tis plain, She has told him all. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my Art, Mr. *Ghost* will have his Bones broke.

Fan. (*to Sir G.*). Look, ye, Old Gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this Secret from Mrs. *Abigal.*

Sir G. I have learn'd it from my Art.

Fan. Thy Art! prithee no more of that. Look ye, I know you are a Cheat as much as I am. And if thou'lt keep my Counsel, I'll give thee ten Broad Pieces.——

Sir G. I am not Mercenary! Young Man, I scorn thy Gold.

Fan. I'll make them up Twenty.——

Sir G. Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an Apparition, as shall———

Fan. An Apparition, Old Gentleman! you mistake your Man, I am not to be frighten'd with Bugbears.——

Sir G. Let me retire but for a few Moments, and I will give thee such a Proof of my Art———

Fan. Why, if thou hast any *Hocus-pocus* Tricks to play, why canst not do them here?

Sir G. The raising of a Spirit, requires certain Secret Mysteries to be performed, and Words to be mutter'd in private.——

Fan. Well, if I see through your Trick, will you promise to be my Friend?

Sir G. I will——attend and tremble. [*Exit.*

FANTOME *solus.*

Fan. A very solemn old Ass! but I smoak him,——he has a mind to raise his Price upon me. I cou'd not think this Slut wou'd have us'd me thus——I begin to grow horribly tir'd of my Drum, I wish I was well rid of it. However I have got this by it, that it has driven off *Tinsel*

for good and all; I shan't have the Mortification to see my Mistress carry'd off by such a Rival. Well, whatever happens, I must stop this Old Fellow's Mouth, I must not be sparing in Hush-Money. But here he comes.

Enter SIR GEORGE *in his own habit.*

Fan. Ha! what's that! Sir *George Truman*! This can be no Counterfeit. His Dress! his Shape! his Face! the very Wound of which he dy'd! Nay, then 'tis time to decamp! [*Runs off.*

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good Sir *George*—— The Enemy has left me Master of the Field: Here are the Marks of my Victory. This Drum will I hang up in my great Hall as the Trophy of the Day.

Enter ABIGAL.

Sir George *stands with his Hand before his Face in a musing Posture.*

Ab. Yonder he is. O' my Conscience he has driven off the Conjurer. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome*! I give you Joy, I give you Joy. What do you think of your Thousand Pounds now? Why does not the Man speak?

[*Pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Sir G. Ha! [*Taking his Hand from his Face.*

Ab. Oh! 'tis my Master! [*Shrieks.*

[*Running away he catches her.*

Sir G. Good Mrs. *Abigal* not so fast.

Ab. Are you alive, Sir? He has given my Shoulder such a cursed Tweak! they must be real Fingers. I feel 'em I'm sure.

Sir G. What do'st think?

Ab. Think, Sir? Think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, Sir, how——

Sir G. No Questions, good *Abigal*. Thy Curiosity shall be satisfied in due time. Where's your Lady?

Ab. Oh, I'm so frighted——and so glad!——

Sir G. Where's your Lady, I ask you——

Ab. Marry, I don't know where I am my self——I can't forbear weeping for Joy——

Sir G. Your Lady! I say your Lady! I must bring you to yourself with one Pinch more——

Ab. Oh! she has been talking a good while with the Steward.

Sir G. Then he has open'd the whole Story to her, I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here she comes.

Enter LADY *follow'd by* VELLUM.

Lady. Where is he? let me fly into his Arms! my Life! my Soul! my Husband!

Sir G. Oh! let me catch thee to my Heart, dearest of Women!

Lady. Are you then still alive, and are you here! I can scarce believe my Senses! Now am I happy indeed!

Sir G. My Heart is too full to answer thee.

Lady. How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that Joy which you knew I must receive from your Presence? You have robb'd my Life of some Hours of Happiness that ought to have been in it.

Sir G. It was to make our Happiness the more sincere and unmixt. There will be now no Doubts to dash it. What has been the Affliction of our Lives, has given a Variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand Materials to talk of.

Lady. I am now satisfy'd that it is not in the Power of Absence to lessen your Love towards me.

Sir G. And I am satisfy'd that it is not in the Power of Death to destroy that Love which makes me the happiest of Men.

Lady. Was ever Woman so blest! to find again the Darling of her Soul, when she thought him lost for ever! to enter into a kind of second Marriage with the only Man whom she was ever capable of loving!

Sir G. May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my Dear, I want Words to express those Transports of Joy and Tenderness which are every Moment rising in my Heart whilst I speak to thee.

Enter Servants.

But. Just as the Steward told us, Lads! look you there, if he ben't with my Lady already?

Gard. He! he! he! what a joyful Night will this be for Madam!

Coach. As I was coming in at the Gate, a strange Gentleman whisk'd by me; but he took to his Heels, and made away to the *George*. If I did not see Master before me, I shou'd have sworn it had been his Honour!

Gard. Ha'st given Orders for the Bells to be set a ringing?

Coach. Never trouble thy Head about that, 'tis done.

Sir G. (*to* Lady). My Dear, I long as much to tell you my whole Story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my Wedding Day. I'll have nothing but the voice of Mirth and Feasting in my House. My poor Neighbours and my Servants shall rejoyce with me. My Hall shall be free to every one, and let my Cellars be thrown open.

But. Ah! bless your Honour, may you never die again!

Coach. The same good Man that ever he was!

Gard. Whurra!

Sir G. Vellum, thou hast done me much Service to Day. I know thou lov'st *Abigal*, but she's disappointed in a Fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a Thousand Pound with her. It is not fit there shou'd be one sad Heart in my House to Night.

Lady. What you do for *Abigal*, I know is meant as a Compliment to me. This is a new Instance of your Love.

Ab. Mr. *Vellum*, you are a well-spoken Man: Pray do you thank my Master and my Lady.

Sir G. Vellum, I hope you are not displeas'd with the Gift I make you.

Vel. *The Gift is Twofold. I receive from you*
A virtuous Partner, and a Portion too;
For which, in humble wise, I thank the Donors:
And so we bid Good-night to both your Ho-nours.

THE
EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Oldfield.*

To Night the Poet's Advocate I stand,
And he deserves the Favour at my hand,
Who in my Equipage their Cause debating,
Has plac'd two Lovers, and a third in waiting;
If both the first shou'd from their Duty swerve,
There's one behind the Wainscote in reserve.
In his next Play, if I wou'd take this Trouble,
He promis'd me to make the Number double:
In troth 'twas spoke like an obliging Creature,
For tho' 'tis Simple, yet it shews Good-nature.

My Help thus ask'd, I cou'd not chuse but grant it,
And really I thought the Play wou'd want it,
Void as it is of all the usual Arts
To warm your Fancies, and to steal your Hearts:
No Court-Intrigue, nor City-Cuckoldom,
No Song, no Dance, no Musick—but a Drum—
No smutty Thought in doubtful Phrase exprest;
And, Gentlemen, if so, pray where's the Jest?
When we wou'd raise your Mirth, you hardly know,
Whether in strictness you shou'd Laugh or no,
But turn upon the Ladies in the Pit,
And if they redden, you are sure 'tis Wit.

Protect him then, ye Fair ones; for the Fair
Of all Conditions are his equal Care.
He draws a Widow, who of blameless Carriage,
True to her Jointure, hates a second Marriage;

And, to improve a virtuous Wife's Delights,
Out of one Man contrives two Wedding Nights;
Nay, to oblige the Sex in every State,
A Nymph of five and forty finds her Mate.

Too long has Marriage, in this tastless Age,
With ill-bred Raillery supply'd the Stage;
No little Scribler is of Wit so bare,
But has his fling at the poor Wedded Pair.
Our Author deals not in Conceits so stale:
For shou'd th' Examples of his Play prevail,
No Man need blush, tho' true to Marriage-Vows,
Nor be a Jest tho' he shou'd love his Spouse.
Thus has he done you British *Consorts right,*
Whose Husbands, shou'd they pry like mine to Night,
Wou'd never find you in your Conduct Slipping,
Tho' they turn'd Conjurers to take you Tripping.

FINIS

APPENDIX.

[Bodl. MS. Rawl. Poet. 17.]

THIS MS. contains a version of the *Letter from Italy* different from any that is found in print. The body of the text is certainly in Addison's handwriting, but the MS. has been altered in many places. The ink and handwriting of the alterations appear to be different from Addison's. Some signs in ink have also been made on the MS. It is difficult to say whether the alterations and signs are the work of more than one hand—probably they are, and probably they were not at all made at the same time.

The reprint at pp. 50, 52, 54, 56, 58 and 60 is intended to show the original form of the MS. before any alterations were made, but the apostrophes have caused difficulty. It has been decided to print them all in the text, though many of them may be, and some almost certainly are, later additions.

The following is a list of the alterations and signs. No notice has been taken of certain pencil marks. They are certainly modern, and have no interest.

The original form of the MS. is printed at pp. 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, and 60 of this volume.

ALTERATIONS IN INK.

Title: After the word Honourable has been written: the Lord Halifax; and the new words have been scored out. Between the two lines of the title has been written: CHARLES Earl of Halifax; and the new words have been deleted by a broad and heavy stroke of the pen. The last three words of the title: the Lord Halifax have been scored out. So that finally the title is reduced to the following words: To the Right Honourable.

1. Brittains: the double tt is changed to t, and the word is underlined.
   thoughts: the small initial is altered into a capital.
   Rising: the capital initial is altered into a small one.
2. darke: the final e is scored out.
6. trophies: the small initial is altered into a capital.
7. Namur: the word is underlined.
   Dunkirke: the final e is scored out, and the word is underlined.
   forme: the final e is scored out.

8. Batt'rys : ys is altered to ies, and the apostrophe inked over.
9. French : the word is underlined.
10. balls : the small initial is altered into a capital.
12. town : the small initial is altered into a capital.
parlys : ys is altered to ies.
poeme : the small initial is altered into a capital.
13. Naval fights : the words are underlined and a hyphen put between them.
17. Noisie : ie is altered to y.
35. Harpe : the final e is scored out.
41. Nar : the word is underlined.
42. Clitumnus : the word is underlined.
43. Mincio : the word is underlined.
45. Albulas : the word is underlined.
49. lie : i is altered to y.
50. Drie : ie is altered to y.
53. Tiber : the word is underlined.
54. famed : the e is deleted and an apostrophe written above. The ink and form of this alteration look as though Addison might have made it.
57. poetick : altered to Poetic.
58. Danube . . . Nile : these words are underlined.
60. Boin : altered to Boyne.
61. through : altered to thro'.
Hibernian vales : Hibernian is underlined, vales is altered to Vales, and a hyphen is put between them.
63. Your Lines : the words are underlined, a cross is written above the end of the second word, and in the margin is written Epistle to L^{d} Dorset preceded by a cross and a short word (? See) which cannot be read. The whole entry in the margin has been deleted by a broad and heavy stroke of the pen.
Nassau's : the word is underlined with two strokes.
sword : the small initial is altered into a capital.
64. through : altered to thro'.
65. Where-ere : altered to Where-e'er.
Hero's : the word is underlined with two strokes.
67. Oh : the h is deleted.
68. Yours : the word is underlined.
70. Virgils Italie : altered to Virgil's Italy : the word Virgil's is underlined with two strokes, and the word Italy with one.
72. Brittains : the double tt is altered to t, and the word is underlined.
stormy Isle : a hyphen has been put between the two words.
74. Northern Air : a hyphen has been put between the two words.
77. rocks : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
myrtle : the small initial has been altered into a capital, and the word underlined.
78. perfume : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
79. Bajas : the word has been underlined.
80. Umbria's : the word has been underlined.

81. Western Gales : a hyphen has been put between the two words.
82. pride : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
83. Blossomes : altered to Blossoms.
fruits : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
flours : altered to Flow'rs.
85. dos : altered to does.
86. Rome's : the word has been doubly underlined.
87. piles : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
Ruine : the final e has been deleted.
88. strow : the o has been altered into e.
89. transcendant : the second a has been altered to e.
90. terrour : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
delight : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
91. public shows : altered to Public-shews.
Rome : the word has been underlined.
93. the comma after Here may be a later addition.
pillars : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
94. the comma after here may be a later addition.
95. Roman's : the word has been undelined.
96. progeny : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
98. through : altered to thro'.
99. new : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
100. statues : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
breathing form : a hyphen has been put between the two words.
101. sculptour : altered to Sculptor.
102. softned : altered to soften'd.
104. Roman Consuls : the word Roman has been underlined and a hyphen has been put between Roman and Consuls.
105. renoun : altered to renown.
106. Parian marble : Parian has been underlined : a hyphen has been put between Parian and marble, and the small initial of marble has been altered to a capital.
109. Raphel's : the word has been underlined.
godlike Art : the small initial of godlike has been altered into a capital, and a hyphen has been put between godlike and Art.
113. figures, pencil : the small initials have been altered into capitals.
115. theme, theme : the small initials have been altered into capitals.
116. Varietie : the final ie has been altered to y.
117. the comma after Here may be a later addition.
118. notes : the small initial has been altered to a capital.
119. the comma after Here may be a later addition.
120. palaces : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
122. pleasures, plenty : the small initials have been altered into capitals.
127. vallys : altered to Vallies.
128. Tyrranie : the final ie has been altered to y.
plains : the small initial has been altered to a capital.
131. ripening : altered to rip'ning, but the alteration may be Addison's.
132. Myrtle's : the word has been underlined.

135. Oh : altered to O : Liberty, Goddess, these words have been underlined.
137. pleasures, presence : the small initials have been altered to capitals.
140. Cheerfull : the final l has been deleted.
141. makest : altered to mak'st, but the change looks as though it might have been made by Addison.
face : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
143. Brittania's : the tt has been altered to t (this is probably what has happened, but the new letter has been made so heavy as almost entirely to hide the original), and the word has been underlined.
145. fields : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
147. Forreign : the second r has been deleted.
mountains : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
148. Grape's : the word has been underlined.
149. Citron Groves : Citron has been underlined, and a hyphen has been put between the two words.
150. Olive : the word has been underlined.
flouds : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
152. Ten Degrees : a hyphen has been put between the two words, but it may have been written by Addison.
154. Plejads, Zenith : the words have been underlined.
155. Liberty : the word has been underlined.
Brittannia's Isle : the double tt in Brittannia's has been altered to t, and the word has been underlined. A hyphen has been put between Britannia's and Isle.
156. mountains : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
160. And : this word has been lightly deleted, and Or has been written above it. Both changes may be Addison's.
marble : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
161. Brittannia's : the double tt has been altered to t, and the word has been underlined.
162. Freedome : the final e has been scored out.
163. Europe's fate : Europe's has been underlined, and the small initial of fate has been altered into a capital.
166. the first her has been written above the line, and it has been underlined : the second her has also been underlined.
167. Dane, Suede : these words have been underlined.
168. her : this word has been underlined.
169. her : this word has been underlined.
terrours : the small initial has been altered into a capital.
170. Northern World : the word Northern has been underlined, and a hyphen has been put between the words.
171. Gaul : this word has been written in the margin, and underlined. The original word in the text has been scored over so heavily that only Ga can be clearly read.
172. Her, his : these words have been underlined.
Aspiring head : a hyphen has been put between the two words, and the small initial of head has been altered to a capital.
173. the word her has been underlined.

176. Nassaw's : the w has been altered to u, and the word has been doubly underlined.
184. painted Meadow : a hyphen has been put between the two words
purling stream : a hyphen has been put between the two words.
185. Heroes : the word has been underlined.
186. Virgils, Yours : these two words have been doubly underlined.

From Italy Febr. 19. 1702 : these words have been deleted by a large cross.

SIGNS IN INK.

A few signs have been made in the text, possibly by the same hand (or hands) that made the alterations recorded above. (*a*) 49, before this line a large square bracket has been drawn ; (*b*) 85, before this line also a large square bracket has been drawn, and in the margin is written FS. ; (*c*) 121, 122, 160, 161, 162, 163, 166, before each of these lines a horizontal spiral has been drawn in the margin ; (*d*) between 130 and 131, 173 and 174, and 184 and 185, respectively, a small horizontal spiral has been drawn.

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